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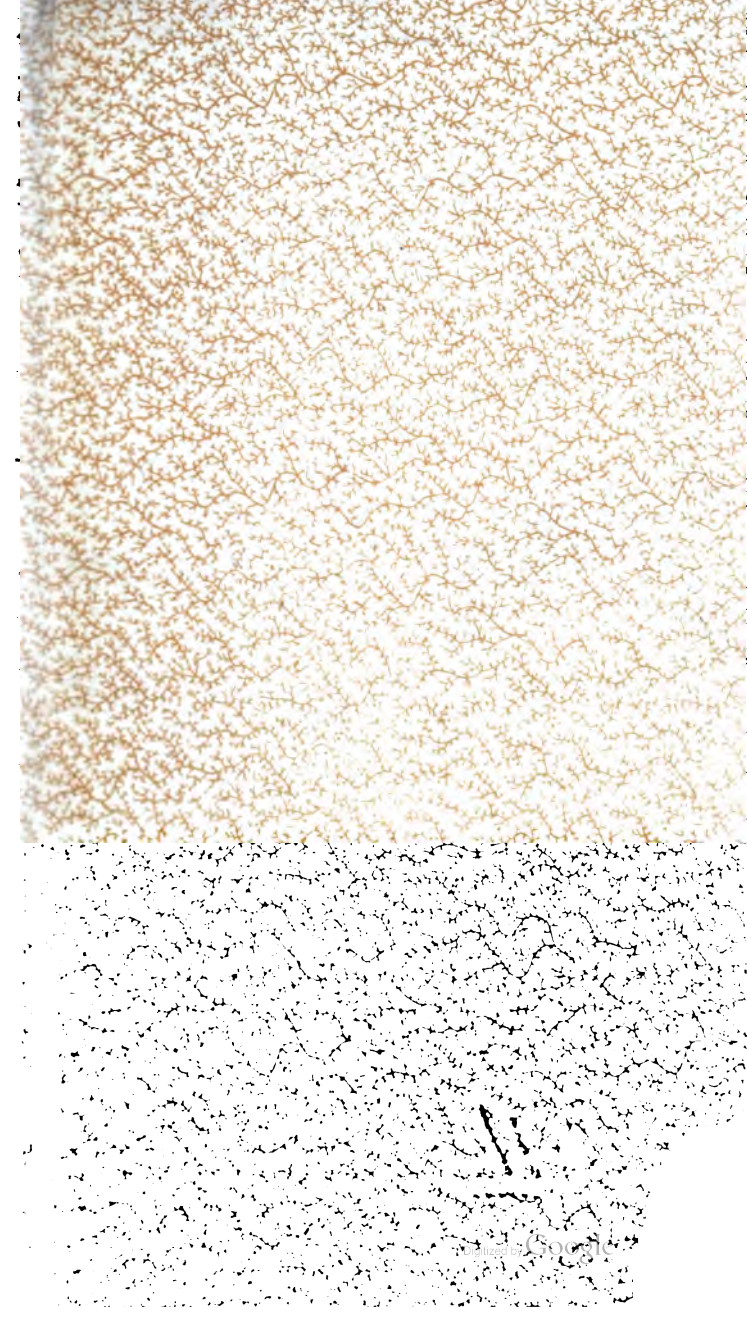
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TWO YEARS AND A HALF

IN

THE NAVY:

OR,

JOURNAL OF A CRUISE

IN

THE MEDITERRANEAN AND LEVANT,

ON

BOARD OF THE U. S. FRIGATE CONSTELLATION, IN THE YEARS 1829, 1830, AND 1831.

BY E. C. WINES.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

PHILADELPHIA.

CAREY & LEA, CHESTNUT STREET.

.....

1832.

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TO THE HONOURABLE

THE SECRETARY OF THE NAVY,

AND TO

THE OFFICERS ASSOCIATED WITH HIM.

IN THE

Naval Service of the United States,

AS A TOKEN OF SINCERE RESPECT, BOTH FOR THEIR PUBLIC SERVICES AND PRIVATE WORTH,

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PREFACE.

It shall be my endeavour not to exhaust my reader's patience in the preface, however heavily I may draw upon it in the work itself. It is so much the fashion now-a-days for writers of travels to apologize for their productions, by stating that they are less the result of volition, than a sort of irresisitible inspiration, breathed into their spirits by the *genii loci* of the spots they have visited, that I should not probably be believed, if I should say that I joined the Constellation without any intention of sporting my pen for the edification of the public. As I do not wish to make my first,—and probably my last,—appearance before the world in the character of an author, with an assertion at the outset that would occasion my veracity to be called in question, I shall make no such declaration,—albeit I might do it in good faith.

My object, then,—to dash at once *in medias res*,—in applying for my situation, was twofold,—the acquisition of the languages of the South of Europe, and the sight of those glorious regions, where Genius wantoned in her young and vernal hour. Being somewhat fond of scribbling, I inundated my friends with letters, of which I was foolish enough to retain copies, and kept besides a copious journal of notes and observations for my own improvement and diversion.

On my return to the United States, some of my friends were kind,—perhaps I ought to say *partial*,—enough to suggest that I had the materials of an amusing volume. My self-love was flattered by the suggestion, and my self-confidence so much confirmed, that I set myself down to

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weave the web of what I intended to limit, at the utmost, to a moderate sized octavo. In the process of arrangement and preparation, my materials swelled to an unexpected bulk, and for the result,—*ecce signum!*

If I should profess indifference to the success of my labours, I should deceive neither myself nor any body else. To the judgment of an enlightened and liberal public, I leave the decision of their merit. In extenuation of their faults, which I feel to be numerous and of diversified complexion, I might plead inexperience in the art of composition; a want of previous practice in observing; and the often ill-discriminating judgment of youth as to the fittest objects of public curiosity, and the fittest circumstances and terms by which to place them before the public mind: but I forbear. If my volumes should serve to beguile the tedium of solitude,—if they should furnish an agreeable relaxation in the intervals of severer pursuits,—or, more ambitious still, if they should rectify error and enlighten ignorance, though in the humblest degree and to the most limited extent,—if, I repeat, these ends should by my labours be secured to any portion of my fellow citizens, I shall not have lost my reward.

Philadelphia, 17*th July*, 1832.

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ERRATA.

Page 26, line 8, from top, for *officers, store-rooms* read *officers' store-rooms.*
49, " 10, from bottom, between *purchase* and *from*, omit *or*.
55, " 4, from bottom, between *sensibility* and *a*, insert *but*.
91, " 16, from bottom, for *dulect* read *dulcet*.
108, " last, for *when* read *where*.
143, " 3, from bottom, for *formed* read *founded*.
169, " 10, from top, for *puts* read *put*.
198, " 4, from bottom, for *no* read *on*.
246, " 10, from top, for *the* read *their*.

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TWO YEARS AND A HALF IN THE NAVY.

CHAPTER I.

On the first day of July, 1829, I left Washington City to join the United States frigate Constellation, then lying at Norfolk, but soon to sail for the Mediterranean station. Having laid in the necessary supply of linen, packed my luggage, received the parting benedictions of my friends, and eaten my last dinner on the Capitoline Mount, I stepped into the coach I had ordered, with that mingled sentiment of melancholy and gladness, naturally resulting from the thoughts of my exile and the anticipations of treading on classic ground. The driver, having folded up the steps and shut the door of the coach, mounted to his seat and gave his whip a crack, that reminded me of the nose of the incomparable trumpeter of the Doubting Dutchman. The steeds started off with that alacrity which we may suppose the tremendous nasal peals of Van Corlear infused into the soldiers of the gubernatorial Walter, and I was rapidly rolled over the descent from the Capitol to the steamboat wharf, where the concourse of hackney coaches, each pouring forth its quota of luggage and passengers, the scrambling and bickering of porters, the prodigious roar of the steam, and the universal flurry, all gave indication that no time was to be lost in getting on board by those who did not wish to sup in Washington. After a short but unyielding resistance to imposition, a *penchant* to which I have found to be in all countries the peculiar birth-right of this class of persons, I arranged matters with my coachman, and had my effects transferred to the boat. Precisely at four o'clock,

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P. M., the last bell ceased tolling, the hawsers were cast loose from the moorings, and the music of contending voices and escaping vapour gave place to the sounds occasioned by the regular play of the engine and the ceaseless plashing of the paddles.

At Alexandria the same scene was repeated. Here many of my friends,

"Plotius et Varius Sinuessæ, Virgiliusque,"

came down to the landing to extend to me the parting hand, and repeat their wishes that every gale might waft me a blessing, and that each succeeding wave might increase my debt of gratitude to the God of the land and the God of the ocean. While separated from my natal soil by the wide-rolling Atlantic, the remembrance of these friendly offices has often been sweet and refreshing. Let shallow misanthropes exhaust their ingenuity in vilifying human virtue, I cannot join the heartless cry. I will never believe that friendship is but another name for selfishness, and I despise the wretch whose mercenary soul resolves it into a mere commerce of interests. When storms and darkness were upon the deep, in the sweet vales of Italy, the wild mountain passes of Greece, and amid the filth and fleas of a Turkish Khann, the memory of the friends I had left behind, and who, I knew, were offering up their prayers for my safety and success, has often come over my soul like a stream of pure and healing waters.

About six o'clock we passed Fort Washington on our left, and shortly after the residence of the Father of his Country on our right. Mount Vernon is one of the loveliest and most romantic spots I ever beheld. Its calm and chastened beauties accord well with the character of the man whose fame has rendered it the resort of pilgrims from every quarter of the globe. Foreigners quarrel with our treatment of the venerable hero's remains; but I cannot but think their criticisms in bad taste. We may admire the monuments reared to the memory of a Han-

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nibal, a Cæsar, or an Alexander; but the homage of the heart is the only offering made beneath the tree that shades the grave of Washington. Washington himself, in his last will and testament, has thought proper to order things just as they are. The ambition of a general who could weep that his victories were limited to the conquest of a world, might have been tickled at the anticipation of a gorgeous mausoleum; but the modest patriot, who was satisfied when the liberty and independence of his country were achieved, would have been as averse to ostentation in death, as he had been during his life.

I was gratified at witnessing the effect which our approach to Mount Vernon produced on the passengers. When our nearness was announced in the cabin, every one hastily seized his hat and hurried up on deck, and "Where is the grave?"—"Can the grave be seen from the water?"—"On which side of the house is the grave?" were questions poured from a hundred lips at once. Such is the homage paid to exalted talents and virtue. Why are a thousand spots in the valley of our own Mississippi, richer in all the sublimities and beauties of nature than the plains of Athens or of Troy, passed by without arresting the traveller's attention? It is because the genius of a Themistocles, the heroism of an Achilles, the wisdom of a Plato, or the numbers of a Homer, have never consecrated or embalmed them. From the deathless interest which the memory of the great, the wise and the virtuous imparts to the places illustrated by their lives or honoured by their ashes, we derive glorious evidence of the superiority of mind over matter, and of moral over physical beauty.

The bell rang for tea shortly after we passed Mount Vernon, and I had an opportunity of surveying my fellow-passengers together. So large a congregation of strangers always furnishes a wide variety of character, and is of course an excellent school for the study of human nature. I selected a seat near the ladies, (Heaven bless the dear creatures!) for the sake of a pretty black-eyed little beauty, with whom I had "knocked up" a sort of acquaintance; and here I formed a new one, so

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exceedingly edifying to me, that I hope the reader will excuse me for giving some account of it, especially as it will teach him a lesson of caution, if he should ever happen to be similarly situated. Mr. ——, who was my right hand neighbour, seemed to take a particular fancy to me; whether it was that he discovered in me any qualities which really pleased him, or, as is more probable, a certain unsuspecting greenness, more pleasing to him than any thing else. He had been to Washington, he said, attending to some claims in Congress, and was on his way to his residence in Charleston, S. C. He was dressed in a fine suit of black broadcloth, tall and commanding in his person, slightly bald, with a somewhat debauched expression of countenance, but altogether the air and manners of a gentleman. He was evidently not an unskilful observer of the heart. He studied to accommodate himself to my tastes, and lost no suitable opportunity of flattering my pride.

In Norfolk, we stopped at the same house, and used frequently to walk out of an evening together. On one of these occasions he informed me that he had determined to go to New York instead of Charleston, that he had already taken passage on board a packet soon to sail for that city, and would probably arrive there earlier than the Constellation. He assured me that what he was going to say was vastly disagreeable, but that gentlemen were sometimes reduced to extremities;—he wished me to lend him ten dollars, which he would return in New York, or, in case he should not be there, he would give me a letter to his brother, a man of substance, who would hand me the money the moment I called on him. The lending of ten dollars to a friend is a small favour, and I could not refuse. On our arrival at New York, I went immediately to the American Hotel. Mr. —— had been there, but had left; and the result of the whole matter was that his brother had been a poor man while living, and had been dead for about two years. Thus I had the pleasure of losing my ten dollars, and, which was the "most unkindest cut," of being villanously gulled into the bargain. I would divide my last dollar

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with honest poverty, but polished villany I could see die of starvation without one compuctious visiting. A letter of introduction, containing an order for money on a dead brother, is a thing which, for the honour of humanity, I hope, few except myself have ever held in their pocket.

With the exception of the adventure just related, nothing remarkable occurred on the passage down the Potomac and Chesapeake. The company was generally agreeable, and with the aid of newspapers, backgammon, Horace, and the ladies, I managed to keep off the monster *ennui*. A prim, black-eyed little Frenchman, whose beauty had not been greatly improved by the small pox, amused us vastly with his politeness, snuff-box, and songs. A Frenchman is an animal *sui generis*. Meet him whenever and wherever you may, he is still a Frenchman, retaining, in all their vividness, his three master qualities,—vanity, gaiety and hatred to Shakspeare. Yet with all their levity and devotion to gallantry and fashion, the French are unsurpassed, perhaps unequalled in the diligence with which they pursue scientific researches. They make better engineers than critics, and their mathematics are preferable to their poetry.

There is but one Mount Vernon on the banks of the Potomac. Some handsome plantations are washed by its waters, but the country through which it flows is thinly settled, and the scenery has none of the romantic wildness of the hills which surround Lake George, the towering sublimity of the mountains that rise from the banks of the Hudson, or the picturesque beauty of the valley of the Blue Ridge in the interior of Virginia.

At ten o'clock on the morning of the third of July, we hove-to to send our Old Point passengers ashore, and at half-past eleven, the roar of steam and the rush of porters announced our arrival at Norfolk. I was met by Capt. Wadsworth, who had kindly interested himself in

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procuring my appointment, and who invited me to visit the Constellation with him in the evening. As I was a stranger in Norfolk, I abandoned myself to the guidance of my friend ——, to whom the reader has already had the honour of an introduction. He took me to the Steamboat Hotel, where I was crammed into a room not much larger than a mouse-trap, not much cooler than a furnace, and not much cleaner than it should be; and which, on the fifth, I was fain to exchange for a more commodious, airy, and cleanly apartment in a private boarding-house. Norfolk has no such public house as it ought to have, and is well able to support. It has none that are even second rate.

The first impressions of a stranger on visiting Norfolk, especially if he arrives in a steamboat, must be unfavourable. He is jostled by a crowd of oily Africans, his eyes are disgusted by filth, and his nostrils saluted by a congregation of odours which make him "*corrugere narem;*" and when, having manfully endured all these evils and been put in good humour by a glass of mint julap, he inquires for the Lions, he is provokingly told that they are "*not at home!*" There are only three, and one of them is in the Dismal Swamp and the other two over the river. To those who have been in Norfolk it would be unnecessary to say that I refer to Lake Drummond, the Dry Dock, and the Navy Hospital.

The place, however, improves on acquaintance. It has a few pleasant streets and some handsome residences, but its society is its highest recommendation. In their social intercourse, its citizens are distinguished by that easy urbanity, that generous hospitality, and that freedom and warmth of manners, which are the inheritance and the glory of every true Virginian. I attended several parties, and was struck with the uncommon beauty of the females. As you advance towards the equator, female beauty—at least a certain class of it—diminishes in exact proportion to the latitude. In the southern states, that rich bloom which meets and charms the eye drawing-rooms of our northern cities, is generally

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exchanged for a pallid or brunette complexion. Not so in Norfolk: Anacreon might have satiated his voluptuous eye amid the charms of its blooming daughters.

But if southern ladies cannot vie with those of the north in beauty—in the elegance and sweetness of their manners, in the ease, gracefulness and elasticity of their movements, and in the thrilling eloquence of the eye and lip, they are greatly their superiors. Let females, however, vary as they may in beauty and manners, their hearts, as far as my observation has extended, are every where the same—gentle, kind, susceptible, patient, forgiving and constant in their loves. Go where you will, woman is the cream of the world. We should be a set of demi-savages without her. Her beauty, her refinement, her gentleness, her fortitude, her ten thousand soft and winning graces—outward and inward—material and spiritual—all fit her pre-eminently to be the companion of the rougher and sterner sex.

In Norfolk people amuse themselves at parties as they do in other parts of the country. Music, cards, chess, chitchat, and toddy; each contributes its share of entertainment. I met with some genuine blue-stockings, who could spout poetry like rain, who could give the lineages of all the heroes and heroines of romance, and who had read Gibbon without becoming infidels, or even discovering his hostility to the Christian system. I like to see ladies intelligent and well educated, but I hate a blue-stocking as I do a bloodsucker. To female pedantry, of all things in the world, I would say, "Procul! O Procul!"

The Navy is all the rage at Norfolk. Its officers are in great demand, and they contribute not a little to the agreeableness of its society. But it owes its popularity there partially to other considerations: it is one of the main pillars of the place. Nearly all our public vessels return from their cruises and discharge their crews there; and the money which from this source flows into the strong-boxes of the merchants and shopkeepers, gives an impulse to business felt throughout all the ramifications of society. I entertain no sentiments of hostility to Nor-

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folk, but I cannot think it quite fair that it should be made the general rendezvous of our men of war on their return passages. Let them be equally distributed between the different Navy Yards. Such an act of justice would be attended with the certain advantage of making the Navy better known to our citizens, and with the probable one of increasing its popularity throughout the country. If either branch of the public service should be a peculiar favourite with the nation, it is unquestionably the Navy. Separated from the eastern world by an ocean more than three thousand miles in width, with an Atlantic frontier well fortified, and an extent of territory which would render any attempt at conquest scarcely less than farcical, we might laugh to scorn all the soldiers that united Europe could send against us; but the gigantic naval power of England, and the increasing attention paid to this branch of the public service in France, are circumstances which ought to affect public opinion in this country, and open the eyes of the government to the importance of a large, well-organized and efficient Navy, officered by men in no respect inferior to the officers of the Army. The writer's views on this interesting and all-important subject, drawn from personal observation and careful meditation, will be developed more at large in the progress of this work.

At dinner I was detained a little too long in the discussion of a roast turkey and a bottle of claret, and when I went down to the wharf to fulfil my engagement, I found that Captain W. had already gone. Howbeit, I fell in with one of the curly-headed descendants of Ham, who was willing to pull me over for a couple of "*fips*," and we struck a bargain at once. The scoundrel kept grumbling about the tide, and at last spoke out his meaning like a hero: "Massa, I tink you no pay me 'nough. He bery hard pull gin de tide: Massa, look how I sweats!" and, suiting the action to the word, he gave me such proofs of the truth of what he said, as I would not like to have witnessed in a tight room. Arrived along-

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side of the ship, I slipped an odd *fip* into his hand, for which he saluted me with his most complaisant bow and a "God bless you, my dear Massa!" and I hurried up the ladder, anxious to see my new quarters, and make the acquaintance of my new companions. The ship was a perfect wilderness to me, and the noises which issued from all quarters would have put the confusion of Babel to the blush. I met with the captain, who introduced me to the first lieutenant, and told me that he would show me in what part of the ship I was to live. As that was a piece of information in which I felt some interest, I begged Mr. Paulding to communicate it immediately. We were then standing on the third deck. Mr. P. pointed to a dark hole still below us, and said, "There is where you are to live; the place is called the cockpit, but as I do not wish to deprive you of your sleep to-night, I will show it to you some other time." I thanked him for his kind regard for my repose, and laughed off the matter as well as I could; but his words rang in my ears, and the dismal appearance of the hole haunted my imagination.

In company with Captain Wadsworth, the chief clerk in the Navy Department and some other naval officers, I called on Commodore Barron, to whom I had been ordered to report myself for duty on board the Constellation. He said that if I had seen Captain W. the business was all done. He was in fine spirits, and took us to see the North Carolina. I was astonished at her size; she is a little world of herself. The Commodore was enthusiastic in his commendations of her. He spoke of the Pennsylvania at Philadelphia—said that some naval officers thought her too large—but for himself, give him another row of teeth, and he thought he could bite to better purpose. His conversation was full of spirit, and well seasoned with the genuine language of the tar.

In our visit to the North Carolina, I had an opportunity of observing a mode of etiquette universal among naval gentlemen. In going on board of a ship, the highest officer always ascends the ladder first, and is followed by the others in the order of their rank, but in

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leaving her this order is reversed. The same etiquette is observed in descending and ascending the ladders when on board. While the Constellation was at anchor off Cowes, I saw this lesson taught to a poor fellow not in the most agreeable manner. A large boat-load of us had come off to the ship at night, and the moment the boat was snugly alongside, he jumped upon the platform at the foot of the accommodation ladder, when a lieutenant sung out to him in a stern and peremptory tone, "Mr. ——, stop there, and let your superiors pass up first."

On the evening of the next day, resolved to inspect my new domicile for myself, I paid another visit to the Constellation. I had not then seen Mr. Jones' Naval Sketches, and could form no idea of what sort of place I might expect. My anticipations from what I had seen and heard the day before, were not of the most cheering kind, but I was determined to know the worst. I got a lantern, for the reader must know that the blessed light of the sun never shines in those lower regions, and Æneas-like, descended to the floating Avernus. The first view made my heart sink within me. It was about fourteen feet square, four and a half in height, and as filthy and clogged as a lumber-yard. It seemed to me to be a perfect thorough-fare, into which every thing was thrown that was not suffered to remain any where else, and the spirit-room hatch and the doors of five store-rooms and a bread-room which perforated its walls, reminded me of the hundred mouths of the dismal abode of the Cumaean Sybil. I was somewhat consoled by Mr. P.'s assurance that it would look like a different place when every thing was arranged, and I afterwards found it a far less disagreeable residence than its first appearance led me to anticipate.

But if I was disappointed in my own apartment, and the internal arrangement of the ship appeared confused and unintelligible, there was a beauty in her external appearance, which I could both comprehend and enjoy.

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As she lay in the bosom of the waters—her three masts towering as if in rivalry of each other—her ten thousand ropes, so intricate that all was apparent confusion, and yet so arranged that all was perfect order—her huge sides, continually varying their direction, and forming the famous curve line so eloquently insisted on by Burke as one of the great elements of beauty—her innumerable spars, delicately and tastefully tapered—her double row of guns, emphatically denominated her "teeth"—her gallant flag, waving to the breeze, and telling that she belonged to a land where liberty and law, blending their sacred influences, secure the inestimable rights, while they curb the stormy passions of humanity—and, last of all, her entire and noble self, beautiful in her sublimity, and uttering, as it were, in the same breath, the language of freedom and defiance, altogether affected my mind, unaccustomed as it was to such things, like a scene of enchantment.

The Constellation is a frigate of the second class, rating thirty-six, and mounting forty-four guns—twenty-eight eighteens on her main deck, and sixteen thirty-twos on her spardeck. She was built at Baltimore in 1795, under the superintendence of Commodore Truxtun, and is considered one of the finest models of a ship in our navy. She has distinguished herself in two actions, the former with the French frigate L'Insurgent, and the latter with the French frigate La Vengeance, which escaped after having struck her colours three times. She was commanded by Truxtun. The guns which she now carries were presented to her by the Government of Great Britain, in commemoration of these gallant achievements over her natural enemy.

On the eighth of July, the President of the United States, worn down by the fatigues of office, and wishing to regain his customary health, left Washington, accompanied by Mr. Branch, Secretary of the Navy, and other distinguished gentlemen, on a trip to Old Point Comfort and Norfolk. On the the tenth, about noon, the Poto-

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mac, bearing the precious burden, and tricked out with a profusion of ornaments that would have satisfied a harlot, passed the Constellation and Erie, the latter of which had just returned from a cruize in the West Indies, with her crew in prime order. The President, as he passed, was cheered by both ships at the same time, and I had the gratification of witnessing for the first time that beautiful evolution, called "Manning the yards and cheering." It is generally performed when a distinguished personage visits or passes the vessel. Sometime previous to its taking place, all hands are ordered to "clean themselves," and they are stationed for the occasion by the first Lieutenant. When the time for manning the yards arrives, the men are all sent up from below, and at the command, "Lay aloft!" they spring upon the rigging, each eager to surpass his companion, and the shrouds, fore and aft, on both sides of the ship, are instantly whitened and animated with their bounding forms. They cluster on the tops and about the topmast cross-trees and topgallantmast head, and then all is quiet. At the second command, "Lay out upon the yards!" the scene again becomes animated; the men spread themselves in opposite directions, forming nine parallel lines, and supporting themselves by means of life-lines fastened to the lifts and masts. Arrived at their stations, silence resumes her reign, and if but a whisper reach the deck, it is stilled by the menacing thunders of the trumpet,—"Keep silence there aloft!—Mr. —, take down the name of the first man who speaks, and let me know who he is." "Aye, aye, sir," is the reply, and it is the only sound that now breaks the almost death-like stillness which reigns throughout the ship. At last comes the command to "cheer," at which the men doff their hats, wave them three times in the air, and rend the heavens with loud and long huzzas. In summer, when the men are dressed in their uniform of white duck frocks and trowsers, the appearance of the yards on such occasions is peculiarly graceful and elegant.

The President and Secretary visited the Navy Yard, the Dry Dock and several of the ships on the evening of

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their arrival, and the next day they were escorted from the wharf to Johnson's Hotel, amid the cheers of the multitude and the waving of white handkerchiefs by the fair demoiselles who appeared by scores in the doors and windows of the houses, that lined the streets through which they passed.

I joined the Constellation on the morning of the fourteenth. The sailors who took my trunks up the gangway, asked me if they were to go down to the steerage. I told them that I knew nothing about where the steerage was, but that I had understood I was to live in the cockpit. They laughed heartily at my ignorance, called me a "green-horn,"* and kindly set about enlightening me; "It's where the midshipmen mess, down on the berth deck, forward of the wardroom; you'll find out where it is, I reckon, before you've been long aboard."

In the afternoon we got under weigh and dropped down to Hampton Roads, off Fortress Monroe. Amazement was the only sentiment I felt. The numerous and complicated manœuvres of weighing anchor, making sail and coming-to, were all beyond my comprehension. The very language employed was as unintelligible as so much Arabic; but nothing was a greater enigma to me than the whistling of the boatswain's mates and the measured sing-song of the quartermasters, when they announced the depth of the water. I asked a midshipman for an explanation of the whistling, and he knew as much of the matter as I did. He said it was to cheer the men! I took the explanation, as it was given, in good faith, but could not for my life conceive what there was so very *cheering* in the tones of a large silver whistle. I thought a Jews-harp would have been far preferable.

My first night on board was a sleepless one. I attempted to sleep in the steerage. There were four mess-rooms appropriated to the midshipmen, each of

* "Green-horn" is a term applied on shipboard to all who have never been to sea before.

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which was then surrounded by a continuous box or chest, called a locker, and subserving as many different purposes as Castor's nose. As my cot had not been arranged for sleeping in the cockpit, I had my mattrass spread on one of these lockers, where I "turned in" for the night; but the noise occasioned by the changing of the watches, the snoring of the sailors, the tread of the officers on duty, the occasional grunting of the pigs and my own busy brain, combined to render my situation not unlike that of Scudamour in the house of Care,

> "Where, if by fortune any little nap
> Upon his heavy eyelids chanced to fall,"

the hammering imps of that arch blacksmith gave him a rap on his head, which effectually put it to flight. Towards morning I got into a little dose, but at four o'clock all hands were called, and the "holy-stones" set a-going, and this new noise was like the red-hot iron tongs of the master workman himself. Holy-stones, so called, I suppose, from being used in *purifying*, are stones to which two ropes are fastened by means of which they are drawn violently back and forth over a deck covered with sand, and it requires not the aid of a description to enable the reader to judge of the kind and degree of noise occasioned by the simultaneous operation of a number of these stones. This operation is called "wet holy-stoning," or "dry holy-stoning," according as the decks are wet or dry when it is performed. This was the uniform mode of cleaning the ship when I joined her, but it afterwards fell into disuse, and was employed only occasionally. The next night I tried the cockpit, and succeeded better. On board a man of war one soon learns to sleep in the midst of all sorts of noises.

On the evening of the following day, the Secretary of the Navy came on board to take passage with us to New York. He had previously been introduced to all the officers attached to the ship, when he visited her in Norfolk in company with the President. He was received with a salute which was to have consisted of seventeen guns, but which was interrupted by the cry—"A man

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is killed! a man is killed!" Fortunately, however, it proved to be a mistake: no one was either killed or injured. It is customary in firing salutes to have all the boats removed from the sides of the ship, and moored at her stern, to prevent accidents of the kind just alluded to. By some carelessness, this precaution had been neglected in regard to one of the boats, and the men who were in her, being really in danger, raised the cry that they were already *dead*.

On the morning of the sixteenth, we got under weigh for New York. When I crawled out of my dormitory, about six o'clock, the noble promontory of Cape Henry was full in sight. It is on your right as you go out from the Chesapeake; before you, and on your left, stretches, till it is lost in the distance, the ocean, boundless, majestic and free. It was the first time I had ever beheld it: I leave the reader to imagine my feelings—I can find no language to describe them.

On our return, I was forcibly struck with the resemblance between this part of the coast of Virginia and the coast of Tripoli. Both low, champaign and monotonous, the vast sand bank which composes Cape Henry, and extends to a considerable distance on each side of it, resembles the desert that stretches into the interior of Tripoli, and the magnificent palm-groves of the African Regency find their counterpart in the forest pines of the Old Dominion.

We continued in sight of land till near sunset, when the last faint traces of it, which had for some time appeared like a low cloud resting on the far-off horizon, faded entirely from our view, and I found myself in a situation, long the object of my wishes—a situation which imagination, in her day-dreams and night-visions, had often spread before my eager gaze—with nothing around me but the blue heavens and the still bluer waters of the great ocean, strongest of Creation's sons,

> "That rolls the vast, profound, eternal bass
> In Nature's anthem, and makes music, such
> As charms the ear of God."

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I know not whether it be so with others, but to me there is a sublimity in the idea of the ocean, to which nothing else on earth is comparable;—a sublimity before which my imagination, in her boldest moods, has always quailed. Do you love to contemplate power? Here is power that bows to no superior but the voice of the Almighty.—Vastness? Here is vastness that absorbs and overpowers the fancy.—Immutability? Here is a body which, from the first glad hour when the morning stars sang together, as they gazed on the new-born beauties of creation, has been, and, until their lyres are tuned to chant the requiem of nature, will be

> "Loud uttering satire, day and night, on each
> Succeeding race and little pompous work
> Of man."

In short, it is an emblem, faint indeed, but still too great for the loftiest human intellect to grasp, of the infinitude of eternity.

Life at sea has little in common with life on shore, and hence, on our passage from Norfolk to New York, every thing I saw or heard interested me from its novelty. The manœuvring of the ship, the distinctions of rank, the language and tone in which orders were given, the regular recurrence of the same scenes and duties, and the novel exhibitions of character and manners, all in their turn awakened my curiosity, and filled my mind with that confused but delicious wonder, which novelty always inspires. One of the very first lessons I learned on board a man of war was that I had superiors, and that I must bow to the etiquette of rank. One day I happened to be walking on the larboard side of the quarter deck, which in port is appropriated to the inferior officers, when I was reminded, with the utmost politeness of manner, that the weather side of the deck at sea always belonged to the captain and wardroom officers. At another time, on ascending the ladder nearest the cabin door, I was informed that that had a similar appropriation.

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On the passage round I messed with the midshipmen. We lived entirely on what are called on shipboard "salt junk and hard tack," which means salted provisions and sea-biscuit. "Fresh grub and soft tack" are the sea terms for fresh meats and bread. Our water was so bad both in taste and smell, that I generally held my breath till I had drunk off all I wanted, to avoid, as far as possible, the unpleasant sensations occasioned to the olfactory and gustatory nerves. Had I then been asked how I relished such fare, I should have replied in the language of Charles XII. after having eaten a piece of mouldy bread presented to him by a murmuring soldier, "It is not good, but it can be eaten." I congratulated myself on the flexibility of my temperament, and determined, in the true spirit of a philosopher, never to despair as long as I could get beans or *lobscowse*.* If the hardships and privations of a sea-faring life had been fourfold greater than this early promise foreboded, I should still have been content to endure them for the sake of the Atlantic and the glorious regions beyond it.

The midshipmen call each other familiarly "reefers," and I had frequent opportunities of witnessing their jovial disposition and habits. Young and buoyant, the effervescence of their spirits was continually escaping in *jeux d'esprit*, generally pointed at each other. After having "turned in," they sometimes became so boisterous in their mirth that the first lieutenant was obliged to sing out to them from the wardroom, "Gentlemen, if you don't make less noise, I shall send you on deck to keep watch." I was often waked by them at midnight, and at four o'clock in the morning, when the watch was changed. The whole steerage was frequently awake, and nothing was to be heard for fifteen or twenty minutes but volleys of brilliant repartee and loud peals of laughter. The old cruizers exhausted their ingenuity in trying to impose on the credulity of the "green-horns."

* I have never seen this word written. I have therefore given it an orthography corresponding to its pronunciation. It is a dish composed of salt beef and potatoes hashed up together, and very *fashionable* when nothing better can be obtained.

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On one of these occasions, Mr. —— made one of them believe that it was customary for midshipmen to break all their china once a month. "But," said he, "why do they break it?" "Why, to be sure," replied the other, "only to live up to their pay."* They sometimes carried their practical jokes a little too far. The night after we sailed from Old Point, one poor fellow, when he went down to turn in, found a goat snugly lashed in his hammock. "Sky-larking" and "running," that is, rough-and-tumble play and a free indulgence in personal sarcasms, occupied no small portion of their time.

The men were as fond as the "reefers" of "running" each other, and imposing on the credulity of landsmen. Many of the green-horn sailors became thoroughly sick of their new berth: poor fellows! they little knew to what they were coming when they shipped on board a man of war. In addition to their real hardships, the old cruizers teazed them to death; for, the reader must know, that in the eye of a genuine tar, a man who has never seen the sun rise and set among the waves, is not much. One of them said to me, half enraged from a dispute he had just ended, "Why, the old sailors think, because they have been to sea and know the names and uses of some fifty ropes, nobody but themselves knows any thing on any subject." The censure was more than half just. Sailors are not given to over-rating the skill of other men. They see their superiority in their own profession, and fancy an equal superiority in every thing else.

Early on the morning of the twenty-first, we made the Highlands in N. Jersey, and shortly after fired a gun and hove-to for a pilot. It was ebb-tide when we got up to the bar, and we were consequently obliged to come to an anchor below it. Here Mr. Branch took leave of us, and went up to New York in a pilot-boat.

* A midshipman's pay is only twenty dollars per month and one ration.

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By his affability and urbanity of manners, he had endeared himself to the officers, and when he left us, carried with him, I believe, the respect and esteem of all who became acquainted with him.

We were kept off the hook, waiting either for wind or tide, until the evening of the twenty-fifth, when, both being in our favour, we got under weigh, and at five o'clock P. M. anchored off the Battery at Castle Garden. Immediately on our arrival, I applied to Captain W. for permission to live ashore, which was promptly and kindly granted. Though by no means tired of old Neptune's dominions, I was right glad to get once again on *terra firma*.

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CHAPTER II.

In the two following chapters I shall endeavour to give the reader some idea of what may be termed the geography of a man of war, and also of its internal organization. A lady at Genoa, on visiting the Constellation, clasped her hands, and, with an energy and a tone highly characteristic, exclaimed, *Corpo di Baco! é una piccola città!** No one can have visited a man of war for the first time without a sentiment, if not quite so vivid, at least somewhat similar to that of this fair Italian. It is in fact both a city and an empire—a city in its *materiel*, and an empire in its *morale*. In order to give to what I have to say on the first of these subjects a "local habitation and a name," I shall do little more than simply describe the ship in which I sailed.

The Constellation, as already stated, is a frigate of the second class, mounting fourty-four guns. Her whole weight of metal is one thousand and sixteen pounds—her broadside five hundred and eight. She is among the oldest vessels in our navy, and is one of those happy first productions never afterwards surpassed. In the beauty of her hull, she is unequalled by any thing I have ever seen afloat. The easy swell and curvature of the sides, and the general harmony of the proportions are inimitable. The new frigates may present a more warlike appearance, but the monotony of their sides, rising as they do almost perpendicularly from the water to the hammock-nettings, is any thing but graceful or agreeable. In her spars and rigging the Constellation is less beautiful than some other of our public vessels.

* "Body o'me! it's a little city!"

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A frigate has three decks. The upper one is called the spar deck, and this is again subdivided into different parts, each called by its appropriate name. All that part of it from the gangways aft, is denominated the quarter deck. Next to the cabin, this is the most sacred part of the ship. No officer on duty is allowed to appear there unless he is dressed in his uniform, and on ascending to it from below, or in coming over the ship's sides, he is obliged to pay it his respects by touching his hat. I have been reprimanded for walking there in a hot summer's day without a cravat on, and the etiquette of touching the hat is in some instances so rigorously exacted, that midshipmen are suspended or quarantined for neglecting to comply with it. No officer is allowed to be seated on the quarter deck, and loud laughter and boisterous conversation are strictly prohibited. I knew an officer high in rank to be reported to the commodore by a master commandant for breaking out into what he called a "horse-laugh" on the quarter deck. When we weighed anchor from the Straits of Tenedos, the purser, surgeon and myself got into a somewhat animated discussion on the localities of the Troad. We were not aware of the loudness with which we conversed, until reminded of it by the captain, who approached us and said, "Gentlemen, you are interrupting the orders of the trumpet."

In port the starboard side* of the quarter-deck is appropriated to the captain and ward-room officers, and the larboard to the inferior officers. I have seen a sailor taken to the gangway and receive a dozen for walking aft on the starboard side of the deck. At sea the higher officers are entitled to the weather side, that is, the side upon which the wind blows, whichever it may be.

There are three hatches on the quarter deck, the after one of which belongs exclusively to the superior officers. Near the centre is the capstern, a large wooden cylinder, by means of which the anchor and other heavy weights

* As you stand facing the ship's head, the starboard is on the your right, and larboard on your left. The larboard side is also called *port*.

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are raised. The wheel, at which four men are stationed to steer the ship, is just *forward* of the mizen mast, and in front of it are the binnacles, two upright boxes, in each of which is placed a mariner's compass.

That part of the spar deck forward of the foremast is called the forecastle. This is the favourite haunt of the men. Here they collect on a summer's evening to "spin" their "yarns" and forget their labours in the pleasures of the song and the dance. On these amusements I shall not here enlarge, but will say more of them in another part of this work. The blacksmith's shop is always shipped on the forecastle, when any work in that line is to be performed.

On that portion of the spar deck, comprehended between the quarter deck and the forecastle, are stowed all the spare spars, and also at sea all the boats, except one at the ship's stern, and one on each of her quarters. It is called the booms. On the spar deck there are four ladders for the men, two of which are just forward of the gangways, and two just abaft the foremast. Parallel with this deck are six strong platforms, outside of the bulwarks, three on each side of the vessel, opposite the three masts. They are called the fore, main, and mizen chains. The shrouds, stout cable ropes which support the masts laterally, are fastened to them. The ropes which give a fore and aft support to the masts are denominated stays.

The guns on this deck are called carronades, and are all short, except generally two long carronades on the forecastle, and two on the quarter deck. The bulwarks rise to about the height of a common sized man above the spar deck. They terminate in the hammock-nettings, a deep trough nearly encircling the ship, in which the hammocks are stowed during the day. In foul weather the hammocks are protected by a tarred canvass cloth thrown over them, but in fair weather this tarpaulin is rolled up and laid on the top of them, so as to leave them almost entirely exposed. Nothing contributes more to the good appearance of a ship than clean hammocks, neatly stowed.

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I will now conduct my reader to the main, or gun deck. This is the great luxury of a frigate, as it furnishes a fine promenade in all weathers. The sun, rain and dews are all excluded—things which annoy you prodigiously on board of a sloop. We will commence with the *sanctum sanctorum* of the ship, the captain's cabin. This occupies nearly all the space on the main deck abaft the mizen mast, and encloses four guns. It is separated from the rest of the deck by a partition, called, as all partitions on shipboard are, a bulkhead, which is always removed when the ship is cleared for action. The Constellation's cabin contained four apartments;—the forward cabin, which was the dining room, the after cabin, a circular apartment which served for a parlour, and two state-rooms. The only furniture of the forward cabin was a large mahogany side-board, whose top was perforated with holes for tumblers and wine-glasses, a set of plain curly-maple chairs, and two cherry tables. The after cabin was carpeted and furnished with a cushioned sofa, a set of drawing-room chairs, two small secretaries, two looking-glasses, a few portrait paintings, a barometer, and a Fahrenheit. One of the state-rooms was appropriated to the library, and the other was the captain's sleeping room. I should not omit to mention that the tables in the forward cabin were always groaning beneath the weight of charts, sailing directions, and mathematical instruments.

The portion of the gun deck extending from the cabin to the main mast is denominated the half deck. The larboard side of this is also appropriated to the officers, but it wants the sacred character of the quarter deck. Its use is common to officers of every grade. It is constantly occupied as a promenade, and in summer is the general reading-room. That part of this deck comprehended between the main mast and the galley is called the waist," and here the carpenters, tailors, shoemakers &c. carry on their respective business. The galley is just abaft the foremast, and is the ship's kitchen. The forward part of it is appropriated to the officer's cooking. This is divided into three compartments, of which that on the

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larboard side is for the use of the captain, that on the starboard for the use of the wardroom mess, and that in the centre for all the officers below them. The after part of the galley is called the "coppers," and belongs to the crew. On each side of the galley is a suspended table for the use of the cooks. The part appropriated to each of them is apportioned off, and you sometimes hear them defend their rights with as much earnestness and a good deal more violence than a debate, involving the destinies of Europe, would occasion in the British Parliament. Forward of the foremast are congregated the poultry, pigs, sheep, goats, *et id omne genus.* There were also on the Constellation's gun deck three pumps, one for pumping up the bilge water, one for procuring water to wash the ship, and the other to draw off fresh water for the ordinary consumption of the officers and crew.

Courteous reader, I beg thee to follow me down another ladder. *Dicto citius,* here we are on the berth deck. Our feet are now below water-mark, and he who is not fond of hard knocks, must look out for his head.

The after part of the berth deck is occupied as a mess room by the lieutenants and other commissioned officers. It is called the wardroom, extends to a considerable distance forward of the mizen mast, and is separated from the rest of the deck by a bulkhead. It has five state-rooms on each side, which, though not very large, are sufficiently commodious, and are furnished with neat little bureaus at the public expense. Some of the officers have them carpeted and fitted up in elegant style. The first lieutenant is entitled to the first state-room, on the starboard side, and the others follow him in the order of their rank. The room on the larboard side, corresponding to the first lieutenant's, belongs to the sailing master, and the purser, surgeon and chaplain are entitled to rooms receding from his in the order in which their names are here mentioned. The wardroom receives its light principally from a large sky-light over head.

Immediately forward of the wardroom is the steer-

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age, the midshipmen's domicile. This differs materially in different ships. In some, as in the Constellation, it is partitioned off into different mess rooms; while in others, as in the Brandywine, it is all common, and is separated from the forward part of the deck only by a canvass curtain. In the Constellation, as I have already mentioned in the preceding chapter, there are four mess rooms, two on each side of the ship. They are each about nine feet by seven. The *middies* are not allowed to have trunks on board, and the mess rooms are therefore furnished with lockers to supply their place. Of these there are two kinds, chest lockers and "up and down" lockers. The chest lockers are nothing more than boxes surrounding three sides of the rooms: the upright ones are more like bureaus, and are much more commodious. When we first sailed, we had the former kind, but they were afterwards torn away, and the others substituted. The open space in the steerage between the mess rooms is familiarly called the "country," and here the reefers' hammocks are swung at night. The Constellation's steerage is the handsomest and most commodious I have ever seen.

Immediately forward of the steerage are four state-rooms, occupied by the forward officers, and between them are four mess lockers, small store-rooms, where the provisions of the steerage and cockpit are kept. Here is also an air pump, by means of which the foul air is removed from the lower parts of the ship.

We are now forward of the main mast, and have come to an open part of the deck, lined on each side by a row of chests. Each of these is appropriated to one of the ship's messes, and contains its table furniture and daily provisions. Here are also compartments, formed by upright wooden grates and extending on both sides of the ship from the state-rooms of the forward officers to the sick bay, in which the men keep their clothes. The sick bay, or apartment for the sick, is a small room quite at the forward extremity of the berth deck. On each side of this deck there is a row of air ports, designed chiefly for the purpose of ventilation, which extend from one end of it to the other. They are open only in port.

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I will not detain the reader by a minute description of a frigate's lower regions. Underneath the wardroom are the magazine and principal bread-room. The cockpit and spirit-room are below the steerage, and directly forward of them is the main hold, which extends over no inconsiderable portion of the ship. Here are stowed the cables, water and most of the provisions. The forward officers, store-rooms are underneath the sick bay. The various implements of their respective crafts are kept in them, and they are generally fitted up with a good deal of taste and elegance. This is a part of the ship always shown to strangers, and which, if kept in proper order, generally excites more interest than any other.

The foregoing *exposé* cannot have been very edifying, but I have been induced to make it to avoid the necessity of subsequent explanations. In doing so I have studied chiefly two things—brevity and clearness; and I hope I have not so completely failed as either to have exhausted my reader's patience, or to have left him without some definite notions of what a man of war is physically. The second subject proposed to be considered in this chapter, will possess an interest of a different and higher character, as it has reference to moral relations.

The government on board a man of war is despotic, and must be so from the circumstances under which it exists. Men are here congregated together from almost every country under heaven. They bring with them no natural principles of amalgamation, but on the contrary almost as many apples of discord as there are individuals in the crew. Nothing but necessity can bind into one harmonious whole so many discordant elements, and that necessity must result from a system of discipline, stern in its nature, and prompt in the execution of its penalties. If the commander were not, in a manner, clothed with the power of a despot, neglect of duty would often go unpunished, confusion would soon be worse confounded, and the Secretary might order every vessel in

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the navy to be set on fire, dismiss his clerks, and retire from the toils of office to enjoy the quiet of his own fireside.

Time on shipboard is divided into watches, and reckoned by bells. Hence you never hear the question, "What's o'clock?" but "How many bells is it?" The twenty-four hours are divided into six equal portions, called watches. At the end of the first half hour of one of these portions, the bell is struck one; at the end of the second, two; and so on till the series reaches eight, when it commences again. Thus it will be perceived that two bells means either one, five, or nine o'clock; and five bells either half past two, six, or ten. In the ship's journals the dates are put down according to the common mode of reckoning time.

The division of time into watches differs somewhat at sea and in port. In the former case, the watches are all four hours long, with the exception of two in the evening, called dog-watches, from four to six, and from six to eight. In port there is but one watch during the day, viz. from eight o'clock, A. M. to eight, P. M. The night watches are the same as at sea.

Order is the first great rule on board a man of war, and that to which all others must bend. It is in fact the Alpha and the Omega, the beginning and the ending, the centre and the circumference of her whole internal organization. "To every thing there is a season, and a time to every purpose under heaven." From day to day, from week to week, from month to month, and from year to year, the same stroke of the bell is followed by the same whistle, the same call, and the recurrence of the same duties. Every thing has its place too, and must be kept in it. So true is this, that a person acquainted with the details of a ship can lay his hand on a given object in any part of her as well in the dark as if a thousand suns were shining on it. To the same grand principle—ORDER—are to be attributed the nu-

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merous divisions and subdivisions of the officers and crew. With the distribution of rank, power and duties which these divisions involve, I purpose now to make the reader acquainted, promising always to be as brief as is consistent with perspicuity.

The whole number of persons on board the Constellation varied at different times from three hundred and eighty to four hundred and twenty. The three grand divisions of the moral elements in the naval service are into officers, men and marines. Of the former there were generally about forty, of the second somewhat more than three hundred, and of the latter thirty-five, more or less.

At the head of the list stands the CAPTAIN. He is literally "monarch of all he surveys," and "sitteth secure in high authority and dread." His will is supreme, and from his decisions, for the time being, there is no appeal. The Autocrat of all the Russias is not a more perfect despot than the commander of a public vessel, nor do the slaves of the Sublime Porte yield a more ready obedience to the Brother of the Sun and Moon, than does the sailor to his Captain.* His duties are of course more comprehensive than those of any other officer. It would be impossible if I should attempt it, and useless if possible, to specify each of them. He has a general superintendence over the affairs of the ship, and every order of a general nature must originate in him. No important alteration can be made without his know-

* An anecdote, related to me by a gentleman in Mahon, is so much to the purpose here that I cannot forbear to repeat it. It so happened that one of the men concerned in the murder of the French lieutenant was a southern negro, and a perfect Ninevite in knowledge. In the course of the trial, it became necessary for him to take an oath, and an oath and the Copernican system were all one to him. So the court set about enlightening him: "Don't you acknowledge a Supreme Being?"—"Supreme Being! Massa," replied Cuff, "I no stand what he mean."—"God, your Creator, the Being who made us all; don't you acknowledge any *Superior* Being?"—"O Yes, Massa, my *Captain!*"

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ledge and consent. It is his duty to take a general oversight of the officers' conduct, to see that they are guilty of no improprieties, and to punish such as are. He is responsible for the safety of the ship both at sea and in port. If any business of a public nature is to be transacted with a foreign power, it falls of course into his hands. These are his duties in time of peace; in war he has still higher responsibilities.

From this brief exposition, it will readily occur to the thinking mind that the commander of a government vessel ought to be a man of good natural endowments and varied acquirements. Courage, moderation and judgment, comprehension of intellect sufficient to view a subject in all its bearings, a keen sagacity in discriminating between the distinctions of subtle minds, and a general acquaintance with the usages of nations, are indispensable, not only to his own fame, but also to the reputation and interests of his country. Hence it appears that the qualifications requisite in a captain of the Navy, are by no means such as can be acquired by a dunce, or even by a man of understanding without much study and reflection. I do not speak here of a thorough knowledge of his own profession, for the importance of that no one will deny: but in addition to this, his mind should have acquired clearness, vigour and symmetry from the study of mathematics, philosophy and literature, and have become thoroughly versed in the usages and rights of nations by that of history and natural law.

Next in rank come the wardroom officers, consisting, on board of a frigate, of six lieutenants, a purser, surgeon, chaplain, sailing master and lieutenant of marines. The first lieutenant is next in power to the captain, and though his station is less responsible, his duties are more laborious. He has a general supervision over the ship, and is to see that she is kept clean and in proper order. To this end he is obliged to inspect every part of her at least once a day, and report her condition to the captain. When the ship is put in commission, it devolves chiefly

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upon him to station the men, a business of the most laborious and difficult nature, requiring great patience, a discriminating judgment and deep insight into the human heart. It is his duty to have the men frequently exercised at the guns; to regulate the expenditures of certain public stores; to take care that the men keep themselves clean and decently clad; to superintend the watering and victualling of the ship; and, in short, to see that all her multifarious and complicated concerns move on regularly and harmoniously. In coming to an anchor and getting under weigh, and when all hands are called to reef topsails or for other purposes, he takes the trumpet. On him, more than on the captain himself, depends the comfort of the officers. In port, it belongs to him to grant or withhold permission to go ashore; and there are a thousand other ways, in which, if he is a man of capricious or malignant disposition, he can gratify his whims or his spleen at the expense of the comfort and feelings of his fellow-officers. The qualifications most needed in a first lieutenant are freedom from caprice and passion, fixed principles of action, moderation combined with decision, a dignified affability, a disposition to be at once liberal and just, and a profound knowledge of character. On the whole, his situation, though highly important, is not very enviable; and my observation has satisfied me that to be generally popular as a first lieutenant requires a combination of qualities, such as rarely falls to the lot of any man.

The other lieutenants are divided into watches, and take turns in performing the duties belonging to their station. The lieutenant on duty is styled in writing the officer of the watch, but is familiarly called the officer of the deck. Some of his duties are common at sea and in port, and others are peculiar to each of these situations. In both he is responsible for the deck while he has charge of it, and has also to take a general oversight of the ship. He must see that the men's rations are properly cooked, and that they have their meals at proper hours. The serving of the grog is also under his control. At sea his duty is to sail the ship, keeping her on

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the course given her by the captain, and reporting to him any change in the wind, the discovery of land or strange sails, and any extraordinary occurrences. At night he has the captain waked at stated periods,* and the state of the weather reported to him. On receiving the trumpet, the first thing the officer of the deck does is to glance at the compass, the sails, the dog-vane, the sky and the water, to discover the state of the ship, the wind and the weather; and at the end of the watch, he must have a general account of the weather and other matters which he may deem proper inserted in the ship's log-book. The duty of the officer of the deck in port is to receive any supplies of water or provisions which may come alongside, to regulate the sending away of boats, to keep a look out as to what is going on in the harbour, to report the arrival of ships and any important occurrences to the captain, &c. &c. The lieutenants are also officers of divisions, and frequently have to exercise the men at the guns, besides superintending the monthly issues of slops to their respective divisions.

Next in rank to the lieutenants, I suppose, would come the regular sailing master, but the duties of this office are almost universally performed in our service by passed midshipmen, who have received merely acting appointments. After the first lieutenant, the duties of a sailing master are more comprehensive and arduous than those of any other officer. His supervision and responsibility extend to almost all the public stores in the ship, but particularly to the water, spirits, cables and anchors. He reports the daily expenditures of water to the captain. It is his business to keep the ship's place and report it at least twice a day to the commander, together with the bearings and distance of the port to which she is bound, or the nearest land desired to be made. Some commanders leave this entirely to their sailing masters, but Captain Wadsworth always kept the reckoning himself. He has told me that such was the anxiety of his mind whilst at sea, that he could not read a book properly, and

* On board of the Constellation every two hours.

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he rarely ever undressed himself at night. One captain informed me that he made it an invariable rule to get up at midnight, and work out his ship's place himself.

There is no berth on board a man of war more cozy than that of purser. He holds the keys of the strong box, and though his regular salary is not much, his emoluments, arising from other sources, are greater than those of the commander himself. All the provisions on board are committed to his charge, and the ship's accounts are all kept by him. His responsibilities are very great, and heavy bonds are therefore justly exacted from him. The present law respecting pursers is, in my judgment, fundamentally defective. It not only opens a wide door to abuses, but actually courts the commission of them. Instead of granting them a liberal compensation for their services and responsibilities, it allows them to sell various articles to the officers and crews of the ships in which they sail. It makes them in fact grocery and dry goods merchants, and the desire of making large profits must in the nature of things sometimes induce them to procure articles of an inferior quality, and charge exorbitant prices for them. Now a system ought not to prevail which renders our seamen even liable to be thus cheated and imposed on. Whatever articles may be needed for the comfort of this useful and indispensable class of our citizens ought to be provided by the government, of the best quality, and charged at moderate prices. I hope I shall not be understood as insinuating any thing against the character of the purser of the Constellation. He is a gentleman utterly incapable of an action in the slightest degree dishonourable or fraudulent, and no purser was ever more generally or deservedly popular than Mr. H.

The surgeon and his two assistants form the medical staff of a frigate. The assistant surgeons form a distinct class of officers, ranking between the wardroom officers and midshipmen. In frigates and ships of the line they mess in the cockpit, but in all other public vessels in the steerage. The business of the staff is of course to take care of the sick, and perform such surgical operations as may be necessary. A daily journal is kept of the cases,

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rank, diseases and constitutional habits of all the sick on board, and also of the medicines administered to them. From the journal a report is made out and signed by the surgeon every morning, stating the names, rank and diseases of the sick, and the number added to and taken from the list. This is handed to the captain. Another list, containing only the names, is placed in the binnacle for the use of the officer of the deck. Nothing will excuse either an officer or a man from duty, but the fact of his being registered on the sick list. A general review of the sick takes place every morning after breakfast. One of the assistant surgeons inspects the ship's coppers every day to see that no verdigris is allowed to collect upon them. It is the duty of the surgeon not only to attend to the sick, but also to recommend and enforce such precautionary measures as will have a tendency to prevent disease, and thus secure the general health of the officers and crew.

Much has been done of late years to elevate the character of the medical department in our naval service. Previous to receiving his commission as a surgeon, the candidate must have passed the ordeal of two thorough examinations by a Board composed of some of the most distinguished medical gentleman in the country; and I am credibly informed that nearly one half of those who apply, are rejected on examination, a circumstance which, if true, shows that this class of officers at least are appointed less by favour than on account of their fitness for the station which they fill. None of our naval officers possess such ample facilities for amusing and instructing their countrymen as the surgeons. They are supposed to be scientific men; their duties are not so arduous that they have not abundance of leisure for pursuing scientific researches, and examining the numerous curiosities they fall in with in foreign countries; and with a moderate share of enterprise and talent on their part, many a neat little duodecimo might make its appearance, which would at once increase the popularity of the navy and diffuse a vast amount of useful knowledge throughout the community. I throw out the hint: *Sapientibus verbum sat.*

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The laws of the United States make it the duty of the chaplain to perform divine service twice a day and preach a sermon on the Sabbath, unless bad weather or other extraordinary occurrences prevent it. The former of these duties is never fulfilled, and the latter rarely. On board of the Constellation prayers were generally read of a Sunday morning, but only one sermon was preached during the whole of the cruize. I mean not to cast any reflections on our chaplain. He is a man of genuine piety and sterling worth, but he was a settled invalid, and unable to perform the active duties of his office. The moral and religious culture of the seamen on board of our public vessels is too much neglected. Sailors, though generally rough, profane and fond of grog, are not the worst of men. I see no good reason why our sloops, as well as frigates and line of battle ships, should not be supplied with chaplains. The labours of an efficient, pious and intelligent body of chaplains in our navy, I cannot but believe, would be attended with the happiest results.

The lieutenant of marines has few duties of any kind to perform. His office, though necessary as long as the marine corps is continued, is nearly a sinecure.

I come now to the midshipmen, *alias*, the young gentlemen; for by this name they are always called on shipboard. The number of these varied on board of the Constellation at different times from fifteen to upwards of twenty. It would be difficult to give any very definite idea of what their duties are; for, although an interesting class of officers on account of what they are to be, yet in their present capacity they do little more than echo the orders of their superiors. There is a change of wind; the officer of the deck orders the men to "lay aft to the braces:—"Lay aft to the braces!" cries every midshipmen on deck. The wind freshens so as to make it necessary to clue up the mainsail: "Man the main clue garnet!" is thundered through the trumpet:—"Man the main clue garnet!" is instantly repeated by some half

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dozen echoes. However, they have some specific duties. They carry messages from the officer of the deck to the captain, and in port one of them takes charge of every boat that leaves the ship. At sea, seven bells is reported to them every morning at half past eleven, when they are obliged to go on deck with their quadrants and take the sun. They have to work out the last day's run, and report the course, distance made good, and ship's place at noon each day to the captain. They muster the crew, when the watch is called at night. They are also required to keep a journal of the cruize, which is, however, only a copy of the ship's log. This is examined every few weeks by the commanding officer, and if it happens not to be written up when called for, the delinquent is generally punished by a curtailment of some of his indulgences.

Five of the oldest midshipmen are master's mates. Their duties are more important and responsible than those of the others. The master's mate of the hold superintends the expenditures of provisions, water and spirits; keeps an accurate account of the quantity of each expended daily; and reports it to the proper authority. He also makes the rough copy of the ship's log from the log-slate. This is afterwards transferred to another book, called the smooth log. In both, the different officers of the deck put their signatures to the remarks made by their authority. It is the duty of the master's mate of the gun deck to keep the deck in good order, and to prevent improper conduct on the part of the men. In addition to this, he oversees the serving out of grog and provisions. There are three master's mates of the watches, that is, one to each of them. Each in turn has charge of the forecastle, and at the end of every hour it is his business to heave the log to ascertain the ship's rate of going. This he reports to the officer of the deck, who, making such allowance as he chooses, tells him to give her such a rate and course, and directs him to make such remarks on the log-slate as he [the officer of the deck] may deem proper.

The boatswain, gunner, carpenter and sailmaker form a distinct class of officers, called forward officers. I

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shall not enter into the particulars of their duties. The boatswain is charged with the rigging of the ship, and in port attends to squaring the yards. You may know him by his silver whistle, ratan cane, and above all, by the ruddy hues of his countenance, and the odious vapours that issue from his mouth. The gunner has charge of the military stores, and, when all hands are called, of the main rigging. The carpenter is responsible for the stores belonging to his department, and superintends the corking of the ship and other work performed by his subalterns. The sailmaker is charged with the sails, hammocks, and generally, all the canvass in the ship. At sea, he is obliged to go aloft on each of the three masts, examine the condition of the sails, and report it to the first lieutenant every morning before breakfast.

There was no part of the system on board a man of war that interested me more than the distribution of power, and the complete subordination of rank. Persons who have seen life only in civil communities can have no idea of the perfection of military government. Every officer in the navy can say to every one below him, "Go," and he goeth, and "Do this," and he doeth it. There is no quibbling or higgling about the matter at all; his will and pleasure are in the place of all argument. Not only is the captain of a public vessel supreme, but every other officer is in some sense a despot; for when he gives an order to an inferior officer or man, it must be obeyed, though it contradict a previous order received from a superior. The officer who gives the last order is in that case responsible for the disobedience of the first. I recollect a fact which will serve to illustrate this principle. The first lieutenant of one of our ships had given orders to a tailor not to do any work for the midshipmen without his permission, at the same time sending word to the midshipmen to that effect. One of them, who happened to be absent from the ship at the time, a few days after wished to have some garment repaired, and ordered the tailor to do it. He refused. The midshipman insisted, and the worthy knight of the

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goose stoutly persisted in his refusal. The spirited young officer reported him to the first lieutenant, who had him flogged for disobedience.

A curious specimen of the peculiar distribution of power in the government of a man of war once occurred on board of the Constellation. The captain, wishing to alter the direction of the ship, went on deck, and ordered the quarter-master at the wheel to give her such a course. The officer of the deck, who was standing aft, observed it, and shortly after, while the captain was still near, stepping forward and glancing his eye at the compass, said, "Quartermaster, you have changed the ship's course."—"Yes, sir," he replied, touching his hat.—"If you ever do it again without my order, when I am officer of the deck, I'll break every bone in your body."

The midshipmen of the Constellation were obliged to ask permission of the captain to go ashore. On one occasion, when all the officers above the third lieutenant, were absent from the ship, some of them applied to him to go ashore. Permission was promptly given. When the captain returned and learned who were ashore, he sent for Mr. ——, to inquire into the matter. "Sir," he replied, "I was at the time acting commander of the ship, and had both the power and the right to do as I did."

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CHAPTER III.

THE grand divisions of the crew are into petty officers, seamen, ordinary seamen, landsmen and boys. This division has reference to rank; but there are others, into which considerations of this kind do not enter. Such are the military divisions, and the divisions into larboard and starboard watches, into forecastlemen, fore, main and mizen-topmen, afterguard, waisters, holders, &c.

The petty officers are appointed by the commander, and may be degraded by him without the formalities of a court martial. They are selected from among the most experienced and trust-worthy of the seamen, and receive eighteen dollars per month. They consist, on board of a frigate, of a master-at-arms, eight quartermasters, four boatswain's mates, eight quarter gunners, a boatswain's and gunner's yeomen, a carpenter and sailmaker's mate, an armorer, a cooper, cook and cockswain.

The highest and most responsible of the petty officers is the master-at-arms. He is, if I may be allowed the expression, the principal police officer of the ship. He has charge of all the prisoners, and every morning makes out and hands to the commander a list of their names, with a specification of the crime for which each is confined, and the time when he was put in confinement. If he allows any of them to escape, he is liable to be punished in their stead. He counts the blows audibly when a prisoner is flogged with the cats. It is his duty to search those suspected of thefts, and when a man dies, to take an account of his clothes and other effects. At public sales, he is the auctioneer. He has charge also of the berth deck, and it is his duty to see that it is kept in good order. All property that falls in his way for which

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he cannot find an owner, is thrown into the "lucky bag," the contents of which, if not finally claimed, are sold at auction.

The office of quartermaster is one of some dignity and considerable importance. Its duties are not laborious, but they require vigilance, carefulness, judgment and a thorough acquaintance with practical seamanship. In port only one of them keeps watch on deck at a time. You may know him by his spy-glass and his busy, bustling air. He is all eye and all locomotion. He cocks his telescope at every new object that appears, and gives it a thorough scrutiny. It is his duty to keep a look out for signals from other ships, and to report them to the officer of the deck; and also to report to him all boats that come along-side, and all other movements and occurrences in the harbour, which he may deem of sufficient importance. At sea, two of the quartermasters are required to be on deck during the day, and half of them at night. One is stationed at the wheel to steer the ship, and the others keep a look out as in port. When the log is thrown, they hold the minute glass. They have to strike the bell every half hour, and take turns in mixing and serving the grog. In entering and leaving a harbour, when it is necessary to sound, one of them is stationed in each of the main chains to heave the lead. All the colours and signals are under their charge.

Boatswain's mates are an indispensable class of men on board of a man of war, but their office is the most invidious and least desirable of all. Their duty is to enforce the orders of the officers, and, to enable them to do this, each is furnished with a hemp whip, consisting of only one lash, called the colt. They have to perform all the flogging, and the men hate them therefore as they would so many incarnate devils. In the ordinary flogging the colt is always used, but when all hands are called to witness punishment, another whip, composed of nine lashes and called the cats, is employed. Each of the boatswain's mates has a silver whistle suspended from his neck, with which he echoes the orders of his superiors. He has a different pipe for almost every im-

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portant order that can be given. For instance, there is one for calling all hands, another for hoisting away, a third for hauling taught and belaying, and so on of others. Amid the darkness and fury of the tempest, when the orders of the trumpet are drowned by the loud uproar of the elements, the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle reaches the ear of the sailor on the top of the highest mast, and no language could convey to him a more definite meaning than its well-known tones.

The duty of the quarter gunners is to keep the guns and all other things belonging to the gunner's department in proper order. They have to inspect the guns frequently to see that every thing about them is well secured, and at night report their condition to the officer of the deck every two hours. When all hands are called to reef or furl sails, the quarter gunners and quartermasters are charged with the main yard.

The yeomen and mates of the forward officers have charge of their respective store-rooms, and keep accounts of the expenditures of articles from each of their departments. They make out monthly and quarterly returns of these expenditures, which are handed to the captain, examined by his clerk, and inserted in the general account book.

The armorer is the ship's blacksmith. The cooper opens the provision barrels when their contents are wanted, and performs other matters in his line of business, when necessary. The duties of the cook are somewhat arduous, and it requires a good deal of patience and care to perform them acceptably to the crew. The meals must always be reported "ready" at seven bells, morning, noon and night. At noon, when dinner is reported ready, the cook takes a specimen to the officer of the deck, who inspects it to see that it is properly cooked. The cockswain is designed for the captain's boat, but our commanders sometimes, perhaps generally, give this rank to their steward, and select a quartermaster or other trust-worthy person to perform the duties of cockswain.

There are two other officers, who have not even the rank

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of petty officers. They are the ship's corporals. They take turns in keeping watch at night on the gun deck, and their duty is to see that no light is burning in any part of the ship, where it is not allowed. They make an hourly report to the officer of the deck.

Having despatched the petty officers, I come now to the rest of the crew, of which the seamen generally compose about one-half. Those of this rank must have seen a good deal of sea service, and are supposed to be thoroughly acquainted with practical navigation. If they are found to be greatly deficient in this respect, they are degraded. They receive twelve dollars per month, and are appointed to the most honourable and responsible stations in the ship. They have a good deal of the pride of profession, entertaining the utmost contempt for all who do not know what salt water and heavy gales are.

The ordinary seamen receive ten dollars per month. They must have had some experience in naval matters, but are neither expected nor required to be finished sailors. Promotions from the rank of ordinary seamen to that of seamen are not unfrequent. The landsmen are as green as a cucumber, having never smelt the ocean, nor been initiated at all into the mysteries of a sea-faring life. Their pay is eight dollars.

Of the boys there are two classes,—those who receive eight dollars, and those who receive five dollars per month. They are employed principally in the capacity of servants to the officers. Two are allowed to the captain besides his steward, one to the first lieutenant, one to every two of the other wardroom officers, and one or two, according to the pleasure of the first lieutenant, to the cockpit, forward officers, and each of the steerage messes. Some are employed as cooks at the galley, and others as messenger boys on the quarter deck. The boys and all others on shipboard, who do not keep watch, are called *idlers*.

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On board of a frigate there are six military divisions; one on the quarter deck, one on the forecastle, three on the gun deck, and one on the berth deck. The last is commanded by the purser, and each of the others by a lieutenant. It is the business of those who compose the purser's division to pass up powder to the combatants. Every officer and man is included in one or the other of these divisions, and is stationed in a particular part of the ship. These are the stations for action, and are called general quarters. The crew is mustered and inspected at quarters always once, and on board many of our ships, twice a day. There are ten or twelve men to each of the guns in a broadside, called first and second captains, spungers, loaders, powder boys, &c. The first intimation of quarters is a blast from the bugle, calling the music. The boarders run for their caps, and every man seizes a cutlass. At the first tap of the drum, there is a general rush throughout the ship, and before the music has ceased, you may hear the midshipmen of the divisions calling over the names, George Bell—first captain, sir—James Anderson—second captain, sir—William Stokes—powder boy, sir—and so on. Having called the names, the midshipmen report to the officers of their divisions, the officers of the divisions to the first lieutenant, and he again to the captain. The order is then given to "beat the retreat." Another rush takes place, the cutlasses and boarding caps are returned to their places, and the men, as the case may be, proceed to their daily labours or their evening diversions. All this is but the work of a moment. Sometimes the call to quarters is beaten in the dead of night, and then the men are obliged to get up, lash their hammocks, take them on deck and stow them in the nettings, and be ready to answer to their names in the space of about eight or ten minutes. The midshipmen have to do the same. They generally, however, avoid the labour of carrying their hammocks on deck by stowing them in the mess room. This is to accustom them to sudden alarms, but it is not often practised.

What is of vastly more importance is experience in

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the art of gunnery, and it must be mentioned to the honour of our naval officers that they are indefatigable in their exertions to render our seamen expert and ready in this branch of their profession. In good weather some of the divisions are exercised at the guns almost daily, and on board most of our ships one day in the week there are general quarters for that purpose. On these occasions all the evolutions of a regular engagement, such as loading and firing the guns, boarding, extinguishing fire, &c. are gone through with. All this is of course a mere sham, and not an ounce of gunpowder is burnt; but it gives the men experience, makes them expert at working the guns, and cannot fail to fill them with confidence and bravery in the hour of real peril. The practice of a general exercise of the guns once a week in good weather, I think, ought to be universal in our navy. It is to our superior gunnery that we are mainly indebted for the brilliant victories of the late war,—a superiority which the English themselves have never hesitated to allow, when apologizing for their own defeats.

In the general quarter bill the surgeons are stationed in the cockpit. Here all the wounded are brought, and all the surgical operations performed, in time of action. The chaplain is also stationed in the cockpit to give pious counsels and administer the comforts of religion to the dying.

In addition to their general quarters the men are also stationed for getting under weigh and coming to an anchor, for tacking and veering, and for other general evolutions. I have sometimes been astonished to see how quick, in the darkest night, it is discovered that a man is missing from his post, and how speedily he is searched out and brought to it. But not only does every man know his station, he has a specific duty to perform at every order, and a failure on his part might disconcert the whole operation. Thus it will be seen that, notwithstanding the complicated nature of naval evolutions and the apparent confusion which must necessarily prevail when all hands are called, there is in fact the great-

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est possible order, efficiency and harmony of action. I might go on *ad infinitum* with details of this kind, all tending to show the admirable adaptation to each other of the parts, and the general perfection of the whole of that system of internal polity which prevails on board a man of war; but I am afraid of trespassing upon my reader's patience.

The whole crew is divided into two equal portions, called larboard and starboard watches, from the fact that those belonging to one of the divisions stow their hammocks in the larboard, and those belonging to the other, in the starboard nettings. When at sea, each of the watches at night takes a turn of four hours on deck, while the others are allowed to "turn in." Those in their hammocks call it their "watch below." Those, however, who keep watch on deck, when the weather is fair and the ship under easy sail, are allowed to sleep, if they do not disturb the general tranquillity by their ungracious snoring. In port only a quarter-watch is called, except in squally weather, and these are for the most part allowed to stow themselves away somewhere on the gun deck.

The forecastle is the most honourable part of the ship, and therefore the best and most experienced seamen are selected to do duty on it. Next come the tops, in the order of main, fore, and mizen. The afterguard do duty on the quarter deck. They are generally green-horns. They hold the reel when the log is thrown, sweep down the deck when necessary, and keep every thing in order on it. The waisters are likewise for the most part landsmen, and perform the same kind of duties on the gun-deck. Mr. Jones says that they are a class of men in whose bloated and hectic countenances you may read at a glance the whole history of their lives. I have been struck with the general accuracy of Mr. J.'s observations on naval life, but my observation does not bear him out in this. Some of our soberest and most trusty men belonged to the waist and afterguard. Besides, it is not natural that they should be distinguished for what he

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says they are. They are by his own admission most of them "green hands," and it is not usual for sailors to become more temperate the longer they follow the seas. Thus much is due even to so humble a class of persons as the *waisters* on board of a man of war.

The holders have charge of the ship's holds, and are responsible for the order in which they are kept, and to some extent for the stores stowed away in them. Under the direction of the master and master's mate, they attend to getting up spirits, provisions, water, &c. They stow the cables and other parts of the ship's rigging, kept in the main hold. Their duties are perhaps more laborious than those of any other part of the crew, and from a constant habit of stooping whilst at work, they acquire almost the shape of a crescent.

Each of these minor divisions of forecastlemen, topmen, afterguard, waisters, and holders has two captains, a post of some dignity and a good deal of responsibility. In addition to these, the carpenter and sailmaker each has a gang of some eight or ten men, employed almost constantly on work in their appropriate lines of business. There are also gangs of painters, tailors and shoemakers, more or less occupied at different times. The tailors generally find employment enough to keep them cross-legged most of the day.

A marine is a sort of ambidextrous animal—half horse, half alligator. His duties alternate between those of a sailor and soldier. He is a being for whom the genuine tar entertains very little respect, and on the other hand, his contempt is repaid, if not with interest, at least without abating a solitary farthing of the principal. When a sailor hears a fish story, his only answer almost always is, "Tell that to a marine!"

At sea the marines in succession all do duty as sentries in the following places;—one at the cabin-door, one at the scuttle-butt, one at the brig, and one at the fore-passage on the berth deck. The rest are obliged to pull and haul on the ropes like the sailors, but they are ex-

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cused from going aloft. In port there are three additional sentries; viz. one at each of the gangways, and another on the bowsprit. During the day, a sergeant's guard, consisting of thirteen, are required to be dressed in uniform, and to remain on the quarterdeck. A marine in uniform must never pass the capstern without paying it his respects: in undress, he is not required to show it more politeness than a sailor.

I have thus, to the best of my ability, redeemed the pledge given at the commencement of the preceding chapter. In every division of the two main subjects, details have crowded upon my recollection which might perhaps have served to illustrate more fully the propositions there laid down, but I have selected only such as I thought best adapted to convey a general idea of what a man of war is physically and morally. I know not whether I have succeeded in awakening in the mind of the reader any of that interest and admiration which the gradual developement of the system excited in me, but if I have, I shall consider myself amply repaid for any labour it may have cost me. The remainder of this chapter will be devoted to some desultory remarks, calculated to elucidate the system still further, but which could not well be introduced into any methodical exposition of it.

One of the things which strikes an observer unaccustomed to naval life most powerfully, is the extreme respect, amounting almost to servility, paid by the men to their superiors. Whenever a man passes an officer, and *vice versa*, he never fails to pay him the compliment of touching his hat, and when he converses with him, this act is repeated at almost every word. In the absence of a hat, he gives his forehead a knock, which answers the same purpose. The moment a sailor receives a command from an officer, "aye, aye, sir," he replies, and springs to execute it. On the part of the officers there is a corresponding haughtiness of tone and manner. Their com-

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mands are given as if the world was made to obey them. The etiquette of touching the hat is also observed by the inferior officers when they address their superiors on duty, but in that case the compliment is always returned ; and if it is not, the refusal gives high offence. There are certain modes of respect to be observed by the superior officers in their official intercourse with their inferiors. I once knew an officer of the deck, while a midshipman was on deck, to send a boatswain's mate down to call some of the "young gentlemen of the watch." He received in answer a note, signed by the whole steerage, stating that it was not customary to send boatswain's mates after midshipmen. The result was a prompt apology as the *amende honourable* on his part.

In addition to the laws of the United States for the government of the Navy, which are read on board of all our public vessels the first Sunday in every month, each commander has a set of internal rules and regulations for the government of his own ship, which are copied into a little book, in a fair legible hand, and hung up by the cabin door, where they are open to the inspection of every officer and man on board. These rules are more or less numerous and more or less rigid, according to the disposition and caprice of the captain. Some of our commanders make quite a sizeable little volume, and stick in rules applicable only to individuals, while others limit themselves to a few, and those all of a general nature. Captain Wadsworth was of the latter class. Let me give an example of his rules : One required midshipmen on liberty to return to the ship at sunset ; another limited the other officers to ten o'clock, without special permission ; a third recommended abstinence from profaneness and the use of irritating language towards the men ; and so on. Many of these regulations, however, like the public laws, become mere dead letters, and remain only to be violated and laughed at.

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The reader may be curious to know how so many persons as compose the crew of a frigate can find employment in the ordinary business of the ship. The time of most of them is chiefly occupied in "keeping the ship in order." This might seem at first a simple affair, and capable of being soon despatched, but there are more things included in "keeping a ship in order" than the philosophy of a green-horn ever dreamed of. Not only must every part of her be kept as clean as a lady's parlour, and every article arranged for inspection as carefully as a coquette would adjust her toilet, but there are kinds of work to be performed of which a person unacquainted with a man of war could form no conception. The "bright work" requires immense labour. This consists in scouring all the belaying pins and rings on the spar-deck, the brass on the capstern, about the companion ways and in other parts of the ship, the monkey tails, iron handspikes and cutlasses, the two rows of iron stanchions which support the spar-deck, the hoops of the spit-boxes, (of which there is one to every gun and a plentiful quantity distributed throughout other parts of the ship,) the battle-axes, priming wires, &c. &c. All this is to be done every day, and if but a modicum of rust is left, wo be to the luckless wight at whose door it lies. It is sure to give employment to a boatswain's mate. Besides this, all the ladders, combings of the hatches, wooden handspikes, &c. must be scraped perfectly clean. Add to all this the labour performed by the different gangs of mechanics, and the working of the guns and loosing and furling sails for the pure purpose of experience, and the wonder will rather be that so few men should be required, than that so many can find employment.

Grog is served out twice a day, that is, when the hands are piped to dinner and supper. Bread is served out twice a week, and the other parts of the rations daily, immediately on the hands being "turned to" after dinner. Sugar and tea are not parts of the government ration: the men purchase these of the purser. The three

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standing dishes at sea are salt beef, pork and beans, and *duff*, a heavy indigestible species of plum pudding. In port fresh beef is substituted for salt.

The men are divided into messes of from fifteen to twenty individuals each. Each of the members takes his regular turn of doing the duties of a berth deck cook a week at a time. The berth deck cook, so called to distinguish him from the galley cook, receives the daily supply of provisions when it is served out, prepares it for the coppers, and when cooked spreads the table and arranges it for the masticating process. When the meal is concluded, he gathers up the fragments and deposits them in the mess chest.

The ship's messes eat on the gun and berth decks. Their table is nothing more nor less than a square piece of tarred canvass, spread between two guns or mess chests, around which they seat themselves *à la Turque*. The whole of their table furniture consists of a large kid for the principal dish, a few tin cups and basins, and a spoon, knife and fork for each individual. Yet, simple as all this is, princes do not sit down at their tables, groaning beneath a thousand delicacies, with greater contentment, or enjoy their luxurious viands with a higher relish, than those with which the tempest-tost, weather-beaten sailor squats by the side of his greasy tarpaulin, and devours his humble dish of lobscowse or duff.

At sea the men live entirely on salted provisions, unless they have been provident enough to lay in a stock of potatoes. In port, besides the substitution of fresh for salted beef, they are allowed to purchase or from the bomb-boats* whatever "fresh grub" they choose and have funds to pay for. Each of the petty officer's messes is allowed to stop two of its rations, and each of the others one, and receive money instead of them. They are also allowed to barter away their rations in any way they please, but no articles of clothing or any thing else charged to them in their accounts.

* Bomb-boats are a species of market-boat, allowed to come alongside of the ship only when the men are at their meals.

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Some of the men sleep on the gun deck, but most of them on the berth deck. The latter are allowed a space of eighteen inches in width and about nine feet in length. Every man takes care of his own hammock. The midshipmen have hammock boys, who attend to theirs. This is considered a voluntary service, and the men generally expect some compensation for it. A glass of grog now and then is the most acceptable reward, but I always abstained from giving it on principle. I never was in want of a boy who was willing to serve me faithfully for an occasional present in money or clothing.

The reception of an officer in going on board of a man of war is in all cases graduated by his rank. A post captain is entitled to a sergeant's guard and six side boys, and is received by the commander and first lieutenant. A master commandant is entitled to a corporal's guard and four side boys, and is received by the commander, if he is not above his own rank, and the first lieutenant. He is, however, through courtesy, generally received by the commander, even when the latter is a post captain. A lieutenant is entitled to four side boys, and is received by the officer of the deck. All inferior officers are entitled to two side boys, and are received by a midshipman.

All boats that approach the ship at night are hailed by one of the gang-way sentries—"Boat, ahoy!" the answer indicates the rank, and the reception is regulated accordingly. A commodore replies, "fleet;" a captain repeats the name of his ship; a lieutenant answers, "aye, aye;" all officers of an inferior grade, "no, no;" and a seaman "halloo." The sentry reports the answer to the quartermaster, and he to the officer of the deck, who is bound to see that the officer is properly received according to his rank. Captain W. once came off to the ship at night in a shore boat. He replied, "no, no," to the challenge of the sentry, and was received by a midshipman. Ludicrous mistakes sometimes occur. I have heard a drunken sailor answer, "aye, aye," and when all the "pomp and circumstance" with which a

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lieutenant is received, had been prepared, who should appear but a tottering devotee of Bacchus, his clothes half torn from his back, and he blubbering out his words through lips thick as the bulwarks to which he clung for support.

A frigate is allowed seven boats: viz. a launch, five cutters and a barge or gig for the captain. The only difference between a barge and gig is in the size,—the former being a double, the latter a single banked boat. A boat is said to be double banked when the row-locks are *vis-à-vis*: when there is only one oar to each seat, they are called single banked. The oars of single banked boats being longest, their stroke is much the most graceful. The launch is the largest of a man of war's boats, and answers to the long boat of a merchantman. The cutters are generally all double banked boats except one. The launch and first cutter are chiefly employed in watering and victualing the ship. The others are at the service of the officers.

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CHAPTER IV.

I SHALL not spare myself when my errors or their consequences are of a nature to give any insight into naval life. I have already mentioned that I had general permission from the captain to live ashore while the Constellation remained at New York. On Monday, the tenth of August, I returned on board to live, and when I reported my return to the first lieutenant, the only answer I received was, "You can't go ashore again, sir, while the ship is in New York, without special permission from the captain." On inquiry, I found that the cause of this strange conduct, as I regarded it, was that I had not come off on Saturday. I apologized by saying that if I had offended, my offence was a sin of ignorance; and for all satisfaction, I was answered in the same stern tone, "You knew, sir, that the ship was upon the point of sailing, and ought to have been off on Saturday: apply to the captain, if you wish to go ashore."

At another time, when our mess boy was sea-sick, I ordered a coloured man to wait on our mess. When the first lieutenant found it out, and he was not long in doing so, he sent for me and said that *he* superintended all changes of that kind, and that I ought to have applied to him for a boy.

A taught rein is held on board of a man of war. While the Constellation lay off the Battery in New York, one of the green-horn reefers made a rather amusing practical bull, for which he received a severe reprimand. He fell in one day while on shore with some of his former associates, and thought it might not be disagreeable to enjoy the "feast of reason and the flow of soul" with them, somewhat longer than he then had permission to do. Accordingly he wrote a note to the cap-

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tain, stating the fact, and that he *believed* he would stay ashore a few days. The captain, however, *believed* no such thing, and immediately despatched a brother midshipman in search of him. Another midshipman was suspended for suffering a man to run away from a boat, whilst waiting for an officer. I have known them to be suspended for weeks for breaking their liberty only for a few moments.

On the morning of the twelfth, the ministers to England and France, Messrs. M'Lane and Rives, with parts of their suites, joined the Constellation, as did also Commodore James Biddle, who went out passenger with us to take command of our squadron in the Mediterranean. They were each received with a salute of seventeen guns. Mr. Rives had his family, consisting, besides himself, of a wife and two little boys, with him; and what with ministers, commodore, secretaries, lieutenants and midshipmen, our ship was overflowing with passengers, much to the annoyance of the regular *attachés*. Temporary state-rooms were erected for their accommodation on both sides of the half deck, to a considerable distance forward of the cabin. On the evening of the same day at two o'clock, we weighed anchor and left New York in tow by the steamer Benjamin Franklin, but were obliged to come-to again above the bar, in consequence of the shallowness of the water. Here we were detained two days by contrary winds; and if any thing could have reconciled us to this detention, it would have been the glorious scenery by which we were surrounded. Before us lay the Atlantic, illimitable and wild—behind us the narrows, whitened by innumerable sail, and defended on each side by a line of proud and menacing battlements. To the eastward the eye rested on the majestic range of hills that line the coast of Long Island—to the westward on Staten Island, beautiful as fairy land, and a thousand times more real. Four elegant light houses, seen from different points of the compass, the friends and guides of the seaworn mariner when darkness is upon

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the deep, completed the scene, and if the picture is any thing like the original, I stand justified in the epithet I applied to it.

We commenced messing in the cockpit the day we left New York. Our mess consisted of the assistant surgeons, the captain and purser's clerks, and myself. Though "down, down, down, below the little midshipmen," we were vastly more comfortable than we should have been in the steerage. Our table was better supplied, and we were less annoyed by boisterous merriment. We laid in sea stores to the amount of more than one hundred dollars, so that on our passage out we did not "want for any good thing." Each mess has a caterer, who provides for its necessities. He is selected by his messmates, who, when they get tired of him, intimate their wish that he should lay down his load of dignity by unceremoniously breaking a sea biscuit over his head. The post of caterer is not a very enviable one, and I have found that the incessant complaints of some half dozen green-horns, unaccustomed to the privations of a seafaring life, though on an unimportant subject, are more easily avoided than tolerated.

The cockpit of a frigate is wholly below water mark: Of course you are obliged to use candlelight in it as well by day as by night. This is one of its most serious inconveniences. Others are the spirit-room, store-rooms and bilge water. The spirit-room is opened twice a day to pump off the daily allowance of whiskey, and then the lights must all be extinguished. Sometimes it is kept open a whole day for ventilation, and this amounts to an absolute banishment. The table stores of the cabin and wardroom, and the stores belonging to the medical department, are kept in rooms which open into the cockpit; and these are all fruitful sources of annoyance. Then the smell of bilge water is stronger in the cockpit than in any other part of the ship that is occupied by officers. But a moderate share of philosophy will reconcile a man to all these inconveniences. He who

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could not submit to them without repining, had better stick to his drawing room. He is fitter for the Paradise of Coquettes, than for a man of war.

In some cockpits there are four state rooms—generally, however, only two. They are occupied by the assistant surgeons.

On the evening of the fourteenth of August, a little before sunset, the hoarse cry of the boatswain, echoed by his mates through every part of the ship, was heard, "All hands, up anchor, ahoy!" No electric shock ever produced a more sudden or visible effect. It seemed as if new powers of enjoyment had been suddenly communicated to every individual on board. The first lieutenant seized the trumpet, the capstern bars were speedily shipped, and at the command "Heave!" they flew round like the spokes of a waggon wheel. Nothing could surpass the alacrity with which the men worked, and the anchor was soon snugly deposited in its place under the bows. At the command, "Lay aloft to make sail!" the topmen sprang to their stations in the rigging, and it was not long before our gallant Constellation was dashing the foam from her sides, and with sails gracefully swelling to the breeze, moving like a thing of life "the ocean waves among."

We sent our last farewells to friends in America by the pilot boat, and when she left us, I felt as if the golden cord was indeed broken. Night was settling on the deep, and the distant mountains began to look dim through the gathering shadows, when I went on deck to take my last look at my native land, and say to it as Harold said to his when he poured his last farewell to the elements, "Good night." The cold-hearted may call it a foolish sensibility, a tear stole to my eye as

"The fleeting shores receded from my sight,"

and I felt, if I did not utter, the language of the pilgrim, as he gazed upon the sinking sun,

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"A few short hours and he will rise
To give the morrow birth;
And I shall hail the main and skies,
But not my mother earth."

And when America had indeed vanished, what a rush of emotions, what a tumult of thought succeeded! The object of which I could always say as Horace said of living in the country—"hoc erat in votis"—was at last to be realized. A visit to the eastern continent, especially those parts of it hallowed by the works and memory of the brightest geniuses the world ever knew, I had always looked forward to, if not with high-wrought expectations, at least with desires, which the improbability of their being gratified had had no power to dampen. I could not indeed adopt the language of Byron when he set sail from England,

"With thee, my bark, I'll swiftly go
Athwart the foaming brine;
Nor care what land thou bear'st me to,
So not again to mine."

I was not so reckless of kindred and home as this. After an eternal exile from my own country I had never panted. Its bustling towns and quiet country retreats were connected with too many pleasant recollections of the past, too many real charms of the present, and too many glowing anticipations of the future, to allow such a sentiment a place in my bosom. The feeling awakened by the prospect of a two year's absence from the home of my childhood, and of a visit to those spots around which clustered all the elegant and stirring recollections of classic boyhood, was that indefinable but easily comprehended state of mind, in which gladness and melancholy, like the original elements of things, struggle against each other.

As to futurity, it is wisely ordered that we cannot penetrate the veil that hides its panorama from our view. While we are buoyant with hope, a tempest may be gathering unseen, which, in an evil hour, will ride in desolation over the fair field of promise, blasting every opening blossom, and burying all its unborn beauties in

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an eternal midnight. It is not, however, less wisely ordered that the mind, in its healthful state, should always anticipate happiness rather than misery. Fear may sometimes bring a cloud across the landscape of futurity, but the scenes which hope paints to the imagination are generally those in which verdure, flowers and sunshine blend their charms together.

"Hope rules a land for ever green,
All powers that serve the bright-eyed queen,
Are confident and gay;
Clouds at her bidding disappear;
Points she to aught? the bliss is near,
And fancy smooths the way."

This is a happy constitution of our nature, and one which shows the benevolence of the great Creator. If our anticipations are imaginary, the pleasure which springs from them is not on that account the less real. Gladness, whatever be its source, is gladness still.

Sunday, the sixteenth, was a day of general suffering from sea sickness; but I will not disgust the reader by a minute description of the scenes which it produced. Almost every traveller who has ever been out of sight of land, has thought it expedient to regale his readers with an elaborate picture of the sunken eyes, the rueful countenances, the doleful headaches, the huge vomitings, and if there be any thing else, it is briefly summed up in this, the utter despair which this disease produces. Lest, however, I should be quarrelled with for too wide a departure from established precedent in this matter, I will merely say *en passant* that of all horrible feelings, that occasioned by sea sickness is the most horrible. You loathe every thing you see, or hear, or taste, or touch, or smell, and your own life into the bargain. But all the sympathy you get is a hearty laugh from every one who happens to hear you, when you "heave up," accompanied perhaps with the still more provoking prescription of a copious use of salt water and raw pork.

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There was no religious service. The fourth commandment is generally but little regarded on board of a man of war. This surely ought not so to be. Infidels may ridicule the idea as much as they please, but those who believe there is a God whose providence embraces nations as well as individuals, can never be indifferent to the general profanation of this day. Of all the institutions of Christianity, the Sabbath is perhaps that on which its prosperity most depends. Let this be abolished, and we may burn our Bibles, and tear down our sanctuaries. Let this be abolished, and the dews of Hermon will no longer descend to refresh and beautify our land, but a moral siroc will sweep over its surface, burning and withering what of virtue falls within its arid, desolating breath. Let the profanation of the Sabbath become general, and the sun which now lights up our moral firmament will go down in darkness, more dense and gloomy than that which brooded over Egypt, when her haughty monarch refused to let the tribes of God go free.

There is another aspect of this subject. Free governments depend for their perpetuity and well-being on the intelligence and morality of the people. The Bible is the handmaid of knowledge; and moral principles, based on any other foundation than that of true religion, will prove but a weak rampart against the inroads of vice. It is an object, therefore, to which neither the Christian nor patriot can be indifferent, that not only our private citizens, but our seamen and soldiers also, should be regularly instructed in the doctrines and duties of Christianity, and the tremendous sanctions by which they are enforced.

On the twenty-first, I went for the first time up to the maintop-gallant mast head;—to me a dizzy height. But high as I was, my soul was far from being caught up to the third heaven in poetic raptures. If Burke's theory of the sublime be correct, then indeed, I confess, I had a little touch of it; for terror was certainly the most prominent feeling in my mind. From this elevation, the

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deck of the ship appeared scarcely wider than the blade of a carving knife, and the men on it looked like Gulliver's Lilliputians.

The old tars laughed heartily at my timidity. I asked them if they were never afraid. "Afraid!" they replied, "what good would it do to be afraid?" The captain of the top said to me, "Mr. ——, have you ever been in a top before?"—No.—"Then you must pay your footing," was the next thing. Paying your footing is treating all hands to a glass of grog on your first visit to a top. This they never fail to demand, always promising in return to teach you all they know themselves about the rigging of the ship. At first I offered them money. "O, said they, give us the grog—what good will money do us here?" I then told them I would pay my footing in their own way, if they would get permission from the first lieutenant. I thought this would stagger them, but was mistaken. "Poh! poh!" they replied, "never mind the first lieutenant; send it up by a boy and call it water." More than two years afterwards I asked the captain of the top one day if I didn't owe him a glass of grog. "Yes, sir, I believe you do, sir," he replied promptly. What is it for?—"Why, sir, I believe it's to pay your footing in the maintop, sir." This will serve as a specimen of the usual tenacity of a sailor's memory in regard to debts of this kind. Had he lent me a ten dollar note, the chances are that it would have been forgotten in less than a week.

A few days after this, we spoke an American packet from Liverpool bound to New York. She was pointed out to me when about five miles off, and was standing directly for us under a press of canvass. There is no object in nature that combines more of majesty and gracefulness than a ship under full sail. As she plunges through the billowy waters, the freedom and grandeur of her motions make her appear like a being of another sphere. The Indians worshipped the first ship they beheld, and he who has seen one in her glory can easily forgive the idolatry.

The captain took the trumpet, and when she had

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arrived nearly alongside, he hailed her: "Ship, ahoy! what ship is that?"—"The John Jay, sir."—"Where are you from?"—"Liverpool, sir,"—"How long are you out?"—"Twelve days, sir,"—"Have you any news?" The answer was not heard, and no more questions were put. Many of the officers had expected to have an opportunity of sending letters to America, and when they saw themselves cheated of the chance, you might see them, with looks full of disappointment and vexation, tearing up their epistles and giving them to the four winds. The treasures of the deep were doubtless augmented by many a brilliant image and many a burning sentiment.

Lord Byron is right when, in combating the "invariable principles" of Bowles and the other poetic naturalists, he declares that the "sea is a more attractive, a more moral, a more poetical object, with a vessel breaking its vast but fatiguing monotony." A limitless expanse of waters, calm or convulsed, is unquestionably sublime; but how much does the appearance of a single vessel enhance the interest of the scene! We are so constituted that we must have objects of sympathy, and neither ocean nor sky affords them. In contemplating the former we may be awe-struck, but we cannot sympathize; and and the beings with which we people the stars are too spiritual, too pure, too unearthly, to share largely in our sympathies. But the moment a ship appears, we *feel*—spontaneously and irresistibly *feel*—that there is a relationship between her and us. On this subject I speak from experience. I shall never forget the effect produced on my mind by the first ship, I saw after leaving the United States. We were seven or eight days out from the Hook. When she was pointed out to me, I felt I know not what delightful sensation, but it was certainly analogous to the feeling we experience in meeting unexpectedly with an old friend far from kindred and home. I admired undoubtedly the majesty of her proportions, the graceful swell of her canvass, and the dashing freedom of her motions; but this was not the predominant feeling. It was that there at least were human

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beings; beings who had much in common with myself, and who would understand me if I talked to them of love, friendship and generosity—the palpitations of hope, the shudderings of fear, and the nameless endearments of kindred and country.

On the night of the twenty-eighth, the wish which I had cherished till it had become a part of myself was at last gratified. At sunset the wind began to increase, and the sky and ocean to put on a dark and frowning appearance. Night and a tempest coming on together! How grand and stirring the thought! All hands were immediately called to "reef topsails and house masts."

"Insequitur clamorque virûm stridorque rudentum."

The shrill voice of the commanding officer, heightened by the trumpet and echoed by a score of inferior officers; the noise of the men climbing and hauling the ropes, and answering to the orders from deck; the creaking of timbers; the rustling of canvass; the heavy plungings of the vessel; and above all, the loud roar of winds and waves, combined to produce a congregation of sounds, which would have shamed the grating thunder of Hell-gate, had not the spirit of the storm blended the jarring elements into one rich and swelling harmony. Before eight o'clock all the masts above the topmasts were "housed"—that is, sent down on deck—and we were literally flying under close-reefed fore and main topsails. The sounds occasioned by the gale, as it swept through the rigging of the ship, were like the music of winds in a forest. They were wild but delicious tones, and it was long before I could tear myself away from their stormy melody.

I turned in but not to sleep. The rolling of the vessel soon produced a very different scene below from the one the wind was enacting aloft. It was "high life below stairs" with a vengeance. Let the reader figure to himself barrels, trunks, books, and china—rolling, slid-

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ing, falling and breaking around him—and he will have some idea of my situation.

At two o'clock in the morning, Dr. —— came to my cot, saying he had just come from deck, and had seen the main topsail rent in pieces by the wind. His words were talismanic: I was up, dressed and on deck in an instant. Language can but feebly shadow forth the sublimity of the scene. The wind was roaring through the naked masts and ropes like thunder. The waves had become mountains in size and giants in strength; and the ship, as if wearied and vexed by their angry power, seemed alternately to seek a dwelling place in the heavens above and in the sanctuaries of the deep. At every plunge, huge masses of foam were dashed from her sides, which, as they rolled upwards, appeared to be loaded with myriads of the "gems of purest ray serene,"* which

"The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear."

The covering of darkness in which the whole was enveloped rendered the scene more grand and awful.

I love the ocean at all times, but most when its music is deepest, and its power most visible. At such times, I delight to gaze on its broken and foaming surface, till my own feelings are in unison with its grandeur, and my own spirit feels a part of its restless energy. It is then that the epithet *religious* may be most appropriately applied to it, for it lifts the thoughts from itself to its Maker; from the image to the Original; from what is seen and temporal to what is unseen and eternal.

To an old cruiser there is much in sea life that is monotonous; but to a novice every occurrence is full of that

* This beautiful appearance is occasioned by the phosphorus in the water. I have often of a dark night stood in the main chains watching it for hours together. When a ship moves rapidly through the water, not only do the waves which roll up from her sides seem loaded with brilliants, but the rush of waters into the space left by the rudder occasions an appearance which resembles a long trail of sparkling light. Some waters contain a greater amount of phosphorus than others. Those of the Archipelago I think more phosphoric than any others with which I am acquainted.

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fresh and eager interest, which always attaches to novelty. Some new form of nature, some new developement of character, some new branch of discipline, or something else calculated to gratify his curiosity, falls daily beneath his observation.

A scene occurred on the evening of the twenty-ninth, of which, as it will show the promptness with which improprieties are noticed and punished on board of a man of war, I will give some account. Before our lights were extinguished in the cockpit, Dr. —— was quietly lying in his cot, engaged in conversation, when he was suddenly and unceremoniously saluted with a pair of wet and dirty stockings. Scarcely had we come to the conclusion to have them thrown overboard, when down came a cap in the same direction. The doctor then requested them to cease, but this was only firing the magazine. A boot full of water, a pillow and a variety of other articles followed each other in rapid succession. "Joking is joking," cried the medico, "but I 'll not be spit upon." He immediately reported it to the first lieutenant, who might have said with Cæsar, *Veni, vidi, vici;* for he came, looked and went, and in less than two minutes all the midshipmen, though most of them were snugly asleep in their hammocks, were summoned by order of the captain to appear on the quarter deck. Each was interrogated personally. Not a soul of them knew any thing of the matter. After a variety of fruitless endeavours to ascertain the offender, the captain addressed them to the following effect: "Very well, young gentlemen, I shall hereafter give you duty enough to keep you out of such business, and shall moreover curtail the indulgences I had intended to grant you on our arrival in port. I am now under the necessity of suspecting you all, but in the course of a year or two I shall find out those who are mean enough to be guilty of such actions, and treat them accordingly. Your presence is no longer necessary."

After they had retired, one of them requested the offender to go forward and free the rest from suspicion, by reporting himself. He refused. "Then I 'll report you,"

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replied the other. But—and the fact will show how cautious a midshipman is about incurring the ill will of his companions—before executing his threat, he consulted them all as to what he should do, thus forestalling their approbation, and securing himself from censure.

The punishments inflicted on offending midshipmen are various. The most common is suspension from duty, or as they themselves term it, "doing duty below the hatches." A suspended midshipman is never allowed to go ashore, and on shipboard is limited to the berth deck, the gun deck forward the main mast, and the forecastle. Any lieutenant has power to suspend an inferior officer, but he must report it immediately with all the circumstances, to the captain. Another common punishment is "quarantining," that is, confining them to the ship while in port, without suspending from duty. They are sometimes, though rarely, kept for a whole day at the mast head looking out for ships or land. It is quite ludicrous to see a reefer in the middle of the Atlantic climbing up to the main royal yard to look out for Europe.

Suspension and quarantining are much dreaded by the midshipmen, and with reason. What can be a greater bore to a man, on entering such a port as Naples than to be debarred the privilege of going ashore? It is like climbing to the top of Pisgah, merely to be tantalized with a view of the Promised Land, while you know you are condemned to die in the wilderness. These are the punishments for comparatively trivial offences. When the charges are of a more serious nature, the accused is arrested for trial by a court martial.

The punishments of the men are not less various than those of the midshipmen. The most common is flogging, and the severest stopping their grog. Any lieutenant can give a man a dozen with the colt, but the captain alone can flog with the cats; and even his power is limited to a dozen lashes. A greater number than this must be ordered by a court martial. No officer has in strictness a right to stop a man's grog any more than he has to stop any other part of his ration, and I have some doubts whether, if the men should afterwards claim payment, and should be able to prove that their grog had

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been withheld from them, they would not recover damages in the civil courts of the United States. It is nevertheless frequently withheld from them, much to their discomfort and annoyance. A sailor would sooner receive a dozen any moment than be kept out of his grog for a week.

Another mode of punishment is confinement in the "brig"—the ship's prison—which is nothing more than the space between the two forward guns on the starboard side of the gun deck. Of this punishment there are three grades, distinguished by the terms simple confinement and confinement in single and double irons. Confinement in single irons is when the hands only are fettered; confinement in double irons, when both the hands and feet are in that situation. You often hear the prisoners of an evening "spinning their yarns" and singing songs with as much glee as if they were lords of creation. When their number is sufficient, the brig is not unfrequently officered and manned with captain, lieutenants, midshipmen, &c.; and this fancied distribution of rank and power is to them a never-ending well-spring of amusement. Indeed, not only here but in every part of the ship where a group of sailors is collected, you often laugh in spite of yourself. The universal practice of "running," prevalent on shipboard, sharpens their wits to such a degree that their conversation is for the most part well seasoned with piquant, though vulgar repartee.

The latter part of our passage out was rough and boisterous. The ocean for many days in succession appeared like a vast expanse of moving mountains. Nothing could surpass its dark and angry sublimity. But a frigate under such circumstances is not a very comfortable place of residence. The windsails are all taken up, the ports shut in, and the gun deck constantly shipping seas. The rolling and pitching of the vessel renders it impossible to walk without some support, and hence ropes, called "life lines," are fastened to the guns on the main deck, to enable you to pass back and forth.

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If I had any talent at drawing, I would here introduce a sketch of one of our meals in a gale of wind. The picture, if true to the original, would unbend the face of a cynic; though I assure the reader that the reality is far from being a laughable matter. It would show a half dozen of us engaged in the threefold business of eating, holding the dishes on the table, and bracing up to keep ourselves in our places; and now and then, by way of varying the scene, either singly or in groups, taking a ride on our campstools across the cockpit. It might also show some one more luckless than the rest, at an extraordinary lurch, running to the bucket to "heave up" his half finished meal, and curse the star that ever guided him to the brink of the ocean. To avoid these inconveniences, Dr. ——, proposed to have the table and seats suspended by straps of canvass, and said that then, when the ship rolled, the table would swing, and the campstools would swing, and we should swing, and there would be a universal harmony between us.

During the first part of my sea life, I did little else than gaze and wonder and admire. The novelty of the thing was overpowering, and I was hurried from one scene to another, and from one part of the ship to another, by an influence like that ascribed to enchantment. When we had a fresh breeze, I often amused myself by sitting on the bowsprit, and viewing the surrounding waters. At such times the ocean presents a most magnificent prospect. In every direction, as far as the eye can stretch, its surface is covered with breakers, white as the driven snow, and sparkling in the bright sun like burnished silver. As you look downwards, the waters beneath you are redolent of life. Fishes

> "Thick as autumnal leaves that strew the brooks
> Of Vallombrosa."

and of almost every imaginable colour, emerald, ruby, sapphire and diamond, are playing their antics, wild and

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free as the element they inhabit. As the vessel plunges onward, a broad mass of foam is constantly dashing from her sides, and making music, compared with which the richest harmonies of art are tame and tasteless. The scene is altogether fitted to captivate and fill the imagination, and as you look round upon it, you can scarcely avoid exclaiming in the glowing and glorious language of the Hebrew poet, "They that go down to the sea in ships, that do business in great waters, these see the works of the Lord and his wonders in the deep."

At other times I was not less amused at witnessing the large schools of porpoises that played around the ship. These are fish of a peculiarly sociable disposition, and often follow vessels for hours upon the stretch. The water seems literally alive with them, and scores of them may frequently be seen jumping out of it together. They always seek the bows of the vessel, and their reflection of the various colours of the rainbow, formed by the spray rising from the foam, gives them the appearance of being tricked out in a thousand brilliant and fanciful decorations. The sailors frequently harpoon and eat them. They are shapeless lumps of fat, and cannot, I should suppose, be very agreeable to a delicate palate.

Nothing interested me more than the amusements of the sailors on the forecastle after dark. Half the crew, it has already been stated, keep watch on deck during the night, and they contrive to keep themselves awake by a variety of diversions. Here a party is collected of which some half dozen are keeping time to the music of the violin; there an old tar is "spinning yarns," i. e. recounting real or fictitious adventures to a second company, whose occasional loud bursts of laughter mark what are considered the odd or witty parts of the story; while a little further on, a third group is listening to the strains, uncouth and artless perhaps, of some son of the ocean. This group I prefer to all the others. Some of the sailors really sing well. Their songs are various both

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in matter and merit—some of them poor enough, and others tolerably fair. They are sea songs, and most of them full of wild and daring imagery. Occasionally, however, you hear one of a nature to bring over the soul the melting recollections of absent friends, of fire-side endearments, and of those hallowed spots in glen or glade, by fountain or rivulet, where the society of kindred spirits has made earth put on the hues of Eden, and appear like a scene of unmingled beauty and delight. The listeners would probably make but indifferent critics, but they feel correctly nevertheless; and a new delight has often been imparted to my own feelings by the simple but honest expressions of approbation with which, at the close of a song, it has been honoured. Theirs is not the hollow applause of the theatre: it comes warm and fresh from the heart.

There is a romance in the life of a sailor that has always made him an object of peculiar interest to me. A strong arm and a fearless spirit are the only inheritance he possesses, or wishes to possess. With these he bids defiance to war and the elements. With these he can charm the terrors of the vexed ocean, or the vollied cannon. Dangers—what are they to him? His glory and his pride.

> "He lays his hand upon the Ocean's mane,
> And plays familiar with his hoary locks."

There is no amusement of which sailors are more fond than that of spinning yarns, and by dint of practice they acquire a facility in doing it, which is really astonishing. Many of them make their stories as they go along, and this gives them a habit of exaggerating on all subjects. You must generally set down one half of what an old tar tells you for sober truth, to a love of the marvellous, and a disposition to excite wonder. Many of our sailors were fond of reading, and did read a great deal. I have been applied to by them oftener for books than for any thing else, and have frequently regretted that I did not provide myself with a small library of moral tales. Books of this kind would be eagerly read by them, if written in a simple style, of moderate length,

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and with some interest in the story. That sailors are bad enough, and a great deal too bad, every one must be sensible who has mingled much with them; but they are not irreclaimable. There is no class of men whose hearts are sooner touched by kindness, or who are more grateful for favours. Convince a sailor that you feel an interest for him, and you are sure to make him your friend. He will do any thing to oblige you. Let whiskey be banished from our public vessels, and a proper attention paid to the religious and moral instruction of our seamen, and the navy will soon present a field on which the eye of the Christian and the moralist can rest with complacency.

I know that personal religion is not popular on board of a man of war; but why should it not be? Is there any thing mean, pusillanimous, or unreasonable in it? True religion is founded on certain eternal principles—such as the existence of a God, the immortality of the soul, the dependence of man, the essential difference between virtue and vice, and the necessity of rewarding the former and punishing the latter; —and if the truth of these principles be admitted, it follows that so far from being the part of weak and timid minds to listen to the voice of the Son of God, it is the perfection of wisdom to obey, and the extreme of madness to disregard it. But Christianity has other claims to our regard. Its influence is most pure and ennobling. Were I to attempt any thing like a full illustration of this proposition, I might fill volumes without exhausting the subject. My task would be but partially completed when I should have shown that a man, thoroughly imbued with the spirit of Christianity, as a ruler would be filled with a benevolent regard for the happiness of his people; that as a subject he would be characterized by obedience, as a master by kindness, as a servant by faithfulness, as a husband by conjugal fidelity, as a father by parental love, as a son by filial respect, as a friend by open-hearted sincerity; that he would be humble without losing his self-respect, and forgiving without sacrificing his honour; that he would blend moderation with firmness, prudence with enthusiasm, and decision with

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mildness; in short, that he would possess an erectness and nobility of character, which all other influences but those of religion would be incompetent to produce. Then only would my labour be fully accomplished, when I should have shown that the full triumph and universal practice of the doctrines and precepts of the Carpenter of Bethlehem, would convert the world into a moral Eden, as far surpassing in beauty and loveliness the garden in which the progenitors of our race were placed, as the intellectual and the moral are superior to the sensual and the physical.

On the ninth day of September, about one o'clock P. M. we made the Scilly Islands, and at the cry from the mast head, "Land O!" there was not, I believe, an individual on board who did not feel a thrill of pleasure stealing through his frame. A pilot boat, rigged with coloured sails, was shortly after discovered, and a signal made to bring her to.* She was plentifully freighted with eggs, fish and potatoes, which, among persons who had lived for a month on salt junk and hard tack, met with a very ready market. Our pilot, though from the Scilly Islands, did not discover any remarkable *silliness* in making a bargain, for he demanded a most enormous price for his services.

In our approach to England we had an earnest of its climate. A thick mist fell soon after we made the land, and prevented its being seen from deck. I gleaned from the pilot the following particulars respecting the Scilly Islands. Five only of them are inhabited, the rest being either too small or too rocky to admit of cultivation. The largest is from eight to ten miles in circumference, and contains from two to three hundred inhabitants. The others are much smaller and contain together about the same number. Their principal productions are barley and potatoes, wheat being rarely raised. Apples formerly abounded, but nearly all the trees have recently been destroyed by the bugs. Gooseberries are now the

* The signal for a pilot boat is a union jack at the fore royal mast head.

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principal fruit. Each of the inhabited islands, except one, has a chapel in which divine service is performed every Sabbath.

On the tenth we had a gale of wind ahead, but on the morning of the eleventh, when I went on deck, England —"merry Old England"—"glorious Old England"— was in full view on our larboard beam. The coast was a line of high chalk cliffs, apparently perpendicular to the sea. These hills presented a bleak and desolate appearance, and the scenery beyond was so mistified by distance that even its more prominent features could not be distinctly seen. But it was English soil, and that was enough. It was the birth place of our forefathers, and their sepulchres had been builded within its territories; and what American could behold it for the first time without something like the yearnings of filial affection?

We passed Portland, Dorsetshire and St. Alban's Head, and soon after made the western extremity of the Isle of Wight. It is a high chalk cliff, called the Needles, which, seen at a distance, presents an apparently broad, flat surface, white as snow, except where the rain by washing down the soil has variegated it with streaks of brown, which give it a picturesque and romantic appearance. As you approach it, the apparent flatness of the surface is gradually metamorphosed into a concave semicircle. Just in front of it, three sharp white rocks shoot up to a considerable distance above the surface of the water.

Impelled by wind and current, the vessel glided rapidly along the north coast of the Isle of Wight, which was crowned with groves and meadows and hedge-rows of the richest green, beautiful and refreshing to behold, after having gazed on nothing for the last four weeks but the "waste of waters." The rain came down in torrents, but the attractions on deck were too powerful to be resisted, and when we came-to off Cowes, I was as wet as if I had been dipped in the ocean. None but the sailor can know the pleasure of making the land and getting into port after a long voyage.

The passengers all left us the moment the anchor was let go, but not a single officer who was attached to the ship. In the night it came on to blow a heavy gale of

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wind, which parted our chain cable and caused us to be drifted a considerable distance. Most of the next day was occupied in getting up the lost anchor and mooring the ship. In the morning I asked the captain if I might go ashore, and was answered in four words, "Not at present, sir." I afterwards learned that, on arriving in port, officers are not generally allowed to go ashore until the ship is moored.* The moment that was done the captain sent me word that I could go.

I spent only a few hours ashore. It is impossible to describe the feelings with which I first set foot on English soil. It was as if my soul had been bathed in some Elysian dream. As I wandered among the enchanting villas which form the suburbs of West Cowes, I could scarcely avoid exclaiming aloud, "This, then, is really the native land of Shakspeare and Milton, the brightest stars that ever gilded the heaven of poetry; of Newton and Locke, those magicians in the philosophy of matter and of mind; of Burke, Fox and Pitt, names synonymous with all that is mighty and splendid in eloquence; and of a thousand others, *famam qui terminant astris*, and whose writings will continue to instruct and delight the latest ages."

On Sunday the thirteenth, for the first time after I joined the Constellation, divine service was performed on board. Mr. E. read such portions of the beautiful service of the Episcopal church, as could be read without responses. The sky, the air and the surrounding waters, in their purity and stillness, harmonized beautifully with the sacred character of the day, and combined with other things to render the scene one of the most interesting and gratifying I have ever witnessed. I have never seen a more decorous or attentive audience on land; and as His servant, in an humble but simple tone, offered up our thanks for His mercies, acknowledged our dependence and guilt, and invoked His clemency and protection, I could not but feel that the Almighty and beneficent Father of the universe looked down from His throne, well pleased with the homage of His creatures.

* A ship is said to be moored when she has two anchors out.

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CHAPTER V.

On Monday morning, the fourteenth of September, there was a general rush to the purser. This is always the first thing on getting into port. His strong box is the *sine qua non*, without which, port would not be worth a farthing. Unfortunately, most of us had not "worked out our dead horses,"* and were obliged to content ourselves with the pittance of a few dollars. However, a few dollars make a midshipman as rich as a thousand, and an army of them was soon "rigged out" with full dress coats, cocked hats, and dirks, for a cruize on shore. They set off from the ship in high glee, full of the elastic buoyancy of youth, and with expectation on tiptoe. They visited Newport, Carisbrooke Castle, and Appuldurcombe Park. I was not of the party, but I understood from those who were, that they enjoyed themselves to the utmost of their anticipations. They showered gold like rain on the servants who showed them the Lions, drank Champaign like so many lords, and returned at night, jaded and exhausted, to pace the quarter deck for four dreary hours. This is always the consummation of a midshipman's enjoyment; but the irksomeness of his duties on board gives edge to his pleasure while it lasts. "Enjoy the pleasures of the passing day," is a maxim which he sticks to as Sancho did to the promise of an island.

The villages of East and West Cowes are on the north coast of the Isle of Wight, near its centre. They are romantically situated on the declivities of two hills, and

* *Dead horses* are debts to the purser on account of advances of pay. When a ship is put in commission, her officers are allowed an advance of three months. This advance generally operates as a heavy drawback on their purses the first part of their cruize.

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separated from each other by a small stream, called the Medina river. They are irregularly built, and in the lower parts of them there is little to attract or gratify curiosity; but the beautiful castles and villas, the residences of lords and gentlemen, that crown the summits of the two hills on which they stand, surrounded by rich lawns and shade trees, and covered with luxuriant ivy, give them an air of rural elegance, whose effect can be known only by being felt.

The two edifices which chiefly attract attention are East Cowes and Norris Castles—the residences of John Nash, Esq., architect to his Majesty, and the Right Hon. Lord Henry Seymour. They are of modern construction, but built in imitation of the ancient castles. They are noble structures, "embosomed soft in trees," and the clustering towers by which they are surmounted, give them an appearance of grandeur and strength, that recalls to the imagination many a wild tale of gallant knight and bright-eyed dame. I visited them in company with Dr. ——. When we arrived at the enclosure of the grounds belonging to East Cowes' Castle, we were stopped at a small out-house, where a number of girls were making lace, and told that we must send our cards to the proprietor, if we desired leave to enter. When the people in the hut where we stopped, discovered that we were Americans, they were as inquisitive as so many Yankees, and some of them expressed great anxiety to come over to this country. The little girl who went with our cards, soon returned with the necessary permission. An English castle is not like an Italian palace, a mere gallery of the fine arts, kept for show, with a little garret or retired corner for the use of the owner's family. The Italian has no word in his language which signifies *comfort*, but the Englishman has both the word and the thing. He cares more for his comfort than he does for all the pictures between the Alps and Apulia; but the Italian, on the contrary, would not exchange his painted Venuses and Madonnas for all the Madeira and Champaign that sparkle on the tables of the whole *posse comitatus* of English *milordi*.

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As the family of Mr. Nash was "at home," we were not admitted into the castle; but the gardener conducted us through the pleasure grounds, which consisted of lawns, flower-gardens, conservatories, groves, aqueducts, fountains, fish-ponds, bowers covered with grape vines, and serpentine walks arched with the branches of venerable oaks and elms;—the whole interspersed with alabaster statues of ancient divinities, and arranged with an airy elegance, that made it seem more like one of those places which the poets have peopled with nymphs and fairies, than like the abode of beings of a more earthly mould. The gardener descanted with great eloquence on the good taste with which the grounds were laid out, not forgetting to remind us frequently that the whole was planned by its present proprietor, and executed by himself.

At Norris Castle there was comparatively little to be seen. It enjoys the advantages of a more commanding situation, and the view of it from our anchorage was most enchanting. Over a door in the passage is the history of the family in heraldry. One of the symbols represents the marriage of Henry the Eighth to Lady Jane Seymour, from whom the present Lord Seymour is descended. Lord S. is now in his dotage, being upwards of eighty years old. Many characteristic anecdotes are related of him. One of them is the following: A countryman had one day been so unfortunate as to have upset a load of hay; and while he was deliberating what he should do, Lord Seymour passed that way on foot. The countryman, not suspecting from his appearance that he was above his own rank, asked him if he would help him to reload his hay. Lord S. assented, mounted upon the cart, and arranged the hay as it was pitched up to him. When he had finished and descended, the poor man thanked him for his kindness, and was going to drive on. "My good friend," said Lord S., "do you know who I am?" "No, sir," he replied. "I am the proprietor of Norris Castle," rejoined Lord S. The poor fellow, trembling and terrified almost out of his wits, fell upon his knees and begged he would for-

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give him. The generous nobleman bade him rise upon his feet, gave him a small gold coin, and told him to drink to his health in the best bottle of ale he could find.

On the evening of the sixteenth, I set off on foot and alone on an excursion into the Island. I took the road to Newport, which lay along the west bank of the Medina river. The valley of the Medina is cultivated to an extent unknown in any part of the United States that I have visited; and the contrast between the dark green of the hedge rows and the brilliant verdure of the meadows and pasturing grounds, presents a landscape to which we have no counterpart on this side of the Atlantic, and whose effect it is utterly impossible to describe. Wilder and sublimer scenery we have in abundance, but certainly none so beautiful. The glory of an English landscape is the eternal richness of its verdure; and it is vexatious to reflect that this is the effect of an everlasting drizzle—the offspring of a climate the most detestable on earth. Could the enchanting landscapes of England and the delicious climate of Greece be united, they would form all that the maddest idolater of nature could desire of fair, and lovely, and delightful.

It was nightfall before I reached Newport. I had the good fortune to stumble upon a hotel where a club, called the Social Friends' Club, was to hold its weekly meeting. I was politely invited to attend, and at eight o'clock was ushered into a spacious hall, with a table extending the whole length of it, around which were seated some fifty gentlemen. The table was covered with pipes, tobacco, and liquors. Each member is required by the rules of the club to sing a song when called upon, and the last singer is entitled to name his successor. Several fine songs and glees were sung, and we had a good deal of agreeable conversation on various topics—political, literary, &c. The English are quite as inquisitive as the Americans; and my observation in various countries has convinced me that, in this respect at least, the whole universe is a set of Yankees. Perhaps the analogy might

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hold good on some other points. On that memorable evening I learned, to my utter astonishment, that the uncouth fashion of leaning back on the two hind legs of a chair, is not altogether a "Yankee notion." Englishmen, (*quis crederet?*) with all their horror of outlandish attitudes, are sometimes guilty of doing it. The most friendly dispositions were expressed towards this country, but I was surprised at the ignorance of some intelligent gentlemen in relation to its institutions and history.

I have often wondered, and still wonder, why clubs for literary conversation are not more common in our own country. Nothing is so well fitted to whet the intellect and prepare it for rapid movements, as free extemporaneous discussion. The flint does not scintillate till brought into contact with some foreign substance; so the brightest emanations of genius are often elicited by the collision of different intellects. Who will deny that Johnson, Burke, Goldsmith, and Sir Joshua Reynolds were largely indebted for their conversational celebrity, and even for their conversational powers, to clubs of this kind? But besides the intellectual advantages resulting from them, they promote kindly feeling among their members. They open the fountains of social enjoyment, and the streams that flow from them are pure and refreshing.

Newport is the chief town of the Isle of Wight, and enjoys a central situation on the Medina, which is sufficiently deep to admit of heavy-freighted vessels passing up it at high water. It contains upwards of six thousand inhabitants, and has from fifteen to twenty streets, cutting each other at right angles. It is surrounded by an amphitheatre of hills, which present an infinite variety of bold and picturesque scenery.

The most interesting building it contains is the parish church, an old Gothic structure, erected in the reign of the second Henry, and dedicated to the famous Thomas a Becket. The pulpit, which stands near the centre, is a great curiosity. It is of one solid block of oak, poly-

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gonal in its form, and ornamented with a great variety of carved emblems ;—among others, fourteen figures representing the cardinal virtues and liberal sciences. It was erected in 1636, as we learn from an inscription on the canopy. Under a Gothic arch in one of the principal aisles, is a small circular stone, with this inscription : "Underneath in a lead coffin rest the remains of Elizabeth, 2nd daughter of King Charles I. Obit. Sept. 6th, 1650. Aetat. 14." In one corner of the church there is a monument to Sir Edward Horsey, governor of the island under Elizabeth, on which is engraved a Latin epitaph, setting forth his virtues in a strain of high commendation. Under the monument is a marble statue of the knight in full armour, with his horse, richly caparisoned, at his feet. Near by hangs his real helmet, an enormous mass of steel, the sight of which brought to my recollection many a wild but graceful legend of those gallant and courteous times, when the weakness of governments induced individuals to undertake the generous task of protecting innocence and beauty.

The venerable ruins of Carisbrooke Castle lie about a mile to the westward of Newport. This ancient fortress is situated on a lofty eminence, which was well chosen as a place of defence before the invention of firearms. It appears to excellent advantage as you approach it from Newport, and, in its present dilapidated state, forcibly recalls the lines of the poet,

> "Time by his gradual touch,
> Has mouldered into beauty many a tower,
> Which, when it frowned with all its battlements,
> Was only terrible."

The first entrance is through a stone gateway on the west side, on whose arch is inscribed "1598. E. R. 40," showing that it was erected in the fortieth year of the reign of Queen Elizabeth. A little beyond is a second entrance through a gateway, of the age of Edward the Fourth, flanked and defended by two round towers. Here I was obliged to ring a bell and wait for the gate to be opened. A well dressed man soon made his appearance. The ponderous oaken gate, which had open-

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ed to many a royal and many a gentle guest, again moved upon its grating hinges ; and as I passed into the area enclosed by the inner walls, it was with unutterable feelings that I found myself on ground that had been honoured by the presence of Henry the Eighth, Elizabeth, Charles, and many other English monarchs.

Near the centre of the area is a building of comparatively modern date, in which I was shown the room where the princess Elizabeth died. The window through which her unhappy father attempted to escape, is in a ruined apartment of the old Castle. In one end of the modern edifice is a well, dug through a solid rock to the depth of three hundred feet, before the discovery of gunpowder. The water is uncommonly pure and grateful to the taste. It is raised by means of a large wooden wheel, turned by a donkey. The longevity of these animals is almost incredible, one of them having, it is said, performed that task for forty-five years! My conductor tried two experiments. One of them was throwing a small quantity of water into the well, which was five minutes in its descent, and returned a sound increased by reflection to an astonishing loudness. The other was letting down a lighted lamp, by means of which every part of the well became distinctly visible. The noise occasioned by its descent resembled the low and distant mutterings of thunder. There was another well in the keep, formerly of equal depth, but now filled up to prevent accidents.

The old *keep* or *donjon* is on an elevated conical mound, and the ascent to it is by a flight of seventy-two stone steps, every one of which exhibited proofs that Time, the "victor of all fields below," had achieved some conquests here also. As I moved slowly up, a dream of other days was coming o'er my spirit; but on arriving at the summit, the spell was interrupted, the present triumphed over the past, and hoary headed antiquity was forgotten amid the splendid profusion of beauties by which I found myself surrounded. I was on a spot that commanded a view of almost the entire island, with distant glimpses of the Solent and the coast beyond

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it. High hills and sunken vales, rich meadows and cornfields, smooth pasturing downs, green hedge rows, copses, groves and forest woodlands, interspersed with elegant country-seats and villages, and enlivened by innumerable grazing herds, met the eye wherever it chanced to wander. A peal of bells from Carisbrooke church in honour of the marriage of the rector's daughter, rising in measured and harmonious numbers, blended the charms of music with those of vision, and threw over the whole scene an air of mellow and chastened beauty, which time will never efface from my memory. But the relics of former times were thick around me, and the past gradually regained its dominion over my thoughts. I was standing upon the ruins of a fortification, built, as many suppose, by the ancient Britons, and possessed successively by the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, the Normans and the modern English; and a train of reflections, somewhat tinged with melancholy, forced itself upon my mind.

Such, I could not forbear exclaiming mentally, such is human grandeur; a flower—a song—a gleam of passing sunshine; and all is gone for ever. Rome—imperial Rome—whose standard once waved in triumph perhaps on the very spot where I am now standing, and whose Eagle spread her broad wings over every clime; where is she? In her grave, and nothing remains of her—mighty and glorious though she was—but a splendid image. These hills, save in the single point of cultivation, remain as they were when the Druid offered up his bloody sacrifices in the forest sanctuary, but the generations that have swept over them, have all shared the common lot of humanity; and that which now occupies them will soon be removed to make room for another. Well may Infidelity affirm that she cannot account for such a system of things; but Christianity clears up the mystery by pointing to a world whose glories are unfading, and where virtue will meet a sure and everlasting reward.

On my return from the Castle to Newport, I hired a donkey, gig and driver, all on a very small scale, and set

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off for Appuldurcombe Park, the seat of the Right Honourable Lord Yarborough. Our road lay through a region of which it is no poetical exaggeration to say,

> "Here in this delicious garden is
> Variety without end; sweet interchange
> Of hills and valleys, rivers, woods and plains;
> Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crowned;
> Rocks, dens and caves."

But why should I attempt to portray scenery, from infancy familiar to the imagination of most of my readers, in the incomparable descriptions of Leigh Richmond in the Young Cottager and Dairyman's Daughter?—descriptions, whose chaste simplicity a child can comprehend, and yet whose fervid eloquence thrills the soul of the scholar and the philosopher;—descriptions, whose accuracy, from an inspection of some of the scenes they paint, I may safely say, is only equalled by their beauty.

We passed through the little village of Godshill, remarkable for nothing but the picturesque situation of its church on a hill near the centre of the town, and the antique appearance of its houses, which are all thatched with straw, and covered with moss, apparently the growth of centuries. The church at Godshill is a sort of Westminster Abbey in miniature. It contains some handsome sepulchral monuments, and a painting of Daniel in the Lion's Den, by Rubens, in which that illustrious artist has fully sustained the reputation of his pencil. Continuing our ride through the same picturesque and delicious scenery, we soon arrived at Appuldurcombe, situated in the southern part of the island, and considered the most splendid residence it contains. The entrance to the Park is through a stone gateway of the Ionic order, and the beauties that cluster around you on passing it, come over the soul like music or a dream. Every thing there is on a grand scale. The grounds are extensive, and laid out with great elegance. Scarcely a tree, from the tallest elm to the humblest juniper, scarcely a flower that lends a fragrance to the air or a beauty to the stem on which it blooms,

> "But there is planted or grows natural."

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The back ground is a lofty hill, whose slope is hung with a magnificent forest of oaks and beeches, and whose summit is crowned with a noble obelisk of Cornish granite. Hundreds of deer, *capita alta ferentes cornibus arboreis*, were grazing in every direction, and bubbling fountains and cawing rooks, though with music somewhat dissimilar, added to the interest of the scene.

The mansion is in a style of magnificence corresponding to that of the grounds. It is of free stone, with four regular fronts of the Corinthian order. The pilasters, entablatures, balustrades, &c. are of Portland marble, beautifully sculptured. But it is the interior of the building that chiefly attracts your attention. The collection of paintings and sculpture would be considered rich even in Italy. The apartments on the ground floor are superbly furnished, and decorated with numerous paintings of the Roman and Venetian schools, many of which were executed by the first artists of Italy. On entering the grand saloon, the profusion of ancient sculpture that bursts upon the view, fills you with a sentimeut of unbounded admiration. It was the first time I ever saw any thing of the kind, and it produced a strange feeling to see the ancient gods and philosophers gazing upon me from all quarters.

On my return from Appuldurcombe, I went a few miles out of my direct route to visit the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter. It is in the burying ground of the church at Arreton village. When I alighted, the little girls of the village gathered around me. I asked them if they could show me the grave of the Dairyman's Daughter. "O yes," they replied, and immediately conducted me to it. It is close by the church of which she was a constant and most exemplary attendant. A plain slab of marble, with an appropriate inscription, marks the spot where sleep the ashes of that sainted spirit, who shone so brightly while on earth, and who is now shining in a purer and fairer world. Who, thought I, as my eye rested on the grave and my mind reverted to her "short and simple annals," who would not prefer the reputation of her who reposes beneath that mound, lowly

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and obscure though her lot on earth was, to all the renown which the proudest sons of genius and power have ever inherited? Monuments of marble and of brass have been erected to perpetuate their memory; her name is inscribed on the imperishable records of heaven. They enjoyed the happiness arising from the consciousness of pleasing their fellow men; she the blessed assurance of pleasing her Maker. Their glory is fading; hers will endure when the stars shall be quenched, and

"The Sun himself shall die."

The Isle of Wight is separated from the English coast by a channel, from two to three miles wide, called the Solent or Solvent sea. Those who employ the latter orthography, derive it from the Latin verb "solvere"—to loose—to break off—and contend that the island was originally a part of the main land, but separated from it by the operation of natural causes, beyond the period to which authentic history extends. I am not prepared to enter into the discussion of this question, and if I were, it would not probably be very edifying.

This Island has of late years become one of the most fashionable summer retreats in England. The wonderful fertility of its soil and the picturesque beauty of its scenery have procured for it the proud appellation of the "garden of England." The members of the royal Yacht Club, an association of several hundred lords and gentlemen, annually assemble there to breathe the country air, and recreate themselves by land and water excursions. The king is their patron, and sometimes honours them with his presence. The club uniform is the costume of British sailors. The king himself becomes a common tar on these occasions. Each member of the club owns a yacht, and once in the season there is a grand sailing match, at which all are required to be present. Amusement is thus made subservient to a valuable national purpose, improvement in the art of ship building.

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I paid a touch-and-go visit to Southampton and Portsmouth on the main Island. The former is about twelve miles north of Cowes up the Southampton river, a noble stream and illustrious in English story. At an early hour on the morning of the fifteenth, I left Cowes in company with Dr. ——, in the steam packet, Earl of Malmesbury, on a trip to that place. The scenery up the river is distinguished by that picturesque beauty, and that air of perennial freshness, for which England is celebrated all the world over. On our left, we had a view of the royal forest in which the son of William the Conquerer was killed in the chase, and on our right, of the beach where Canute administered that well known rebuke to his flatterers, when they told him the tides of the ocean would retire at his command. The ruins of Netley Abbey, one of the oldest monkish establishments in England, were indistinctly seen through a clump of trees on the east bank of the river. They are in a romantic spot, and are visited as a curiosity by strangers who travel to that part of England.

When we arrived off Southampton, the steamboat came-to in the middle of the stream, and left the passengers to get ashore as they might, all for the patriotic purpose of giving employment to the watermen. These hovered around us by dozens, and such a jostling and clamour as they made! One would have supposed it was a pitched battle among the victors to decide who should carry off the greatest share of the prize. Thus, *nolens volens*, we were obliged to comply with the Spanish proverb, *En tierra donde fueres haz como vieres*,* and pay sixpence a piece for getting ashore, after having paid for our passage nearly enough to travel from New York to Albany.

We had time only to walk through some of the principal streets, and give a passing glance to the exterior of the city. It is one of the handsomest places I ever visited. Most of the houses in the suburbs have little yards in front, which are laid out with the utmost purity

* "At Rome do as the Romans do."

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and delicacy of taste. It is astonishing to observe to what an extent a taste for rural beauties prevails in England. You see it both in town and country, and not less in the elegant ivy vines that wed the meanest cottage, and the little grass and flower plats by which it is surrounded, than in the vast gardens and pleasure grounds on which the eye of the nobleman rests, as he looks down from the terrace of his castle. The cleanliness of the streets and the neatness of the shops in Southampton were particularly remarkable; and the magnificent promenades which skirt the town, must make it, particularly in summer, a delightful residence.

The two objects which chiefly attracted our attention, in our hasty transit through the town, were the Bar-Gate and the Royal Military Asylum. The Bar-Gate is about a mile from the river on the principal street. It is of high antiquity, having been erected about the time of the Norman Conquest, and was one of the gates of the old town. It is thirty feet thick, and has three arches. In a niche on the south side of it is a statue of our good friend George the Third. Queen Anne was removed a few years ago to make place for him. In a corresponding niche on the opposite side, are two huge rampant lions, each grasping a British standard, with the motto of the Knights of the Garter, "*Mal y soit*," &c. engraved on it.

The Asylum is quite at the upper part of the town. It is an institution which does honour to the British government. The object of it is to educate the daughters of soldiers who have died in their country's service. Upon the death of their fathers, the girls are taken and instructed not only in reading, writing, &c., but also in the duties of domestic life. At the age of fourteen, they are provided with places, either as servants or in some other capacity. When we were at Southampton, there were about four hundred girls in the Asylum, nearly all whom we saw playing in the large area, enclosed by buildings belonging to the institution. Their uniform was a red flannel frock, checkered apron and grey sun-bonnet. I have never seen a finer or happier look-

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ing collection of children. In their childish frolics, they were pouring forth, like a stream of melody, the gushing gladness of their young spirits. There is no sight more grateful to a benevolent mind than the enjoyments of those innocent beings, who

"Are dreaming childhood's brightest dreams;"

and the delight we feel is doubled, when those enjoyments are the result of charity; or, what is more, of a nation's gratitude, directed to the orphans of the gallant defenders of her rights.

In company with another *Medico*, on the morning of the sixteenth I set off on a trip to Portsmouth, "the most considerable haven for men of war, (so says Dr. Morse,) and the most strongly fortified place in England." It is in a north-easterly direction from Cowes, and about equally distant with Southampton from that place. We had a beautiful view of Ryde as we passed it, a village in the Isle of Wight. The houses were uncommonly neat, and the shade trees so thickly interspersed among them, that town and country seemed here married to each other. One of our fellow passengers, a ruddy, corpulent, good-natured fellow, amused us with an account of the improvements he had made in the British navy, and of others which he had in contemplation. One of his contemplated improvements was to make copper ships! Congress had better be casting about to dispose of our live oak forests in Florida for firewood, instead of sending out schooners for their protection. An English reefer also edified us with an account of a cruize he had made in a frigate, or some other vessel, that sailed eleven knots close-hauled, and fifteen with flowing sheets!*

The entrance to the harbour of Portsmouth is narrow, but deep, and is defended by strong batteries on both sides. The harbour forms nearly a circle, and is on

* The sheets are ropes by which the lower corners of the sails are hauled aft. They are said to be "flowing" when the ship runs free, but the wind is not dead aft.

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the most capacious and beautiful in the world. Covered as it was when we saw it, with more than one hundred and fifty of the finest ships in the British navy, it presented a most imposing and magnificent prospect. Immediately on our arrival, we procured a boat to convey us to the Victory, Lord Nelson's flag-ship at the battle of Trafalgar. The Victory is a three decker, and a noble model. I do not recollect the exact number of guns she mounts, but it cannot be far from one hundred either way. She is considered so sacred that visiters are required to write their names and residences in a book kept for that purpose. I had supposed that she was laid up *ad perpetuum*, but we were assured by officers attached to her that, in case of war, she would be one of the first ships put in commission. She was kept in first rate order, and her forward officers' store rooms, which are very large, were superbly fitted up. The yeomen all expected a gratuity. Such a thing is not allowed in our navy. A man who should be known to have received money from a visiter would be flogged. Near the centre of the Victory's quarter deck is a small circular plate of brass, let into the plank, marking the spot where Lord Nelson fell. On it is engraved the motto which he telegraphed to his fleet before the action: "England expects every man to do his duty." What a sublime conception! How much enthusiasm it must have awakened! Those simple but emphatic words, floating in broad letters from the mast head of the Admiral, were doubtless the beacon-light which guided many a gallant tar to a glorious death. The battle of Trafalgar cost Lord Nelson his life, but it was not till the pæan of Victory had been struck up, that the bravest and greatest of England's naval heroes closed his eyes in death. We were shown the room in the cockpit where he died, and he must be either more or less than human, who could behold it without emotion. We were not admitted into the cabin, as the court martial, convened for the trial of Captain Dickenson, was then sitting there.

We were politely invited into the wardroom, where we were treated to a bottle of good old Sherry and other

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refreshments. The trial of Capt. Dickenson was the all absorbing topic on board of the Victory, as it was at that time throughout England. He came off with flying colours, much to the gratification of all his brother officers.

We were not admitted into the famous Dock Yard. Permission could be obtained only by writing to the Lords of the Admiralty in London. For the rest, the town was not so handsome as that of Southampton, and was chiefly interesting to us as being the first specimen of a walled city, that either of us had ever seen.

Of all the countries I have ever visited, England makes the heaviest draws upon a man's purse. Your original bills at the public houses are enormous, and then you have them all to pay over again in the shape of gratuities to servants. And such servants! A Greek is satisfied with a few *paras*, and an Italian with a few *grains* or *scratches;* but an Englishman turns up his nose at any thing but gold or silver. The former beg; the latter demands. As some compensation for this, you are well served, well fed and well lodged; and these are things for which any reasonable man would be willing to incur some extra charges. The linen of their beds is white as the purest snow, the butter and cream on their tables yellow as virgin gold, and their mutton pies and roast beef quite as rich and savoury as common fame reports them.

The English are proverbial for their cleanliness, and deservedly so. The meanest cottage in England has an air of neatness and comfort, unknown in the south of Europe. I was struck with this wherever I went.

The Constellation was visited a great deal while at Cowes by persons of all ranks. She was universally admired.

On the evening of the twentieth, we got under weigh from Cowes, but the pilot said the weather was too

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"dirty" to proceed, and we came-to again off Spithead. The next morning dawned on us, as no other morning in England had, with a clear sky. The clouds that threatened us with a blow the preceding evening, had themselves been blown away, and the golden sun, as he rose from the blue wave, seemed to smile on our departure. A fresh breeze was blowing fair upon us, our sails were early unbosomed to it,

"And gallantly the vessel heaved the salt sea and the spray."

The Melville, an English line of battle ship, weighed anchor shortly after us, and as she doubled the eastern extremity of the Isle of Wight, and with all sail set stretched away for the Mediterranean, the most indifferent could not behold her without a sentiment of admiration.

We passed the buoy of the Royal George, sunk in 1782 by a sudden squall of wind, and whose loss Cowper has celebrated in that well known ode, beginning:

"Toll for the brave!
The brave that are no more;
All sunk beneath the wave
Fast by their native shore."

We had scarcely lost sight of the white cliffs of Albion, when the whiter and bolder cliffs of France rose upon our view. We did not arrive off Havre early enough to land Mr. Rives the same day, and therefore hove-to for the night a little after sunset. It was the holiest of hours;—an hour that the poet loves for its richness, the philosopher for its quiet, and the Christian for its purity;—

"When the stillness below, the mild radiance above,
Softly sink on the soul, and attune it to love."

The sun had gone down, but traces of his glorious journey were still visible in the west. On one side of us was the coast of "La belle France," stretching in either direction till it melted into the distant horizon; on the other the vast expanse of waters was enlivened by innumerable vessels, some hanging like specks on the edge of the horizon, others at various distances—distinct

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and shadowy; some apparently stationary, and others, in their mazy movements, reminding you of the moonlight dances of fairies. The sky was perfectly clear, except where a few light clouds, wrought into a thousand wild and fantastic shapes, and gilded by the last rays of the setting sun, were slowly coursing along the far-off heavens. A soft and balmy influence pervaded the atmosphere, and as the eye looked round upon the scene, and the soul drank in its beauties, impiety itself could not avoid feeling that the Being who had provided so many innocent delights, and so admirably adapted our capacities to the enjoyment of them, was all-good as well as all-powerful, and should be loved not less than feared.

The next morning, when I turned out and went on deck, a wretched looking steamboat, with a dirty old tablecloth for colours, was alongside. Mr. Rives and family left us for Paris, amid the smoke and roar of artillery; and we—with buoyant hearts and expanded sails—stood away for the blue Atlantic. We had a fine breeze in the morning, and soon ran over to the south coast of the Isle of Wight. Seen from any point, this lovely island seems to be the fairest production of nature. I have read of the Vale of Tempe and the Gardens of the Hesperides, but it may be said of the Isle of Wight, "Thou excellest them all."

In the evening it fell calm, and continued so for several days. Could a landsman at this time have been suddenly introduced on board, he would have thought himself in a floating tailor's shop. The forecastle and starboard side of the gun deck were completely covered with men, engaged in making duck frocks and trowsers. In summer this is no uncommon sight. The sailors prefer making their summer clothes to buying the slops provided by the government. They buy the duck of the purser, and say that by making it up themselves, they get better clothes and at less expense. A sailor's summer uniform is a white hat, duck frock with blue striped and starred bosoms and collars, duck trowsers, and blue striped belt. His winter uniform is a black tarpaulin hat, blue cloth jacket and trowsers, with the same

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frock and belt as in summer. He is always obliged to appear at muster, dressed in uniform.

Muster, when there is nothing extraordinary to prevent it, takes place every Sunday morning. The object of it is to inspect the crew, and see that they keep themselves in proper trim. Generally about four bells in the morning, the shrill pipe of the boatswain's whistle may be heard, followed by the deep sonorous tones of his voice, "All hands, clean yourselves for muster, ahoy!" "All hands, clean yourselves for muster, ahoy!" is repeated in full chorus by all his mates in the ship. And now there is a general rush to the berth deck. Every man seizes his clothes' bag, unfolds his wardrobe, and rigs himself out in his best attire. They are first mustered in divisions, and inspected by their respective officers. Each division ranges itself in a line on the deck, and the commanding officer walks the whole length of the line, first before and then behind them, the men all touching their hats as he passes them. This done, the crew are reported to the captain "ready for muster." The order is then given by him to have them called to muster. This is usually about six bells. We are now again edified by the dulect cry of the boatswain, "All hands to muster, ahoy!" The officers are always called by a midshipman. When the crew are all up, the boatswain reports it to the officer of the deck, the officer of the deck to the first lieutenant, and the first lieutenant to the captain. The men range themselves abaft the wheel on the quarter deck, and the officers on the starboard side of the deck if in port, but on the weather side if at sea. Divine service is performed, if at all, first. The muster roll is then called by the purser's clerk, and each man answers to his name, and passes in review before all the officers. The first lieutenant, if he does his duty, eyes them all closely, and if he observes any thing amiss either in their dress or appearance, orders it to be corrected. The crew, with the exception of the servants and mess boys, are not allowed to go below after their

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names are called, but must remain on the forecastle; and if a single syllable escapes them, it is not suffered to go unpunished. When the call is finished, the captain, with the first lieutenant, inspects every part of the ship; and then, at the command "pipe down," the boatswain and his mates set up such a tremendous whistling, as reminds one of the blast of the seven rams' horns that levelled the walls of Jericho with the earth.

I was often amused by the courts martial held by the first lieutenant. On these occasions the men frequently pleaded their causes, if not very eloquently, at least with a good deal of ingenuity and earnestness. Their habit of "yarning" enables them to lie with a readiness and an air of truth, which often impose on the keenest observer of human character. Mr. P. had one of these courts martial while we were becalmed off the Isle of Wight. It was about a book belonging to an officer, which had been found secreted in one of the tops. Nothing could be ascertained respecting it, and all the men belonging to that top were flogged. In this relation I beg the reader to observe two things, characteristic of a man of war. The first is the clanishness of the men, and the other the fact that the innocent are often punished with the guilty. Men belonging to the same top, the same boat, the same mess, &c., will almost universally be flogged sooner than betray their companions; and as to the old maxim that it is better that six guilty persons should escape than that one who is innocent should be punished, it is here quite the reverse: It is, let scores of the innocent be flogged, rather than that one who is guilty should escape. This extreme strictness is necessary on board of a man of war. Discipline is there the "one thing needful."

I commenced my school soon after we discharged our passengers; but I shall defer an account of it to another part of this work.

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Touching our voyage from England to Gibraltar, if the reader will imagine us again upon the wide bosom of the Atlantic; now in sunshine, now in storms; one while gazing on a glassy expanse of waters, the very image of serenity and loveliness, at another on the same waters when the wild winds had lashed them to madness, fit emblems of the life of man; he will have perhaps as correct a picture of it, as he would if I should enter more fully into details. On Sunday, the fourth of October, we passed Cape St. Vincent in Portugal, and on the evening of the following day made the coast of Spain near the Straits of Gibraltar. The sails were fanned by a light breeze, and the ship was slowly approaching their entrance. The purity of the sky, the balmy breathings of the air, and the general serenity of nature, convinced us that we were already in the neighbourhood of those delightful climes,

"Where all, save the spirit of man, is divine."

A red border of light for awhile marked the place, where the Sun had ungirded himself after his race, but this gradually melted into the surrounding azure, and the whole heavens soon appeared like a vast sea of sapphire purity, gemmed with myriads of shining islets. The slanting rays of the moon, as she approached the horizon, gave a silvery brightness to the surface of the ocean. The silence of night was unbroken, save by the light ripple of the water along the sides of the vessel, the measured tread of the officers on duty, and ever and anon a single expression of admiration, made in a tone which showed that the sanctity of the hour and of the scene had triumphed over all the rude and boisterous passions. How grand, how beautiful is the contemplation of nature at such an hour!

"To woo the gentle heavens with all their dower
Of thought,"

when night has thrown her covering o'er the globe, and the blue depths of air are sowed with stars, is always to contemplative minds a delightful employment. But the place and circumstances rendered it at that time pecu-

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liarly so to me. There are moments in the experience of every man, when years are concentrated in a single point; moments when the mellow recollections of the past and the glowing anticipations of the future come dancing like a light dream upon the soul. Such was this hour to me. Memory and imagination were equally busy; the one evoking buried joys from their grave, the other reflecting, like the magic glass of Merlin, the unborn glories of futurity.

We entered the Straits about ten o'clock on the morning of the following day, and, with a fresh breeze and strong current in our favour, glided rapidly along between two gigantic ridges of mountains, whose sides presented alternately rocky precipices and cultivated fields, sprinkled with here and there a white-washed farm-house, and whose lofty summits terminated in irregular and fantastic outlines. As the vessel moved onward, at every successive point the scene was changed, and every change revealed to our admiration some new form either of beauty or sublimity; till at length, their summits crowned with clouds, the two immortal Pillars, Calpe and Abyla, rose like twin giants from the deep, proudly towering above all the surrounding mountains.

Tarifa Point, the southern extremity of Europe, on which there is a lighthouse and small town, is about midway between the Atlantic and Mediterranean. The women of Tarifa, like their neighbours of Cadiz, are celebrated even among the Andalusians for their *gracia*. This term in Spanish is as untranslatable into English, as our word *comfort* is into the Spanish language. *Grace* or *gracefulness* does not approach its meaning. It expresses a combination of almost all the fascinating qualities ever united in woman. It has, however, a peculiar meaning, which cannot even be explained, and one must have mingled with Spanish *graciosas* to know and feel its full force.

The current from the Atlantic to the Mediterranean sets through the Straits of Gibraltar at the rate of from four to six knots an hour. It is much stronger when westerly winds have prevailed for any length of time,

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than during the prevalence of easterly winds. Ships can beat into the Mediterranean, but it is dangerous to attempt beating out. Such attempts are sometimes made, but rarely with success. It is even dangerous for small vessels to attempt to beat in against fresh breezes, for the contrary action of the wind and current form violent eddies, in which they are sometimes swallowed up and lost. The wind often blows through the Straits in the same direction for weeks together. Mr. Luff, the proprietor of a respectable public house in Gibraltar, related to me the following anecdote: A number of sea captains were boarding at his house. Westerly winds had prevailed for a long time; and one of them, weary of the delay, determined to make an attempt to beat out. He succeeded, went to England, sold his cargo, embarked another, returned to Gibraltar, and found his companions drinking wine at the same table and still waiting for a fair wind! "I tell the story as 'twas told to me;" and, from the character of my authority, have no reason to doubt its truth.

Strong currents are constantly rushing into the Mediterranean from the Atlantic and the Black Sea; and all the rivers in the south of Europe, in Asia Minor, Palestine, Egypt and Barbary, empty their waters into it. It was long a problem that puzzled the wisest heads in Europe, to know what became of all this water; but when the theory of evaporation came to be understood and admitted, men began to wonder why the Sun didn't drink up the whole Mediterranean. Thus it always is with poor weak human nature. It cannot avoid Scylla, without rushing headlong into Charybdis. As to the theory of counter currents in the Dardanelles and the Straits of Gibraltar, though not impossible, it has not yet been demonstrated by facts. Evaporation, I think, affords a sufficient explanation of the phenomenon. Let the other theory, however, be examined and tested. "El saber," says the Spanish proverb, "nunca ocupa lugar."*

We did not come to an anchor at Gibraltar, but hove-to

* "Knowledge takes up no room."

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for our Consul to come off. Meanwhile all the glasses on board were put in requisition, and the superior knowledge of the old cruisers, who had been "up the Straits" before frequently appealed to by the green-horns. Gibraltar and Apes Hill, the Abyla of antiquity, are grey lime-stone rocks. The latter is much the highest and most commanding. Their naked and dreary sublimity did not offer a stronger contrast to the verdant and fairy landscapes we had left, than the mild temperature of the climate did to the cold and muggy atmosphere of England. In England we put on our flannels, and did not venture out without a cloak and umbrella; at Gibraltar Mr. Henry came off dressed in whites, and big sweat-drops were rolling down the faces of the poor fellows, who were tugging at the oars. Mr. H. did not board us because we had not been admitted to *pratique*. Some conversation passed between him and Commodore Biddle. Henry communicated the intelligence of peace between the Turks and Russians, and Biddle informed him that we had landed Rodney in South America! The officers crowded to the bulwarks, and the anxiety to catch every syllable, made the ship as silent as the halls of a deserted castle. The conversation ended, we filled away again, and stood for Port Mahon with a "cracking breeze" on our quarter. We had all expected to stop, and get a chance at the shore; but to accommodate himself to circumstances over which he has no control, is a lesson one soon learns on board of a man of war; or, if he cannot learn it, he had better avoid the Navy as he would the plague or the small-pox. We submitted very philosophically to our fate, and consoled ourselves with the assurance that we should have an opportunity at another time of visiting and examining the impregnable Fortress.

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CHAPTER VI.

Behold me at length fairly in the Mediterranean!—that glorious ocean in miniature, sowed with a thousand fairy islands, surrounded by the loveliest and most illustrious portions of the globe, and canopied by the purest and brightest skies that ever smiled on the lovers of nature. The "thick coming fancies," that rushed from the well-springs of the imagination, would not let me rest the first night after we entered it. I paced the quarter deck, I stood in the gangway, I leaned over the bulwarks, I listened to the sailors' songs, but every where I felt a feverish excitement, a sense of indefinable gladness and buoyancy, which would not suffer me to remain quiet. These feelings, so ardent, so vivid, so delicious, what were they but an involuntary homage to genius?

Our passage from Gibraltar to Port Mahon was a long one, as we had head winds or calms almost the whole of the time. The day after we passed the Rock, we were becalmed off the Sierra Nevada, a range of snow-capped mountains, about sixty miles in the interior of Grenada. We were carried almost the whole distance by the current, which acts with considerable force as far down as Carthagena, and which is slightly felt till you get off the island of Majorca. We were in sight of the Spanish coast nearly all the time till we passed Carthagena. It is a continuous chain of mountains or mountainous hills, wild and romantic enough to satisfy the wildest and most romantic imagination.

We passed Majorca on the fourteenth of October, and about three o'clock, P. M., the white monastery of Mount Toro in the Island of Minorca, was seen breaking through the distance. The Israelites were not more

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rejoiced when they came within sight of the promised land, than we were, when this earnest of port first saluted our view. We did not arrive off the harbour in time to enter it that evening. We only got near enough to "see men as trees walking," and, having hove-to for the night, we turned in with the cheering expectation of dining on "fresh grub" the following day. But alas! we were doomed to experience another of the reverses to which sea-faring men are liable. In the morning we found ourselves a little to the leeward of our port, and were beating up to windward. We had made the last tack but one previous to entering, and I heard a midshipman eloquently descanting on the "good cheer" with which he intended to regale his palate at dinner, when a small black cloud which had hung rather frowningly on the summit of Mount Toro, suddenly spread itself along the horizon, and soon appeared like a vast curtain of darkness stretched over all that part of the heavens. The surface of the water, as you looked out upon it in different directions, presented a singular contrast. To windward it was an immense sheet of foam, rapidly and angrily approaching us; to leeward, it was merely wrought into ripples by the light breezes which had fanned it during the morning. The gale struck the ship at first in angry and irregular gusts, but it soon came as if a thousand air-ports had been opened in the sky, tearing up the sea, and driving the vessel before it, as the chafed lion flies from the huntsman. All hands were called, the first lieutenant took the trumpet, the helm was put hard up in order to scud before the gale, and the deck and rigging exhibited the usual scene of regulated confusion on such occasions. The gib-boom was carried away and the gib lost. The sails were all clued up and furled, and the upper yards sent down and masts housed. When the ship was thus prepared for the gale, she was hove-to under storm stay-sails, and was soon drifted out of sight of land. It is impossible for one who has never been to sea to conceive the excitement of such a scene. It is a species of intoxication. The commands of the trumpet, the rapidity with

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which they are executed, the numberless complicated evolutions performed as if by magic, the roar of winds, the agitated and angry aspect of the waters, and the sublimity of the ship's motions as she "mounts up to heaven and goes down again to the depths," produce a scene more grand, more varied, more absorbing than perhaps any other in nature. But much as I love the wild war of the elements, I confess my heart sank within me, and there were many who sympathized with me in this sentiment, when I saw my hopes, on the very brink of Jordan, thus unceremoniously scattered to the wind.

In the afternoon, when the gale was at its height, a man fell overboard. The wind and sea were too high to order men to go in a boat. The officer of the deck, Mr. B., instantly gave up the deck to a brother lieutenant, jumped into one of the quarter boats, and sung out for "volunteers." Another lieutenant, a passenger, nobly volunteered his services, and the cutter was soon manned with a sufficient number of men. She was then lowered away, and put off. Every eye was strained in the direction in which she went; but it was only at long intervals that a glimpse could be caught of her. It was a beautiful and noble sight to see the generous tar, in defiance of danger, dashing through the mountain billows to save a drowning comrade. The poor fellow had been buffeting the waves for half an hour, and was upon the point of giving up, when the boat reached him. When she approached the ship so as to be seen more distinctly, it seemed as if she must certainly be swallowed up by every successive wave, and I several times thought it was all over with her. It was a most intensely interesting moment, and was felt to be so by every one on board. Such was the violence of the sea that the only mode of getting the boat's crew on board of the ship was found to be by throwing a rope over the stern, lashing it round their bodies, letting them jump overboard, and then tricing them up on deck, drenched and dripping with salt water. The officers were hoisted up in the boat. The moment Mr. B. stepped on the quarter deck, Commodore Biddle caught him by the hand, gave it a

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hearty shake, and declared that he had not expected ever to have that pleasure again. He told him that if he had been on deck when the boat was lowered away, he should not have allowed it to be done.

Two life buoys are always kept at the stern of the ship. One of them had been let down as soon as it was known that a man was overboard. He had not been able to get hold of it.

The gale continued with unabated violence for two days, and on the fourth day after its commencement, we beat up to the mouth of the harbour and let go the anchor. It was about ten o'clock in the morning. We found the line of battle ship Delaware, the frigate Java, and the sloop Warren in Port Mahon. All their cutters were put in requisition to tow the Constellation up to her anchorage. Two long lines of them were formed and made fast to the ship. Their crews were dressed in their summer uniforms, and their long lines of graceful beauty contrasted finely with the heavy mass that was slowly moving at their stern. We did not fire a salute to Commodore Crane, who commanded the Delaware, on account of the illness of one of our officers. The Constellation was soon overflowing with visiters, and the brightening countenances and warm shakes of the hand, showed that many an old shipmate's heart had been gladdened by our coming. I was often reminded of college scenes, *quorum pars fui*, when classmates were returning from vacation visits; and I read many a lesson on the Benevolence that had formed us social beings, and given us so many facilities for cultivating the social affections.

It was on Sunday that we arrived in Port Mahon, and the Mahonese either were not allowed or did not choose to come on board that day; but early the next morning there were not less than from twenty to thirty boats about the ship, and at breakfast time there was a general rush up the gangway. The ship was thronged all day with tailors, hatters, shoemakers, and persons who sup-

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ply the messes with provisions, all begging our patronage in broken English, and inundating us with certificates of character and eulogiums on themselves. These *Degos*, as they are pleasantly called by our people, were always a great pest when we were in the harbour of Mahon. Some of our commanders gave general orders not to let them visit their ships *en masse* more than once or twice a week. Those who supply officers' messes are always allowed to go on board every morning.

I was much amused, when we first went to Mahon, with the scenes alongside of the ship at meal-time. A number of bomb-boats were allowed to come off to supply with fresh grub and soft tack such of the ship's messes as had the means of purchasing them. The berth deck cooks would go down to the boats with their kids full of sea biscuit, rice, or salt beef, and return with an almost equal quantity of *panecillos*,* grapes and other fruits. A ship's corporal is always stationed in the bomb-boats to preserve order, prevent impositions, and keep a look out for the men. One fellow bartered away his jacknife and got a flogging for it. I saw another make an attempt to sell a plug of tobacco, but when the corporal told him the consequence, he muttered something about "orders," and walked off.

The harbour of Mahon is in the southeastern part of the island of Minorca. It is from a quarter to half a mile broad, and about three miles deep. You enter it with the ship's head towards the northwest, but about a mile from its mouth, it sweeps round to the left, the upper part forming an angle with the lower of about one hundred and forty degrees. The entrance is scarcely wide enough for two large ships to pass each other in it. St. Stephen's Cove and Fort St. Philip's are on your left as you enter it, and on your right you have Cape Mola, composed of a ledge of inaccessible rocks, and the Lazaretto. The southwestern side of the harbour is a ledge of rocks, so

* Small loaves of bread.

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bold that ships of the line can ride at anchor within a few yards of it. The opposite shore is less bold, being composed of a number of hills, separated from each other by deep ravines, and covered with shrubbery and vegetation of a stinted growth. There are two small islands near the mouth of the harbour. One of them is occupied with a quarantine establishment, and the other with a military hospital. The Lazaretto stands on a peninsula. The Navy Yard is on a small island opposite Mahon. About half a mile from the mouth of the harbour, on the southwest side of it, is a small town, called by the English Georgetown, but by the Spaniards Villa Carlos. Mahon stands on the same side of the harbour near its head. The number of windmills shooting up in both these places produce a singular effect, and remind one of the memorable *gigantic* adventure with which Don Quixotte commenced his chivalrous career.

The harbour of Mahon is proverbial for its excellence. Its depth, capaciousness and security must render it equal, if not superior, to any other in the world. It is large enough for the whole British Navy to ride at anchor in, and is secure from all winds. It usually presents a picturesque and animated scene. The shore boats there are more beautiful than in any other part of the Mediterranean. They are generally of graceful proportions, of a bright green colour, and rigged with sails of snowy whiteness. The harbour is alive with them all hours of the day.

The morning after our arrival, I asked permission of the first lieutenant to go ashore, and was told that I could not go till I had the "navy button" put on my coat. That job was soon despatched by a knight of the goose, and I set off in company with two or three midshipmen on a cruise ashore. As our ship was anchored in the lower part of the harbour, we landed at Georgetown, where a dead set was made upon us the moment we stepped ashore by not less than a dozen beggars, and another by about an equal number of boys, with horses

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and jackasses which they wished us to hire. The latter were the most importunate of the two, and though we at first resisted them manfully, they at last carried the day. We mounted upon their long-eared coursers, and our muleteers followed us with whips, beating the poor beasts unmercifully, and crying out at every breath in a most unmusical tone, "*Arre! Arre!*" The obstinate asses took their own way in spite of all our efforts to govern them. The more we guided them, the more they would not be guided, but kept running from one side of the road to the other, with a most provoking perverseness. It was the first jackass ride I ever took, and before I forget it, "my right hand will forget her cunning." We were all in high glee, and enjoyed it vastly. One who has been pent up within the walls of a ship, and tossed about upon the ocean for four or five weeks, when he gets on shore, feels like a bird escaped from the snare of the fowler. He scarcely knows whether he is in the body or out of it.

We spent the day in strolling through the town, viewing the churches and convents, peeping into the shops, eating fruit, and waging war upon the beggars. These knew that we were a fresh arrival, and they made a vigorous onset. The rogues! they know their game to perfection. No play actor understands his part better. The whining cry of "Officer, give me one penny for de bread, I say, officer, give me one penny for de bread," was continually ringing in our ears. It appeared to me that almost a fourth part of the inhabitants were beggars; but after I had been to Italy and the Levant, begging seemed almost unknown in Mahon. My heart has often bled for the poor maimed wretches, who have begged of me in the name of Jesus and the blessed Virgin a single copper to keep them from starvation. This is the utmost they ever ask, and if bestowed, they kiss the miserable pittance, and pray for a thousand blessings on your head. My ears had become so accustomed to be asked only for coppers, that when, on my return, I was first asked in the streets of Washington for a five penny bit, it gave me an involuntary start; it sounded like an enormous sum.

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We remained in Port Mahon about two weeks, and I was ashore almost every day. To a travelled man Mahon is not a place of great interest, but to me, on my first visit, it furnished the same kind of food on which I had been feeding for the five preceding months—novelty. The dresses, manners, religion, and general appearance of the people of the place, differed widely from any thing that had before fallen under my observation. At that time I laboured under the disadvantage of not understanding the language, and shall therefore defer to another chapter nearly all I have to say of the manners of the Mahonese.

A glance at a map of Europe will show the reader the position of the city of Mahon. It is near the head of the harbour and on the southwest side of it. Only a small part of it is visible from the water, on account of the boldness of the rock which forms the shore. The rock is soft and porous, and large fragments of it sometimes lose their tenacity, and come tumbling down below. This happened once when we were in Mahon, and the mass that was disengaged, in its downward progress, crushed to atoms several warehouses and every thing in them. There are a number of ascents to the town, some in right, and others in zig-zag lines. It has a tolerably good quay, extending more than half a mile in length. It has one or two ships which trade to the West Indies. The rest of its little commerce is carried on almost entirely in feluccas and other small craft with the island of Majorca and the neighbouring coast of Spain.

Ciutadela, situated on the opposite side of the island, and about ten leagues distant, was formerly the capital, and there the nobility and principal gentry still reside. Mahon is at present the capital and by far the largest town, distinctions which it owes to the excellence of its harbour. It contains from twelve to fifteen thousand inhabitants, about one half of the entire population of the island.

The streets of Mahon are narrow, irregular and paved with small round stones, which renders walking on them an ungraceful and disagreeable business. They

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are not dirty except in the poorest parts of the town. The houses are built of a soft sand stone, common in the island. They are generally two stories high, and white-washed or painted yellow. Some of them are spacious and elegant. The floors, as well upper as lower, are all of tiles, and the roofs are composed of slabs of terra cotta, grooved and fitted into each other. They are fire-proof, as nearly all the buildings are in the south of Europe. The Mahonese are a cleanly people, and the interior of their houses is generally neat and wholesome. The kitchens have neither stoves nor fire-places, but a wall of brick work, on the top of which there is a number of holes where they kindle little fires of charcoal. Many of the houses have cellars, used for the stabling of horses and jackasses. It is amusing to see these animals descending by regular stone steps to their dark cavernous abodes. What we keep in cellars, winter fruits and vegetables, the Mahonese keep in their garrets. All the doors communicating between the different apartments are always kept open. I never could teach the children and servants in the family where I lived to shut them. They gave as a reason for not doing it that it was *demasiado trabajo*,—too much trouble.

Mahon is the Wapping of the Mediterranean, and hence it is filled with the lowest grog shops and houses of prostitution. The streets are almost constantly echoing with the music of drunken sailors. Wheel carriages are unknown there. The backs of jackasses supply their place. All the drudgery of transportation is performed by these animals. It is astonishing to see what loads they carry. They are sometimes completely enveloped by their burthens, so that all you see is a mass of lifeless matter, apparently endowed with the power of locomotion. Their strength and capacity for endurance are prodigious. There are only a few horses in the place, and these are nearly all kept to let. One of the most fashionable amusements of our officers in Mahon is riding out on horseback in the country. The boys sometimes follow you for miles for the sake of getting a copper for holding your horses when you stop. One day, in com-

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pany with the schoolmaster of the Boston, I rode from Mahon to Fort St. Philip's. At Georgetown not less than a dozen boys commenced following us; and when we stopped, part of them seized the reins of the bridles, some caught hold of the stirrups, and others, pointing towards the Fort, offered to act as guides. We told them we had been there before, and were not going to alight. "*Empero,*" they exclaimed in their Minorcan dialect, "*ne ha molt de veura,*"* and seemed resolved to convince us that we had not seen it. We attempted to turn back; they resisted; and we were absolutely obliged to use our whips to drive them off. We then undertook to get rid of them by running our horses, but did not succeed. They caught hold of their tails, which were so long that we could not reach the ends of them with our whips, and thus they held on till we were exhausted by riding. When we got to Georgetown, they set up a universal cry for money, demanding it in payment of their services. We would have been willing to pay them liberally for letting us alone.

The public buildings in Mahon are a theatre, courthouse, cathedral, two convents, a nunnery and several smaller churches and chapels. The theatre is new, and though not splendid, it is neat and convenient. The natives compare it with their former hovel, and speak of it with complacent exultation. It is open about six months in the year. The only dramatic entertainment it affords, is the Italian opera. The masquerade balls are held there during the Carnival.

The cathedral is the largest church in the place. It is undoubtedly vastly inferior to those superb galleries of sculpture and painting which, under the name of churches, adorn the cities of Italy; but it was not on that account the less interesting to me as affording the first specimen I had ever beheld of Catholic temples and worship in a Catholic land. As there is a general

* "Nay, but there is much to be seen."

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resemblance between all Catholic churches, that the reader may have an idea of what they are, I will give a brief description of it. It is a rectangular parallelogram, and the two principal entrances are at the sides. Close by each of the doors there is a fount of sacred water, in which every Catholic on entering always dips his finger, and then touches his forehead, breast and each of his shoulders, repeating the four words, *Padre, Hijo, Espiritu Santo, Amen.** On each side of the church there is a succession of small apartments, separated from the nave by wooden balustrades, and adorned with numerous statues of saints and angels. These are private chapels, each dedicated to a particular saint. They are all furnished with altars, on which private masses are said when requested. The grand altar is at one extremity of the nave. It is decorated with statues of Christ on the cross and the Virgin Mary and with others of the holy saints. Behind the altar is the choir, a circular apartment, where the priests chant the services of the church. There are scattered through the church several black upright boxes, just large enough to admit a single person within. These are the confessionals, in which the Father Confessor is ensconced, while the devotee is confessing his sins in order to receive the ecclesiastical absolution, and the conversation is carried on through a small latticed window in one of its sides.

Among the furniture of the cathedral at Mahon there is a large silver crucifix, elegantly wrought, and having our Saviour, the Virgin Mary and the twelve apostles embossed on it in massy gold. It is only used on grand festival occasions, when it is borne in procession through the streets. But the most valuable part of the church furniture is the organ. It is three stories high, and has, as I was informed by the organist, a respectable priest, six thousand six hundred and fifty-two pipes. The longest of the pipes cannot be less than from twelve to fifteen feet in length, and of a proportionate diameter. It is the largest but one in Europe. That in the cathe-

* "Father, Son, Holy Ghost, Amen."

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dral at Haarlem, in Holland, contains upwards of ten thousand pipes. I have heard many of the finest organs in Italy; but none equal to that in Mahon.

"Through many a row of pipes the sound-board breathes,"

and the tones which its breath produces have an astonishing compass, sweetness and variety; now rising and swelling and pouring forth a Niagara of music, and now dying away to the soft and mellow cadences, which fancy has given to the music of the spheres. Besides the power of imitating almost all kinds of musical instruments, it has a set of pipes that counterfeit the music of the human voice with an exactness that needs only articulation to render the deception complete.

The convents are the Franciscan and the Carmelite. The former is the largest and contains nearly a hundred monks. They are called secular clergy, and differ from the regular clergy in their vows, dress and manner of living. Their outer garment is a cloak of coarse cloth with a cowl of the same material, which they sometimes throw back when they walk out, but more commonly, sepulchre-like, it buries their heads so completely that their big black eyes and a small part of their fat faces are all that is to be seen. The priests, on the contrary, dash about in flowing robes of broadcloth, with long silken cords and enormous tassels dangling about their legs. They wear long rolling hats with small crowns, which Mr. Jones not inaptly compares to a piece of stove pipe stuck horizontally on the head. Many of them have all those studied airs of strutting littleness which grace your genuine dandy. The priests live in their own houses, and are masters of their own income; but the friars are congregated together, and "have all things common." The building they inhabit, as well as the association itself, is called indifferently a convent or monastery. It is built round an open court, denominated the cloister, and has in all the stories open galleries or corridors running round the whole enclosure. Each monk has a cell to himself, but they have eating rooms in common, where a certain number take their meals to-

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gether. Every convent has a church attached to it, and the friars, like officers on shipboard, "relieve" each other in its ministrations. All the clergy shave both the crowns and lower parts of their heads. The width of the circle of hair left marks the extent to which the wearer is inclined to be fashionable. The real dandy leaves but a narrow strip, which he adjusts with the greatest care and nicety.

The nunnery at Mahon is small, the whole number of nuns not exceeding twenty. They are generally poor and aged, and derive a miserable support from charity and the labour of their hands.

The cemetery is a little back of the town. There is a small chapel in front of it, where mass is said for the souls of the dead who are in purgatory. The entrance is through a stone gateway, over which there is an inscription, declaring that the bishop of Minorca will grant absolution and indulgence to all who piously resort thither to pray for the dead. An old woman, who seemed delighted to see me, (the reader may guess the cause,) unlocked and opened the gate, and on passing through it, I found myself in an area twenty rods long, and about half as wide, in the centre of which rose an obelisk, surmounted by a cross and surrounded by a few stinted cypress trees. Forty-nine vaults, covered with small rooms and belonging to individuals of the higher classes, enclose the area, which is filled with others into which the corpses of the common people are thrown promiscuously. A large iron plate marks the entrance to each of these gloomy abodes, over which the grass, as if in mockery of the loathsomeness beneath, is growing green and luxuriant.

The best time for seeing the Mahonese is on Sunday. They are then "rigged out" in their gayest attire, and, having heard mass in the morning, they devote the rest of the day to amusement. The boys collect in groups in the principal streets, and engage in all manner of noisy diversions; the gentlemen pass their time in pro-

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menading, and lounging about in the more public parts of the town; while the women throng the doors and windows of their houses, staring on all the passers by, and bowing and smiling graciously on those they happen to know,—some probably because they have nothing else to do,—some in the hope of seeing a favourite lover, and having their bosoms thrilled with a renewal of his vows,—and others again merely to indulge that love of petty criticism and scandal, always characteristic of the idle and the ignorant. The gentlemen, when they pass their fair acquaintances, never fail to address them with an "*Adios, hermosa; bendita sea la madre que te pario, y la tierra que tu pisas,*"* or some other equally flattering and exaggerated compliment. The fair recipient is of course too modest to return the compliment in language, but her rich black eyes, so full of sentiment and soul, say all that could be desired by the most greedy devourer of woman's favours.

The business of courting in Mahon is performed almost entirely on Sunday and in the streets. The state of society is such as to forbid absolute privacy, and within doors the presence of the family would be felt by the parties to be too great a restraint: so, to avoid unfair suspicions, and at the same time enjoy the desired freedom of conversation, the lady takes her station in the door or window, while her suitor remains in the street; and thus publicly do the enraptured *enamorados* "breathe out the tender tale." But this "drop of heavenly comfort," thus communicated, is not less keenly enjoyed by the passionate beauties of Spain, than if poured into their ears on the bank of some cool meandering rivulet, "beneath the milk-white thorn that scents the evening gale." Love, such as it exists in the land of *mantillas* and black-eyed *graciosas*, is almost unknown in the United States. It may be less enduring there, but it is certainly a thousand times more violent than among us. It is not a Zephyr, but a Euroclydon

* "Adieu, fair one; blessed be the mother that bore you, and the on which you tread."

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—not a fire which burns with a calm and steady heat, but a volcano that pours its glowing lava into the soul. I will not invade the sacred privacies of domestic life, or I might here relate some circumstances that have fallen under my own observation, which would go to illustrate in a striking manner the nature and force of this passion in the southern climates of Europe.

There are other customs in Mahon which do not strike a stranger on his first visit there less forcibly. Many of the common porters are females, who, with enormous burthens on their heads, employ their hands upon the distaff as they pass through the streets. This is "killing two birds with one stone" to some purpose. The market women too employ their time, during the intervals of business, in spinning, knitting or sewing; and in the winter, they have their *copas*,* with a little ignited charcoal in them, by their side. Here they make their own coffee, and prepare and eat their frugal meals. In bad weather the women wear shoes with high wooden soles, which make a clattering like that of a horse's hoof. The little girls running through the streets frequently make you jump aside, and look round, expecting to see a jackass close upon your heels. In walking out in the country, I was often amused by the odd assortment of animals employed by the farmer in cultivating his fields. A cow and a jackass in the same yoke, and a horse and mule in the same harness, were to me novel sights. But not only are such barbarous unions common in Spain: they and a hundred others, equally grotesque, are sanctioned even by the practice of classic Italy.

Mahon boasts a high antiquity. Its foundation is attributed to Mago, brother of the Carthagenian Hannibal, who gave his name to the city which he founded; a name which, slightly altered, it retains to the present day. Its early inhabitants, like those of the neighbouring islands of Majorca and Ivica, were famous for their skill in the use of the sling, and those of its present in-

* Small braziers.

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habitants who reside in the country, are said even yet to inherit a portion of the dexterity of their forefathers. To accustom their sons betimes to the use of this weapon, mothers were in the habit of suspending their breakfasts from the branches of lofty trees, and not allowing them a morsel of food till they had brought their meals to the earth with a sling. Trained in this way from infancy to manhood, they became the most tremendous of warriors—a race of Davids, hurling at the devoted foe their "smooth stones" or smoother bullets, with prodigious force and unerring aim. In all the wars of the Romans and Carthagenians, their services were much sought after and highly valued by both parties. Each warrior was always provided with three slings when he went into the field of battle; one of which was suspended from his neck, and another from his waist, while he carried in his hand that which was designed for immediate use.

In comparatively modern times, the inhabitants of Minorca have been equally celebrated for their dexterity as swimmers. It is not many years since that a countrywoman, when an English man of war had been becalmed for several days off the coast, plunged into the water and swam off, carrying a basket of fruit with her. She wanted a few *cuartos*,* and knew no easier mode than this of getting them. But their expertness even as swimmers is on the wane; as in what manly exercises and generous qualities have not the Spaniards degenerated within the last half century?

Notwithstanding the remote foundation of Mahon, not a vestige remains to attest its former pride, strength, or splendour. The only important antiquities of the island are, I believe, the Talyots found in various parts of it. These are circular piles of loose, unwrought stones, and undoubtedly owe their origin to the same sentiments that reared the Pyramids of Egypt, and constructed the Tumuli scattered over Thrace, Asia Minor, and various other countries of the East. Near a large Talyot in the immediate vicinity of Mahon there are two enormous

* A small Spanish copper coin.

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rectangular stones, one of which stands perpendicularly on the ground, and the other is placed horizontally across it. This is supposed by antiquaries to have been a place of sacrifice, and still goes by the name of "altar." The Talyots of Minorca are now laid bare, but they were without doubt originally covered with earth and green sward, like the great family tribe of similar works in the East. To what sentiments do these monuments owe their origin? Power, pride, caprice and gratitude have each had its share in the construction of them. They were designed to give immortality to the persons for whom they were erected; but in the vast majority of cases they have failed in the attainment of that end, as the names of those whose memories they were intended to perpetuate are buried in an oblivion deep and everlasting as that which envelopes those of the wretches who toiled thus fruitlessly for the gratification of ambition, or the fulfilment of imaginary obligations. I have never beheld the Roman Sarcophagi, the Grecian Soroi, or the Asiatic Tumuli, those everlasting sepulchres designed to rescue from forgetfulness the names and virtues of the men whose ashes they enclosed, without a deep feeling of the utter littleness of human glory, and of the truth of that philosophical reflection of Corinna on an examination of the bronze doors of the Baptistry at Florence, "O, how difficult it is for man to avoid oblivion, and on the other hand how powerful is death!"

There is a beautiful little valley, called *Los Huertos*,* extending a mile or two above the head of the harbour. It is watered by a copious fountain, that gushes up from the earth near a small church dedicated to St. John. The water is conducted by means of aqueducts to the different parts of the valley, which, fenced off into numerous small fields, adorned with fruit trees of various kinds, and covered with a carpet of the richest green, presents a highly picturesque appearance. In summer it is a fashionable

* The Gardens.

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promenade, and once a year the whole population of Mahon and the neighbouring villages visit it *en masse*. This is on the twenty-fourth of June, at the celebration of the festival of St. John, whose church stands near the head of the valley. This church is never opened except on the day of the festival, and mass having been celebrated, the remainder of the day is devoted to horse-racing. The victors are rewarded by a silver spoon, paid for by the government.

The fortifications situated on your left as you enter the harbour, and known by the name of Fort St. Philips, once rivalled in extent, beauty and strength those of the knights of St. John at Malta. A menacing array of artillery frowned in terrific grandeur for a considerable distance along the coast, while the excavated galleries were sufficiently capacious to receive military stores for the supply of a numerous garrison for many years. Babylon, however, can scarcely be in a state of more complete desolation than Fort St. Philips is at present. It was destroyed a few years ago by order of the Spanish government, which, had it never committed an act more impolitic and wicked than this, would have saved itself a good deal of reproach, and gained no small amount of credit. A few soldiers commanded by an inferior officer, the miserable shadow of a garrison, are the only force stationed to defend a fortress, within whose precincts were once gathered serried thousands, and a silence, deep as that of the sepulchre, has succeeded to the songs and shouts and revelry of those jolly sons of Mars.

The first time I visited Fort St. Philips I met with an adventure which had like to have proved not very agreeable, though I never anticipated more than a few hour's exposure to the torrent of heat which a mid-day's sun was pouring down upon the earth. At the highest battery I made a few memoranda with a pencil to assist my memory. This was reported by the sentinel stationed there to the commanding officer, who immediately set off in pursuit of us, and soon overtook and beckoned us to follow him. The old man whom I had procured for a guide, guessing the cause, shook his head and cast upon

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me a most doleful and significant glance. When we arrived at the quarters, the officer placed us under sentry's charge, and told us that we must remain there till he could write to the governor, and receive his decision. I was not less amused than vexed at this strange conduct. Not so, however, my venerable *cicerone*. He shook his head, wrung his hands, and broke out in frequent expressions of anguish. Whilst his haughtiness was preparing his note, I several times paced the limits to which we were confined, and having got my cue, I sent the old man to call him. I then told him that, as for any thing I had written, he was welcome to do what he might choose with it; that I had harmed neither him nor his government; and that he had better look well to his conduct, as a complaint of it to the commodore might embarrass him. He appeared staggered and asked to see what I had written. Having effaced the offensive notices, he dismissed us with permission to see as much as we pleased, but with a strict injunction to write no more; just as if every thing was to vanish from my memory the moment it did from my sight. I inquired of my guide the rank of the officer who had treated us with so much civility. He replied that he did not know, but guessed he was a *midshipman*. The reader may consider this a trifling circumstance, but on shipboard it was considered the best part of the joke.

The fortress was built on both sides of a narrow inlet, extending about a quarter of a mile inland. This is St. Stephen's Cove. It is romantically situated, and as you gaze upon its clear cerulean waves, and listen to the deep delicious music they make, as they are borne in everlasting alternation upon the pebbly beach and back to the "world of waters," you almost envy the lot of the hermit who plants his solitary cell amid scenes like this, and whose sole employment is to tremble with awe and burn with love in the contemplation of the sublimities and beauties of nature.

Ships are sent from all parts of Spain to perform quarantine at [illegible]ahon. We sometimes saw from thirty

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to forty of them at once; most of them from Cadiz. The Lazaretto is large, clean and airy, and provided with every thing necessary to the comfort of valetudinarians. Some of the lodging rooms, designed for the accommodation of high naval officers, are spacious and well furnished. Persons occupying apartments in the Lazaretto are allowed the whole promontory back of Cape Mola for taking exercise and the fresh air.

The establishment on Quarantine Island is designed to facilitate communication between the shore and ships in quarantine, and between vessels performing quarantines of unequal duration. Fresh grub may always be procured by persons in quarantine with the same facility and at nearly as low prices, as if they had full communication with the shore.

Hospital Island is considerably larger than Quarantine Island. The buildings belonging to the military hospital are extensive, and the apartments for the sick numerous, clean and well aired. It has a copious well of excellent water. A chaplain and surgeon are stationed there. The gentleman who filled the latter office when we first went to Mahon,* is one of the brightest spirits in Spain, and in her better days occupied the high post of surgeon general of her armies. He shared the recompense which talents and learning, employed in the promulgation and support of liberal principles, may always expect at the hand of despotic power. But although his sovereign stripped him of his dignities and drove him into a species of exile, thanks to the Being who has placed the noblest part of the reward of virtue beyond the control of external influences, he could not rob him of the glorious, the soul-sustaining consciousness of having laboured for nearly half a century with a zeal that none have surpassed, and a learning that few have equaled, in the common cause of Spain and humanity.

* A short time before the Constellation left Mahon, he was removed to a hospital on the Peninsula.

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But it is time to return to the ships. On our first visit to Mahon, our sailors were not permitted to go ashore; but to compensate in part for this privation, they were allowed to visit a good deal among the other ships. Sunday is their day for visiting, as it is the only holiday they have. I have seen several boat-loads from the other vessels on board of the Constellation at the same time. These visits are highly enjoyed by the sailors. Our people received their old shipmates, weather-worn and jolly tars like themselves, with a rough but warm-hearted sincerity, far the most unknown in the elegant civilities of polished life. A glass of grog is all the visitor expects in the way of entertainment, and even this is more than the entertainer can always procure for his guest. I have often seen a man stop an officer as he was passing him, and clapping one hand on the shoulder of his brother tar, and with the other catching hold of his hat or a tuft of hair, address him with a significant grin, "Mr. ——, this is an old shipmate of mine, sir, if you had a drop that you could spare, sir." Eloquence like this is of course resistless. When an old sailor meets with an officer under whom he had formerly sailed, he always expects a glass of grog from him, to drink to the memory of Auld Lang Syne.

When these visiting parties were on board, I often amused myself by listening to their conversation. In one respect the conversation of sailors is like that of every body else; i. e. it turns on subjects which most nearly concern their happiness—the characters of their commanders and ships, the duration of their cruizes, the charms of shore, the tempests they have witnessed, and the perils they have escaped in their ocean wanderings; but their peculiar habits of life and association impart to it a flavour of romance, with which the conversation of your dull plodding landsman is never seasoned. Their everlasting flow of metaphors, many of which are bold and happy, not unfrequently renders their conversation highly poetic. True, its poetry is rough and unharmonious, but it is nevertheless nervous and expressive.

A sailor is an odd sort of being. He has much that

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is forbidding, nay, revolting in his character, and yet he is by no means destitute of generous and noble traits. These, whenever they are exemplified, I shall always take pleasure in recording. I am not one of those who delight to vilify the human species. I love to discover proofs in the very outcasts of society, that all has not been lost in the fall—that, even amid the wreck of our moral nature, some heaven-born qualities remain. An instance of the generosity of sailors occurred soon after our arrival at Mahon. On our passage out, the ship's cook had had his leg broken. He was sent home in the Delaware, and the crew of the Constellation made up for him a purse of about one hundred dollars.

Commodore Biddle took command of the squadron shortly after our arrival in Port Mahon. He hoisted the broad pendant, (vulgarly called the "swallow's tail,") on board of the Java. While Commodore Crane remained, he used the red instead of the blue pendant to show that, although the actual commander of the squadron, there was still a superior officer on the station. Salutes were exchanged between the Java and the other ships on his assumption of the command.

We found ourselves under a different *regime* the moment we dropped anchor in Port Mahon. While he remains by himself, the commander of any of our public vessels is supreme; but in squadron the movements of all the other ships are regulated by those of the Commodore. The yards are sent up and down, the sails loosed and furled, the colours hoisted and hauled down, and the stern and quarter boats hoisted up, on board of all the ships at the same time. This community of evolutions furnishes a great many beautiful and animating scenes. Let the reader figure to himself a fleet of fifty or sixty sail, all riding at anchor within a few yards of each other. A signal to "loose sails" is run up on the Commodore's mizen, and answered in the same way from all the other vessels. The crews are immediately sent up from below and ordered to "stand by to lay up on the yards."

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The officers of the decks now keep their eyes on the Commodore, and the moment they perceive that the order to "lay aloft" has been given there, each repeats it on board of his own ship, the men spring upon the rigging, and all the shrouds in the squadron are instantly alive with them. They spread themselves out upon the foot-ropes, and with all possible despatch untie the cords by which the sails are fastened to the yards. The officer of the deck then puts the question, "Are you ready in the main?" "Aye, aye, sir," is the reply. The same question is put to, and the same answers received from, the captains of the fore and mizen tops. When all are "ready," and the command "let fall" is given at head quarters, it is instantly repeated on board of all the other ships, and the sails in every direction, displaying their broad surfaces in ten thousand folds as they fall about the masts, present a scene which the most indifferent could not behold without a feeling of admiration and delight. It is like a flock of eagles spreading their giant wings for a flight over the "great glen of Scotland."

Take another of these general manœuvres. Sending down top-gallant yards is an evolution performed generally a little before sunset. A signal is run up on board of the Commodore and answered as in the other case. The necessary preparations are made, and at the first movement in the flag-ship indicating that the order to "sway down" has been given, all the top-gallant yards in the squadron instantly lose their horizontal position, move slowly down the rigging, and are lashed to the lower shrouds. In all this not a man is seen. The whole seems to be the effect of enchantment. The hoisting and hauling down of the colours is an operation equally magical and beautiful. In summer the colours are hoisted at eight o'clock—in winter at nine. They are always hauled down at sunset.

There is always a rivalry between the different ships in our squadrons as to which shall be kept in the best order, and the neatest and cleanest is called the "crack

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ship." When we arrived in Mahon, the Delaware enjoyed the much coveted distinction. She is a noble ship. She is pierced, I believe, for one hundred and ten guns, but did not then mount her full complement. The guns on her two gun decks are thirty-twos; her carronades are forty-twos. Her exterior did not belie the purpose for which she was made; but her interior looked as if she had been designed for show rather than fighting. The Delaware saw but little active service whilst in the Mediterranean, having, with the exception of three months that she cruized off Cape de Gatt, lain in Port Mahon nearly the whole of the time that she was on the station. Her officers were not at all satisfied with their cruize.

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CHAPTER VII.

EARLY on the morning of the thirty-first of October, a signal was run up the mizen of the Commodore to "unmoor ship," and immediately after breakfast another signal was made to get "under weigh." The Java and Warren were anchored above Hospital Island, and the Delaware and Constellation below it. The beauty of a ship with all sail set, is irresistible, and when the Java passed the Island and came full in sight, she occasioned a universal sentiment of admiration. Her rigging was immediately manned, and her men gave two cheers, and then she again glided silently and slowly along. When she arrived opposite the Delaware, the rigging of the latter was also manned, and the compliment returned by three cheers. This was again answered by one from the Java, and then the men rapidly descended from the shrouds of both ships. The same beautiful evolution was performed on board of the Warren. Our position prevented it on board of the Constellation. As we left the harbour, the Delaware's band struck up "Hail Columbia!" and its tones, wafted upon the morning breeze and mellowed by distance, touched the soul like a dream of home.

I shall offer no apology for introducing the following extract from a letter written the morning on which we sailed.

"Tripoli is our destination. The object of our going there, as far as I can learn, is to settle some difficulty between the Bey and the American Consul, Mr. Coxe, now on board of the Java, which has grown out of an affair connected with the murder of Major Laing. An impenetrable mystery, you know, long hung over the assassination of that unfortunate traveller. Major L.

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had married a daughter of the English Consul, Warrington, and this latter, impelled by the double motive of avenging the death of a relation and recovering papers known to contain valuable information, was indefatigable in his endeavours to unravel the mystery, and bring the assassins to justice. At last he got a clew that was likely to let him into the whole secret, and it was likely also to include among the accomplices to that abominable deed, one Hassuna D'Ghies, eldest son of the prime minister of Tripoli. This fellow, smelling what was in the wind, fled to the house of Coxe and begged the protection of our flag. It was granted. The Bey admitted the inviolability of the asylum, but sent a messenger to our Consul, earnestly requesting him not to favour the escape of D'Ghies, as his deposition would be necessary to the investigation then going forward. On the evening of that very day, the ninth of August, D'Ghies disguised as an American officer, embarked on board of the Fairfield, Capt. Parker, who weighed anchor and sailed from Tripoli on the morning of the tenth.

"The French Consul is also, it appears, implicated in the affair. D'Ghies had formerly peddled fancy articles in various parts of France, and had every where been notorious for being surrounded with women and creditors. He had contracted numerous debts, which he was unable to discharge on leaving the kingdom. A younger brother of D'Ghies, Mohamed by name, who had been apprehended after his escape, terrified at the prospect of punishment, if he should refuse to disclose what he knew of the matter, testified under oath that the papers of Laing had been in the possession of his brother, but that he had delivered them to the French Consul in consideration of his [the Consul's] getting forty per cent. remitted on his debts in France.

"What could have been the motive of this strange conduct on the part of the American Consul, I am utterly at a loss to guess; but the conduct of the French Consul, if this statement of it be correct, is still more inexplicable. Could he have been influenced by the contemptible vanity of publishing in his own name the result of ano-

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ther's researches? Forbid it generosity! honour! justice! I sincerely hope that the current reports in relation to this strange affair may prove to be without foundation.

"But amid all this darkness and uncertainty, one cheering fact presents itself to the friends of science. It is that Major Laing's papers are preserved, and will in due time probably be given to the world. There is no subject in regard to which public curiosity has been more strongly excited for several years past than the examination of those vast empires and cities, said to exist in the interior of Africa; and the number of valuable lives sacrificed in the prosecution of this object, have invested it with an air of romance, and given it an interest which does not perhaps properly belong to it. Laing penetrated farther than any previous traveller, visited the famous city of Timbuctoo, and resided there several weeks. The information which his known enterprise and learning must have collected, and which is doubtless detailed in his journal, must be highly original, and cannot fail to awaken a deep and powerful interest in the public mind."

Since my return to the United States, I have seen an article in the March number of the London Quarterly, on M. Caillié's Journey to Central Africa, in which several pages are devoted to an examination of this affair. All the important facts contained in the above letter are corroborated by this writer, and several others added, of which I was before ignorant. It does not, indeed, appear that D'Ghies had been a fancy pedler in France, but that he was accessary to the murder of Maj. Laing, and, by a well conceived system of bribery, succeeded in getting possession of his papers, is proved to a moral certainty. That the French Consul, the Baron de Rousseau, purchased the papers of him by getting a per centage remitted on his debts in France, for the purpose of giving them to the world as the result of his own researches, though not absolutely proved, is yet made probable by such a chain of circumstances as scarcely to leave room

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for a doubt that this was actually the case. Had he succeeded in his literary fraud, by such nefarious means, how poor and empty would have been the compensation he would have received for his loss of self-respect, in the admiration which his stolen plumes might have attracted. The American Consul, as it appears from a letter to Warrington, written by him a few days after we sailed from Tripoli, was only gulled. A sentiment, creditable to his heart, predisposed him to imposition;—I mean gratitude for the services rendered by the D'Ghies family to his fellow citizens, who were prisoners in Tripoli, during our war with that Regency.

There seems now to be great reason to fear that Laing's papers, consisting of his journal and the result of his researches into the history of Timbuctoo, have been destroyed.

We had a fine breeze for crossing the Mediterranean, and the morning of the second of November discovered to us the most interesting portion of the Barbary coast. We were on the same waters and near the spot where "pius Æneas," of school-boy memory, was wrecked after his departure from the friendly shores of Sicily. I remembered with what glowing admiration I first read Virgil's description of that event, and with what new feelings of delight, after I became better able to appreciate its beauties, I hung *iterùm iterùmque* over its sublime and fervid eloquence. It was then, as may easily be conceived, with no ordinary emotions that I beheld myself even in the vicinity of such classic scenes. And yet what was there peculiar in the scenery by which I was surrounded? Nothing. It was genius, and genius alone that had hallowed it. Is there not something in the interest which the powers of a master spirit are thus able to impart to whatever they touch—an interest lasting as the great features of nature—is there not something in this that proves the nobility and immortality of man?

We had a distant view of the promontory on which stood the city of Dido, Sophonisba, and Hannibal, and

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never did I want wings so much as when we passed that place. My soul panted to leap from its tenement, and survey a spot consecrated by such varied, brilliant, and stirring recollections. Dido, Regulus, Sophonisba, Hannibal, Scipio, Marius, were charmed names; and as their shades, recalled by the genius of the place, flitted before my fancy, images of beauty, love, misfortune, patriotism, firmness, courage, glory and tyranny, struggled in turn for mastery over the spirit.

The order of sailing in squadron is the following:—The Commodore leads the van, and the other ships follow according to the rank of their commanders, with the exception of the second in command, who always brings up the rear. The company of other ships imparts a social character to navigation, which it does not otherwise possess, and hence "sailing in squadron" is more relished than solitary sailing. The "ships" furnish an inexhaustible source of criticism, comparison and remark. The motions of all the vessels, as well at sea as in port, are regulated by those of the Commodore, and the beauty of the evolutions is heightened by their community. There is but one person who finds sailing in squadron disagreeable, and he is the officer of the deck at night. If the night is dark, the weather squally, or the wind ahead, there is always danger of "parting company;" and even the light which burns incessantly at the mizen of the Commodore, is not sufficient to relieve him from anxiety.

After passing Cape Carthage, we had head winds all the way to Tripoli. The progress made by beating is slow, as the ship can lie only within six points of the wind, and the angle her two courses make is consequently one hundred and thirty-five degrees. Contrary weather is of advantage to the midshipmen, as it gives them experience in their profession. The operation of tacking is frequently performed, and when the sea is smooth, the breeze fresh, and all sail set, it furnishes one of those magical scenes, so common in the manœuvering

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of a man of war. The order, "ready about! take your stations for stays!" produces an instant commotion throughout the ship, and your ears are *tout de suite* saluted with the hoarse voices of the boatswain's mates on the gun deck, "On deck then, every man of you, fore and aft! hurry up, hurry up to your stations!" and if any of them are thought to be too sluggish in their movements, a cut or two with the colt, with a "Why don't you move faster there? have you no life in you?" soon quickens their pace. As soon as the men are at their stations, the steersman is ordered to "put the helm down," and the ship then comes rapidly up to the wind, the sails lose their steadiness, and every thing seems verging towards anarchy. But the vessel, heedless of the flapping and rustling of her canvass, continues to move majestically round, and when her head comes up directly into the "eye of the wind," and she begins to fill aback, the orders "Haul taught! mainsail haul!" are thundered from the trumpet, and the two after sets of sails, from the main course upwards, move rapidly round together. As soon as their yards are braced up, at the command "Let go and haul!" the same evolution is performed with the head sails. The canvass now swells out again to the breeze, the ropes are coiled up, the deck swept down, and the ship is soon dashing through the water as steadily and swiftly as if nothing had happened. The whole is frequently the work of only four or five minutes.

On our passage to Tripoli, every evening a little before sunset a signal was run up on board of the Commodore to "reef topsails," Reefing topsails is a grand or a beautiful evolution according as the weather, when it is performed, is tempestuous or serene. It is an occasion on which all hands are called, and the first lieutenant of course takes the trumpet. I will not inflict upon the reader a particular description. There are two reefs in the courses, four in the topsails, and one in the top-gallant sails. The top-gallant sails are rarely reefed.

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"The glorious sunrise of an Eastern sky!"

On the morning of the seventh of November, when I turned out of my cot and went on deck, the stars, thinned and obscured by the approach of day, still threw a pale and mellow lustre over the waters. At first I thought the sky without a cloud to darken its serene and pure expanse. In the east, where Morning had already hung out her purple banners, appeared what I took to be a long range of sombre hills, wrought, with a wildness and freedom peculiar to nature, into cones, pyramids, resemblances of animals and a thousand nameless shapes. I thought of course that we had made the coast of Tripoli. Lost in admiration, I stood for some time contemplating the endless diversity and incomparable eccentricity of the forms into which nature had moulded this part of her works, when one of the hills seemed suddenly to be lighted up with a sheet of flame, so like to real fire, that the deception was at first complete; but a moment's observation convinced me of my mistake. What I had taken for hills I now perceived to be only a succession of clouds, and the flame but a reflection of the beams of the great Dispenser of light and beauty to the world. My eyes were rivetted to the east. Summit after summit of these cloudy eminences was kindled into a blaze; and at last the glorious Sun himself burst, like a globe of fire, from behind them, pouring a flood of illumination over all that part of the heavens, and giving it the appearance of a vast burning furnace. It was the sublimest spectacle I ever beheld, and as I gazed enraptured on the gorgeous scene, surely thought I, if any idolatry were ever excusable, it was the idolatry of the ancient Persians. They did not degrade Divinity by clothing it in disgusting forms; and if the Deity himself was not the object of their worship, they at least paid their devotions to the purest emblems of his nature, and the noblest productions of his power.

"Lovely indeed is Morning. I have drunk
Its fragrance and its freshness, and have felt
Its delicate touch; and 'tis a kindlier thing
Than music, or a feast, or medicine."

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The following morning we made the real coast, dead to leeward of the city, and it took us till the next day about noon to beat up to it. Commodore Biddle hoisted the "swallow's tail" on board of the Warren, and ran into the harbour, leaving the Constellation and Java to lie-to off-and-on, till he should have accomplished his business.

We stood in near enough to obtain by means of our glasses a tolerably distinct view of the town. From the sea its appearance is rather handsome, but we were informed by those who went ashore there, that it was but a "whited sepulchre." The most conspicuous edifice is the Bashaw's Castle, a large stone pile, rising to a considerable height above the walls. Few places waken recollections of deeper interest to an American bosom than this Castle. The fate of Bainbridge and his gallant companions, made prisoners by the accidental foundering of the frigate Philadelphia, and confined for more than two years within its gloomy walls, rises to the view on memory's page with a touching freshness.

"Sunt lachrymæ rerum et mentem mortalia tangunt."

Commodore Biddle was at that time a midshipman, and among the prisoners. He had never visited Tripoli before since his captivity there. The fortifications fronting the sea mount a large number of cannon, and from the distance at which we saw them looked strong and in good condition. The flags of the various Consular establishments, floating in the breeze, formed neither an ungraceful nor disagreeable contrast to the dark and threatening mass below.

The country about Tripoli is low, flat and sandy; but the uniformity of its appearance is relieved by a back ground consisting of a range of undulating mountains in the interior. On each side of the city there is an extensive palm grove, sprinkled with white-washed cottages. Droves of camels were seen feeding in every direction. A number of bomb-boats came off to us, although several miles out at sea. They were manned wholly by Jews and Maltese, the most squalid, dirty, and degraded look-beings I ever saw. They brought nothing but fish,

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bread, eggs, and green dates. The green date is not very palatable, but in its preserved state it is the queen of Eastern fruits, as the pine-apple is of American. It is very juicy, and its flavour is the richest sweet I ever tasted. I have seen dates in the market in all parts of the Mediterranean and Levant, but have never met with any that were good out of Africa.

Places distinguished as the theatres of great intellectual, moral or military exertions acquire an interest which renders them objects of strong curiosity. Hence the almost universal anxiety of liberal minds to visit countries rendered illustrious by their achievements in letters, arts or arms. The gratification we feel in beholding these places is increased if our own friends or countrymen have in any way contributed to their celebrity. Such a place is the harbour of Tripoli to a citizen of the United States. No American who is acquainted with the history of his country can behold it without vivid emotions. It was there that Decatur performed that daring act, which tore from the enemy the spoils that fortune had thrown into his hands; an act that has entitled him to a place among the bravest of modern heroes. Beneath the battlements of Tripoli, Preble and his brave associates won for themselves a glory that will live as long as patriotism and gallantry find a dwelling-place on earth, or excite a sentiment of admiration in the human mind.

Yet we stopped short of the advantages which, under the then existing circumstances, we ought to have gained over the semi-barbarous foe. General Eaton, accompanied by the Ex-bashaw and his party, having traversed the desert which separates Egypt from the kingdom of Tripoli, had already taken Derne, and was on the eve of commencing his march to lay siege to the capital itself, when peace was concluded. The reigning Bashaw had been heard to declare that he would *sell the last article in his wardrobe but he would have a peace with the Americans.* Under such circumstances, was it be-

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coming the honour and dignity of our government to buy a peace of the enemy? Yet this was in effect done by paying a ransom for the prisoners. It is a melancholy reflection that the greatest minds are often most sullied by envy. It is confidently asserted that this sentiment formed at least one of the motives that induced the naval officers to urge an accommodation with so much warmth. "Eaton was running away with the glory of the war."

Salutes were exchanged between the Bashaw's batteries and the Warren, and on the morning of the twelfth, she stood out from the harbour, and the commodore resumed the command of his own ship. Here we parted company. The Java it was understood was to visit some Sicilian port, the Warren was to touch at Malta, and we were to have an opportunity of "sitting among the ruins of Carthage."

We passed Malta and Gozo on the fifteenth, having been driven up to them by contrary winds. Gozo is supposed by many to have been the island of Calypso; but the goddess no longer dwells in her grotto, and the valleys that listened to her love-sick moans, once fanned by the breath of an eternal spring, and clothed in perennial verdure, are no longer exempt from the vicissitudes to which the abodes of mortals are subject.

Divine service was performed on board. This is generally done at sea of a Sunday morning when the weather is favourable. I have often wished my friends in America with me on these occasions. How grand, how awful to worship the Deity, encircled by the noblest image of himself, and canopied by heaven's unclouded azure! What can produce sentiments of devotion so strong, so pure, so sublime as the service of the church, pronounced in the ocean-temple? In addition to the solemn, tranquil, devotional character of the service itself, the matchless sublimities by which you are surrounded, are fitted to remind you, with no ordinary force, of the perfections of that mysterious Being, who stills the rag-

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ing of the tempest, and gives its rainbow tints to the frailest flower that blooms on the mountain cliff. You listen to the ceaseless roar of the waves, and tremble at His power; you gaze upon the sky, and seem to behold as in a mirror a feeble reflection of His purity; you inhale the balmy breath of heaven, and feel in your every sense that His very essence is goodness.

On the nineteenth we were becalmed off that part of "flowery Sicily" where stood the ancient Agragas or Agrigentum, the breeder of "magnanimous steeds," and the rival of Syracuse in riches, power and splendour. We saw nothing but a succession of undulating hills, but there is a luxury in the associations, which the most distant view of such places awakens in the mind. It was along this coast that "Anchises' deathless son" sailed in his wanderings *omnibus terris et fluctibus.*

> "Arduus inde Agragas ostentat maxima longè
> Moenia, magnanimûm quondam generator equorûm."

There the abominable Phalaris used to amuse himself by burning his enemies in the brazen bull, once carried to Carthage, but restored to the Agrigentines by the younger Scipio, after the final overthrow of that unfortunate republic. Agrigentum was, with the exception of Syracuse, the most considerable of the Grecian settlements in Sicily; and if modern travellers may be credited, there are at this day more remains of antiquity there than in any other Sicilian city.

On the twentieth we were all sadly disappointed. Contrary to our expectations, we passed Tunis and Carthage without paying them a visit. Virgil says of the harbour of Carthage,

> ——— "hic fessas non vincula naves
> Ulla tenent, unco non alligat anchora morsu."

Our captain thought differently of its safety; and as the sky wore a rather menacing appearance, he was fearful that even the "crooked bite of the anchor" might not be a complete security against danger. "Patience and a good cloak," said the Italian cicerone, "are a remedy for every thing."

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We arrived in Port Mahon on the twenty-sixth of November, and were quarantined for ten days. Much to our surprise, we found the Java and Warren our "companions in tribulation." They had both entered two days before us. It may be inferred from this that they are better sailers than the Constellation, but it is not so. Captain Wadsworth is the most careful man in the world, and as the weather was constantly squally, he had carried but little sail. This was his uniform practice; and he was in the right of it. Men of war do not carry cargoes, and under ordinary circumstances there is no necessity for pressing on canvass. I have heard a master-commandant in our Navy say that he has carried top-gallant studding sails till the breeze was so fresh that he was afraid to take them in. This was "cracking on sail" with a vengeance.

The Constellation is not more distinguished by the symmetry of her proportions than by the swiftness of her sailing. She sails well with any wind, but in beating she goes ahead of any thing I have ever seen afloat. The officers generally identify themselves with the ships to which they are attached, and hence the earnestness with which you sometimes hear them discuss their relative merits. The midshipmen are famous for this. You would sometimes suppose from their discussions that the taper of a spar or the brightness of a belaying pin was a matter of as much importance as the election of a President. The sailors also participate in this feeling. I have frequently heard them exclaim exultingly, "Well, the old Constellation for ever! She would beat any thing that floats. Wouldn't she be fine for a chase? D——n me if I'd take fifty dollars for my part of the prize money, if I could see the enemy's hull."

Being in quarantine in Port Mahon is not after all so very disagreeable. You are a prisoner, it is true, and when you leave the ship must always be accompanied with a guard; but then your limits are sufficiently ample. You can go ashore at the Lazaretto, and stroll about the hills, or at Quarantine Island, and while away an hour in smoking and chatting with the officers of other ships.

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True, it would be pollution to touch them, but words are not contagious, nor is there infection in a cigar. And then fresh grub, fruits and red wine! sack was not more abundant in the favourite haunts of Jack Falstaff. The reader may smile at the enthusiasm with which a good dinner tips my pen, but it is a feeling which four weeks feeding on hard tack, bean soup, salt beef, duff and lobscowse would be quite enough to make him comprehend. No man can know the luxuries of mere eating, till he has been to sea; and it must not be inferred that sailors have all drunk of the cup of Circe, when it is asserted that the anticipation of "good cheer," is not among the least exhilarating of those which the sight of port produces. "Nathan, do you ever think of a supper of yellow pudding and young heifer's milk?" "Don't mention it," said his companion, "I shall die at the pump."

The men too sail on a different tack. A number of bomb-boats always put themselves in quarantine, and every cranny in the ship is scented with garlic and onions.

The Delaware sailed for the United States about a fortnight previous to our arrival. It is a good deal of work to prepare a vessel for her return. A great many changes are always made both in her officers and crew. A portion of her men generally either have a longer term of service, or wish to re-ship. These are to be transferred to other ships, for whom in return she receives all the invalids in the squadron. Then as to her officers, some wish to remain out longer; others, *nolens volens*, are obliged to do so on account of their debts; while more than a modicum of those on board of the other vessels are always anxious to salute the household gods beneath their own roofs.

One of our middies returned in the Delaware. Disgusted with the service, he went home to resign. Poor fellow! he appeared to possess an amiable character, but he was "run" to death. The midshipmen are tremendous fellows for "running," and the best way to deaden

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the effect of their raillery, is to join in the laugh that is raised at your own expense. To exhibit the least tokens of testiness is to court the tempest. Success is always sweet, and it would be too much to expect that a man who is sensible of his power, would not delight in the exertion of it.

The Ontario, impatiently expected, arrived on the thirtieth, sixty-two hours from Gibraltar, loaded with Spanish gold, and what was worth more than all the gold ever poured into the lap of Spain, letters from friends in America. What luxury can be compared with that of receiving for the first time in a foreign land the proofs that absence and the wide-rolling ocean have no power to chill the generous glow of friendship? It annihilates space, and you believe yourself for the moment breathing amid scenes hallowed by the reminiscences of buoyant childhood or classic youth. The letter-bag was emptied on the capstern, and the purser advanced to examine its contents. The officers pressed eagerly around him, and as hope ripened into certainty, you might read the ecstasy of their emotions in the brightening expression of their countenances. Some were so unlucky as to receive nothing, and one would have believed them ready to burst into tears from a mingled feeling of disappointment and vexation. This is a picture of the scene on all such occasions. There is no moment on board of a man of war so full of excitement and anxiety as that when the letter-bag from America is brought aboard; and could those who have friends in the Navy abroad, know how much pleasure their letters afford, and how much pain they occasion by neglecting to write, I am sure they would suffer no vessel, bound to the station where they are, to depart without bearing some memorial of their interest and affection. Space is a stern divider of bodies, but souls may mingle, though oceans roll between the tenements they inhabit.

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We got pratique on the fifth of December, had one day to stretch our legs ashore, and early the next morning our sails were again unbosomed to the breeze, and our "brilliant Constellation," though not exactly like the chariot of Amphitrite, led by Tritons and attended by Nymphs, was yet not ungracefully dashing through the ocean brine. On the morning of the eleventh, the distant summits of the Sierra Nevada, some of them buried in the clouds, and others glittering in the golden sunlight, announced our approach to Gibraltar. Apes' Hill stood out to view about three o'clock P. M.; the Rock being concealed by a dark cloud that overhung it. A fresh breeze was blowing on our quarter, which increased to a gale soon after dark, and the rain poured down in torrents. About ten o'clock all hands were called to bring the ship to an anchor, but the opposing current retarded our progress so that it was after midnight when we came-to. The wardroom officers were celebrating the birth-day of our first lieutenant, and the exchange of their generous Champaigne and Madeira, for the bleak wind and driving rain of the quarter deck, was far from being the most agreeable that could be imagined; but it is one with which the hardy sons of the ocean are perfectly familiar. Hardships and dangers are the birth-right of the gallant tar, and he who cannot, without a sigh, relinquish his pleasures at the call of duty, is unworthy of the name. It is the pride of the true sailor, to sacrifice every thing to duty.

The gale continued three days with such violence as to prevent any communication with the shore. We were anchored on the opposite side of the bay from Gibraltar, and near Algeciras, a small town on the Spanish coast.

The bay of Gibraltar is about five miles wide and from eight to ten deep. To the westward the bend commences at Cabarita Point, and sweeping round in the form of an ellipse, terminates to the eastward in Europa Point, the southern extremity of Gibraltar. The western part and head of the gulf are formed by a flat coast backed by barren mountains, the tail of the vast chain which stretches through the interior of Granada. On the east

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it is bounded by the Rock and the Neutral Grounds, a low sandy flat, connecting Gibraltar to the Spanish main. The rock of Gibraltar is about three miles in length from north to south, and from half to three quarters of a mile in breadth. It is from 1,200 to 1,400 feet high. The highest point is rather to the south of the middle, where is an old dilapidated tower, built by Gen. O'Hara, while he was governor of the fortress, for the purpose of viewing the movements in the harbour of Cadiz, and from the failure of the object, denominated "O'Hara's Folly." From the top of the northern extremity, the descent is nearly perpendicular. The summit is a sharp ragged ridge, running in a waving line till it approaches the southern part, whence it becomes gradually flattened, and inclines regularly towards the sea, where it terminates in a point. The side facing the Mediterranean, is utterly inaccessible, except in one or two spots, where a few miserable huts have been constructed by fishermen. It is full of frightful precipices, and can be ascended only by a flight of steps, cut in the rock from the base to the summit, and called the Mediterranean Stairs. The western side, though steep, is not precipitous. It is covered with a stinted growth of grass and shrubbery, and furnishes browsing ground to large flocks of goats. On this side are built the two towns and most of the fortifications. The Old and New Towns are separated by a parade ground and an alameda. The former is situated near the northern, and the latter near the southern extremity of the rock.

We remained in Gibraltar two weeks in the month of December, and about an equal length of time in the following May. The remainder of this chapter will contain the result of my observations there on both these occasions.

What strikes a stranger most forcibly on first entering Gibraltar, is the vast diversity of appearance among the inhabitants, and the prodigious extent and excellent order of the fortifications. As he walks the streets of

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the Old Town, in the space of fifteen minutes he fancies himself in almost every region on the globe. The distance between the poles seems there to be annihilated. Englishmen, Spaniards, Portuguese, Frenchmen, Italians, Greeks, Turks, Moors, Jews, and Heaven knows who else, are there congregated together; and, dressed in the costumes and speaking the languages of their different nations, they form such a motley assemblage as the world perhaps, with the single exception of Symrna, does not contain besides. Gibraltar is a perfect Babel, —a mass of unreconciled and irreconcilable elements, where

"Black spirits and white, blue spirits and grey,"

are engaged in an eternal struggle with each other. Excepting from the account the soldiers of the garrison, the Jews, Moors and Spaniards are the most numerous classes of the inhabitants. The most common language is the Spanish.

If a stranger is amused at the variety of costumes and manners which Gibraltar exhibits, he is not less amazed at the extent and strength of the military works by which it is defended. These consist of battlements piled on battlements in such order that some scores of guns can be brought to bear upon any given point in the vicinity. The western side of the rock is defended by a strong wall along the water's edge, with numerous projecting bastions, and the whole mounted with an immense quantity of heavy ordnance. Fortifications have been erected on various parts of the rock above the wall, especially towards the north end, where are the excavations. Here are seen innumerable loopholes through which shot may be poured in any direction, and to almost any amount; while the combatants, behind their impenetrable bulwarks, may laugh to scorn the heaviest cannonading that can be brought to play upon them. Every thing about Gibraltar is calculated to induce the belief that its present possessors mean to have it stand against the united assaults of the universe. Should an

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enemy, by some miracle of good fortune, force the outworks and obtain possession of the town, he would still be very far from being master of the rock. He would have to advance up the ascent step by step, in the face of a tremendous and consuming fire, poured in upon him from a thousand points at once. Suppose that, in spite of all this opposition, he should succeed in carrying every work on the exterior of the rock, he would still have to combat an enemy in its very bowels; for its internal apartments are sufficiently capacious to accommodate twenty thousand souls, and are always furnished with a supply of provisions and munitions of war for two or three years. Such are the military strength and resources of this wonderful place. It is no arrogation on the part of its possessors to denominate it an *impregnable fortress;* for should all the images of strength with which the human mind is acquainted, be combined into one harmonious whole, they would form nothing superior to Gibraltar.

The order in which these military works are kept, is equal to their strength. One would suppose, from an inspection of them, that Gibraltar was in momentary expectation of seeing a hostile fleet moor beneath her battlements, and that every thing had been got in readiness for the anticipated assault. Sentinels are stationed at almost every corner, ready to give the alarm; and mortars, cannons, bombs, balls—every thing is just where it should be, and as it should be. It is astonishing to see the piles of cannon balls and bombs in every part of the Rock. The fortifications of Cadiz are said to be more beautiful than those of Gibraltar. It may be so; but fortifications are not made to be looked at like a picture, and in the great essentials of works of this kind, in strength, durability, harmony and adaptation to the purposes of defence, I can conceive nothing superior to those of the latter place.

But after all, of what real service is Gibraltar to the English? What benefits have they derived from the possession of it, which counterbalance the enormous

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sums of money it has drawn from their public treasury? It is said to command the entrance of the Mediterranean; but this is a great mistake. Gibraltar does not and cannot, without the aid of a numerous fleet, command the entrance to that sea. But a large fleet would do this without the fortress; and if my life were the forfeiture, I could not point out the advantages experienced by England from the possession of Gibraltar, that approach to a compensation for the immense expenditures which it has cost that country. It has drawn millions upon millions from her exchequer, with no earthly benefit, that I can conceive, but that of flattering her national pride.

The command of the garrison at Gibraltar is the second military dignity in the gift of the British government. The present garrison consists of four regiments, among which is the celebrated one of the Scotch Highlanders. Their dress, which is highly fantastic, has been often described. It is of plaid, and leaves the leg completely bare up to the knee. The officers, when on duty, wear a uniform that conforms in this respect to that of the privates. I have never seen any body of men so uniformly athletic, large and well formed as this regiment of Highlanders. The "human form divine" is developed in them with a perfection to which I search in vain for a counterpart in the book of memory.

We frequently saw the soldiers of the garrison parading both in single companies and regiments, and their movements, had they been the result of machinery, could not have been more exact and regular. There are no soldiers in the world so well disciplined as the English. The French are not less brave, but their bravery is of a different kind. The courage of a Frenchman is the offspring of enthusiasm; that of an Englishman is the effect of his everlasting drilling.

The regulations with regard to the admission of strangers into Gibraltar, as indeed all the other regulations of that celebrated garrison, are extremely strict. Naval

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officers alone are permitted to enter when they please; all others must have passports from the civil authorities. The gates are shut every night at the firing of the evening gun at sunset, and opened again when the morning gun is fired at sunrise. The king himself would knock in vain for admission after the gates are closed. One of our officers, who was down at the Marina looking out for a cutter to carry him off to the ship, chanced unluckily one evening to be outside of the walls when the gates were shut. No boat went for him, and he had the satisfaction of walking the quay in a piercing December night, till the echoes of the morning gun gave token that he might re-enter the town. After the gates are closed, every inn-keeper and citizen is required to make out a list of all the strangers in his house, and send it to the town-major. Thus it is known how many of these lodge in Gibraltar every night.

Next to the diversity of its inhabitants and its military strength, what most attracts attention in Gibraltar is its commercial aspect. Commerce, indeed, has been on the decline there ever since Cadiz was made a free port; but the quantity and variety of merchandise exposed for sale, are still very great. It is vastly amusing to visit the shops, and trace the national peculiarities of the dealers in their different modes of doing business. The Englishman, stiff, reserved and haughty, with characteristic fairness, asks you at first the price he means to take for the article in question. The Spaniard, polite not less from habit than from genius, lavishes upon you the warmest protestations of friendship, assuring you that, if there is any thing in which he can serve you, you have only to command, and see your wishes executed. The prim and powdered Frenchman, from scorn or levity discarding the feigned politeness of the heart, trusts to an elegant bow, a graceful wave of the hand, or a honied compliment, to ingratiate himself into your favour, and cajole you into the purchase of his wares.

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"But the Jewish shop-keeper, aye, what say of him?" What say I of him indeed! Why, I say, if you are a good judge of the article you wish to purchase, by all means go to his shop; for if he does not finally take what you offer, it will be because your offer has not come up to the original cost. If he can make one farthing of profit, he will not let the chance slip through his fingers.—But if you are not well acquainted with the goods you wish to procure, avoid the Jew as you would the very spirit of deception. He will be sure to ask you three times what he is willing to take, at the same time setting forth, with inconceivable glibness of tongue, the excellence and cheapness of his wares; and when he has sold you an article at double the original cost, it is ten to one if he has not the effrontery to tell you that you have got it by special favour, and at an actual loss to himself.

I know not the exact proportion which the Jews in Gibraltar bear to the whole population, but it must be very great, if an inference may be hazarded from the number seen in the streets. They are found in all classes of society, from the rich broker and wholesale merchant down to the wretch who sells his services in the degraded commerce of prostitution. Throughout all this wide variety of rank and fortune, are observable the same cunning, versatility and restless activity. Indeed, the Jews seem to be not less distinguished by their moral qualities than by their physiognomy. A large proportion of them are porters, and many act as interpreters and guides to strangers. Wherever there is any thing to be done in either of these lines of business, there you are sure to find a Jew ready, for a trifling compensation, to render you as faithful service as Ariel did to Prospero. They have a surprising aptness for the acquisition of languages, and most of them speak all the languages common at Gibraltar with the fluency of a native. The most beautiful woman on the Rock, when we were there, was said to be a Jewess.

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The Old Town, as already stated, is near the northern extremity of the Rock. It is not laid out with much regularity, and could not be from the nature of the ground on which it is built. The buildings are all of stone, and covered like those of Mahon so as to be fire-proof. The principal streets are well paved and have side walks. That on which most of the merchandise is exposed, traverses the town from north to south, and is about three quarters of a mile in length. The shops are not remarkable for neatness, but they are well supplied with all sorts of merchandise, which can generally be obtained at very moderate prices. There are some handsome residences. Those occupied by the civil and military officers of the garrison are the finest. The entire population of the Rock, exclusive of the military, is about twenty thousand.

The public buildings of Gibraltar are a Catholic Church, a Protestant Episcopal Chapel, a Wesleyan Methodist Chapel, four Jewish Synagogues, a Court-house, a Theatre, and an Exchange. The Catholic, like all Romish churches, is decorated with innumerable gilded images; but a minute description of it would be "too fatiguing." The Protestant Chapel was formerly the church of a convent. It has nothing remarkable, except a few handsome monuments to the memory of the great ones of the garrison. The Government is now erecting an Episcopal Church, which, when finished, will be large and splendid.

Of the Jewish Synagogues only one is deserving of any notice. This, though small, is rather handsome. The architecture is of the Doric order. The pulpit is near the centre. The sacred furniture in gold and silver is said to be of immense value. On entering, I involuntarily took off my hat. My guide, who was a Jew, whispered me that it was customary with them to remain covered in their churches. Two Rabbis were seated at a table in a corner of the Synagogue, engaged in earnest conversation. One of them I took to be not

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much short of ninety years of age. His long hair and beard, white as the driven snow and of silken fineness, lying in graceful curls on his shoulders and bosom, brought forcibly to my mind that beautiful passage in Job, "Grey hairs are a crown of glory, if they be found in the way of righteousness." I almost fancied myself in the presence of one of those Jewish patriarchs, familiar to my imagination beyond the period to which memory extends, and whom I have ever been accustomed to regard as models of whatever is venerable, dignified and excellent in human nature. But when I remembered that he was a descendant and a champion of those rejecters of their own Messiah, who, in condemning him, assumed the tremendous responsibility of invoking his blood upon themselves and their posterity;—when I thought of his belonging to a people scattered and pealed, a people whose name is a reproach and by-word throughout the world, and whose very existence as a nation, in despite of the wasting persecutions and miseries to which it has been subjected, is a continued miracle and a living commentary on the truth of revelation, it gave rise to reflections which I need not repeat, and occasioned emotions which I have no language to describe.

The Exchange is a handsome building, commodiously situated on Main Street, near the centre of the town. It was erected wholly by private subscription. An auction was held there every morning while we were in Gibraltar, and the motley assemblage which it collected, formed a curious and amusing spectacle. There are two public libraries, called the Commercial and Garrison Libraries. The former is kept in a large room in the second story of the Exchange. It is small, consisting only of about eight thousand volumes; but it comprises many of the choicest works in all the languages of Europe. There is also a public reading-room at the Exchange, well supplied with the best English, French, and American periodicals, as well literary as political. The Garrison Library was formed by Mr. Pitt, and contains fifty thousand volumes. I did not see it. The Theatre was not open, when we were at Gibraltar. I suspect it is a

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miserable affair. The officers of the garrison officiate as actors.

The market at Gibraltar is at the northern extremity of the town, and near the entrance from the harbour. It is outside of the inner gate. It is plentifully supplied with flesh, fish, fruits and vegetables; but they sell generally at high prices. Oranges are an exception. You see vast piles of the most delicious Andalusian and African oranges, that make the mouth water to look at them, and what is better, they may be procured for a trifling consideration. The Moors deal most largely in oranges. Eggs are also very abundant and cheap. Immense quantities of them are brought over from Barbary. The Barbary eggs are the smallest I have ever seen, two of them being on an average about equal to one Spanish egg. In Tunis and Tripoli you can purchase them almost for a song. Alfieri is said to have frequented the market of Florence to learn Italian; I went to that of Gibraltar to study the character of the people. There was a little black-eyed, brown-faced Andalusian, who amused me infinitely by his complaisance. I often purchased little articles of him merely for the sake of listening to his inflated praises. His vocabulary of compliments was inexhaustible, and I never left him that he did not bring his fingers to his lips, and then, throwing off his hand in a tangent, and inclining his head with the necessary quantum of *gracia*, address me with his effeminate Andalusian pronunciation, "*Senor mio, le beso á vd. la mano; y si hay algo en que le puedo servir, aqui* (touching his breast) *tiene vd. uncriado.*"*

The two principal public houses in Gibraltar are near the Exchange. I stopped at Luff's. His charges were the most reasonable, and his table equally good with that of his neighbour. He had besides an agreeable family in which I became quite domesticated. His daughters, without any lack of personal beauty, possessed the superior charms of cultivated understandings and generous

* "My dear sir, I kiss your hand; and if there is any thing in which I can serve you, *here* you have a servant."

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hearts. At evening I uniformly joined the family circle. The Penates are the gods to whom I sacrifice: If there is any thing on earth that resembles heaven, it is the happiness of social life.

What I have hitherto said of Gibraltar relates exclusively to the Old Town. There is another settlement near the southern extremity of the Rock, called the South or New Town. Though small at present, it will in time probably equal the former in extent and population. The garrison cisterns are situated near this village. There are, I believe, sixteen of them. They are bomb-proof, immensely capacious, and kept in excellent repair. They receive all the water that is washed down the side of the rock. Before it is allowed to enter them, it undergoes a purifying process in coppers provided for that purpose. We once watered our ship from these cisterns, and were obliged to pay for the privilege. The Jewish burying ground is a few hundred yards above the new town. It is not enclosed. The tomb-stones are placed horizontally over the graves, and the inscriptions on them are all in Hebrew characters. The only antiquity on the Rock, as far as I know, is an old Moorish castle above the Old Town. It is in a ruined state, but is a conspicuous object out at sea.

The Alameda, or public promenade, is between the two towns. The English have spared no labour or expense to adorn this place, and make it resemble one of those fairy pleasure-haunts, so common in their own land; and it must be acknowledged that they have succeeded beyond what any person who has ever seen the Rock, would have believed possible. Where natural soil was wanting, which indeed was almost every where, they have made soil on the naked rock, and have covered nearly the whole extent between the two towns with grass and flower-plats, interspersed with fruit and shade trees of various kinds, and cut into innumerable labyrinthine walks, so as to form a wilderness of beauties and delights. There are several handsome summer-houses and arbours, where the pleasures of soul and

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sense may be equally enjoyed, as you engage in social conversation, and look out upon the profusion of riches by which you are surrounded. Winter had despoiled it of its beauties the first time we were in Gibraltar, but on our second visit, when spring had loaded it with her treasures of verdure and flowers and fragrance, it was indeed a delicious spot.

Near the centre of the Alameda there is, in wooden sculpture, a colossal statue of Gen. Elliot, by whose talents and ingenuity Gibraltar was defended, when attacked by the Spaniards and French in 1782. He holds the key of the garrison in his right hand, and the means by which he saved the place, and ruined the floating batteries of the combined fleet, is aptly represented by a square iron grate, placed behind him and filled with coal and cannon balls. A few paces to the south of this is a monument to the Duke of Wellington, surmounted by a bronze bust of the hero and statesman. It has a long Latin inscription, setting forth, in strains of no very measured eulogy, the virtues and achievements by which his Grace has distinguished himself. The parade ground, called the Field of Mars, is between the Alameda and the south gate of the Old Town. It is a large gravelled square, surrounded by shade trees. The whole Garrison, amounting to somewhat more than four thousand, can parade there at the same time. The Neutral Grounds are also used for that purpose.

There are some natural curiosities on the Rock, among which the principal is St. Michael's Cave. It is about two-thirds of the way up the mountain on the South-west side. The entrance is not large, but the moment you pass it, a spacious hall, not less than thirty or forty feet in height, and about seventy in depth, presents itself to your view. It is hung with stalactites of a beautifully variegated brown colour, many of which reach from the top to the bottom, and present the appearance of vast but irregular columns, supporting the roof of an edifice. There are said to be two other apartments in the cavern, one of which has a striking resemblance to a temple. This is supposed to have been an *adytus*, or shrine of an

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Oracle of Hercules. As I was unprepared with lights when I visited the cavern, I did not descend farther than into the first hall or vestibule of it. The stalactites are wrought by the natives into all manner of useful and fancy articles; such as inkstands, candlesticks, salts, hearts, beads, crosses, eardrops, breastpins, watch seals, children's toys, &c.; but they sell them at enormous prices.

Gibraltar has no harbour other than an open roadstead in the bay. Several moles have been erected to facilitate vessels in the unlading of their cargoes. In the winter it is often dangerous riding at anchor there. The Boston had like to have been driven aground there by a gale of wind in the winter of 1830–31. She lost three anchors, and before she could bend the fourth, she was driven from Gibraltar over to the opposite side of the bay, and so near ashore that the oranges on the trees could be distinctly seen from the deck.

On our second visit to Gibraltar, a party of us made an excursion through the excavated galleries to the top of the Rock. Having obtained a written permission from the town major, we set off about eleven o'clock in the morning. We entered the excavations just above the town, with a soldier for our conductor. No works of modern, and, with the exception perhaps of the pyramids of Egypt, scarcely any of ancient times can be compared with them. They consist of a succession of prodigious caverns, cut in a dense grey marble rock, apparently hard as the flint, and so extensive as to be capable of containing a garrison of from fifteen to twenty thousand persons, together with military and other stores sufficient to subsist them for four or five years. They are in the north part of the Rock, and completely command the Neutral Grounds. This end of the Rock is perforated with loopholes in every direction, through every one of which a cannon points its dark and threatening mouth, laughing, as it were, in proud defiance of every thing that may approach it. I do not recollect the precise number of

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internal batterries, but the largest and most remarkable is that called St. George's Hall. It is about half way up the Rock, and commands a beautiful view of the Neutral Grounds and the Spanish main. The pavement, which is nothing but the mountain rock, is perfectly smooth, and the hall is sufficiently capacious to accommodate a large dancing party. Balls are sometimes given there. From this and several other points in the ascent, we had a fine view of the regiment of light infantry, which was parading on the Neutral Grounds below. They went through with all the marches, countermarches, advances, retreats, skirmishes, and the other countless *et cetera* of a regular battle, with a precision and regularity, to us equally novel and surprising. The time of firing was regulated by counting, and yet so perfectly had the soldiers been drilled in this matter, that the discharge of all the muskets in a platoon seemed to be but the report of a single piece.

In going through the galleries, we ascended a number of flights of spiral stairs, and our final sally from them was about two-thirds of the way up the Rock. From here we proceeded up a regular ascent to the signal house, which stands near the middle of the sharp ridge that forms the summit of the mountain. The perpendicular elevation of this point is about twelve hundred and fifty feet. The view from this elevation is very extensive, embracing a boundless expanse of waters, and parts of the five kingdoms of Seville, Granada, Barbary, Fez and Morocco. Vast chains of mountains, their summits capped with clouds or buried in eternal snows; extensive plains adorned with a rich covering of verdure, and watered by meandering streams; the mighty sweep of Mediterranean waters; huge rocks, piled upon each other, so as to form terrific chasms and precipices, as if nature had delighted to play wild freaks in her primal hour; and finally, the cities of Gibraltar, St. Roque and Algeciras on the European, and Ceuta on the African side of the Straits, giving an air of life and comfort to these diversified scenes; all combine to render this a most interesting and glorious spot. I love such sweeping views. They

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fill the imagination, and elevate the soul. It is not merely a sensual pleasure that they afford: they have an excellent moral effect, tending to destroy those narrow and selfish views and feelings, which persons who have always been confined to their own little hamlet, are so apt to entertain and cherish.

From the signal house you have also a view of the entire Rock, cut up on the west side by innumerable roads, and of the harbuor, covered and animated with its countless vessels. Having emptied our last bottle of wine and devoured the remnant of our biscuit, we commenced our descent by a different route. This was down flights of stone stairs by the side of a wall, in such a dilapidated state as to render it somewhat dangerous. However, without any hairbreadth escapes, or any special adventures, we reached the town about three o'clock, P. M., covered with dust, scorched by the sun, and worn out by fatigue; and when I got on board, I found that there was luxury even in the cockpit of a frigate.

The original name of Gibraltar was Calpe. Its present appellation is derived from two words, Gebel, the Arabic term for mountain, and Tarik, the name of the first Moorish chief, who took possession of it. Nothing is known with certainty of its early history. The motto —"*non plus ultra*"—engraved in rude characters on a column erected there, showed that its first visiters considered it the limit of the habitable world. The Phœnicians afterwards planted colonies, and founded cities along the coast. Cartheya, Calpe, Melaria, Belo and Besipo are mentioned by Strabo, Pliny and other ancient writers, as being in the immediate vicinity of Gibraltar. Of all these not a vestige now remains, except a few unimportant fragments and a little rubbish, which mark the site of Cartheya. From the top of the Rock may be seen the Sierra de Ronda, where in later times stood the flourishing city of Munda, and where the sons of Pompey and Augustus contended for the empire of the world.

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Gibraltar was first taken by the Moors in seven hundred and twelve, under their gallant chief Tarik. They retained possession of it five hundred and ninety-eight years, when it was wrested from them by Perez de Guzman. It was retaken in thirteen hundred and thirty-two, but one hundred and thirty years subsequent to that date the Spaniards again got possession of it. During the war of the succession in Spain, in seventeen hundred and four, it surrendered to the combined fleet of England and Holland, who conquered and took it in the name of Charles the Third. It was given up by the treaty of Utrecht and Seville to the English, who have retained it in their possession ever since. Various attempts have been made to wrest it from their hands. The most memorable was that made by the floating batteries of France and Spain in seventeen hundred and eighty-two, when the ingenuity of Gen. Elliot so successfully defeated their purpose. The queen of Spain was so confident of victory on that occasion, that she had a throne erected on one of the hills that overlook the bay, and declared to her courtiers that she would not descend till she had seen the Cross of St. George supplanted by the Lion of the Escurial. The hill from which she watched the progress of the contest, is still known by the name of the Queen's Chair. Since that time Gibraltar has not been attacked, nor will it probably ever be again.

But, while Gibraltar and the surrounding country have been witness to many of the bloodiest struggles recorded by the Historic Muse of Spain, they are not destitute of that more delightful interest, which arises from poetical recollections. It was there that Hercules in imitation of the Naxian god, reared those gigantic pillars, which were to stand an everlasting monument of his strength, and a memorial to future ages of the extent of his wanderings. It was in the country bordering on the Gades that poetry beheld the rural charms, the gay simplicity, the infant loveliness and innocence of the golden age, long after the reign of Saturn had been forgotten in the less fortunate portions

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of the globe: and the inhabitants of Betica are described as living in valleys, where the jasmine, the laurel, the pomegranate were ever green and ever flourishing; in a climate exempt alike from wintry storms and scorching fervours; and enjoying at once the freshness of a perennial spring, and the golden treasures of an eternal autumn.

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CHAPTER VIII.

We got under weigh on the evening of the twenty-fourth of December. For twenty-four hours after we left Gibraltar, we had splendid weather. A fresh breeze was wafting us at the rate of ten knots an hour; a cloudless sky exhibited the snowy and glittering summits of Sierra Nevada in a more imposing aspect than we had before seen them; and a fine bracing atmosphere gave elasticity to the frame, and prepared it to enjoy with a keen relish the glories of nature. We were already off Cape de Gatt, a vast mountain of sand, advancing far into the sea, as if to give battle to whatever approaches it, when a cloud suddenly spread itself along its summit, "*ferens noctem et tempestatem,*" and its treasures were soon poured upon us with tremendous and most unwelcome liberality. The gale, at times accompanied with hail and snow, continued for three days with unabated force. Howbeit, the last day of December found us safely and snugly moored in Port Mahon, all overjoyed at our arrival, and protesting most earnestly against winter navigation in the Mediterranean.

The next day, being New Year's, was a holiday and a jolly day with the men. If to "eat, drink and be merry" is any evidence of a grateful heart, then indeed our sailors were the most grateful beings in the world. The galley was scarcely sufficient for cooking their pigs, lambs and turkeys, and the whole ship was a store-house of reeking odours. About an hour after the second allowance of grog was served out, the thundering voice of the boatswain, echoed by his mates, was heard, "all hands to splice the main brace, ahoy!" which, rendered into plain English, means all hands to take an extra cup of

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whiskey and water. Every man in the ship—stop-grogs and all—was at liberty to join in the libation; and never was the altar of Bacchus surrounded by more sincere worshippers. There was fiddling and dancing all the evening on the forecastle and forward part of the gun deck, and, what with splicing the main brace and New Year's gifts from officers, many of the men were "pretty well corned," as they call it. Only two were added to the crew of the "brig," and these would not have been put there, had they not been reported for making disturbance. One of them was a son of "Erin's Green Isle, and his "crazed imagination, haunted with visions of sweethearts and dances, furnished a copious source of amusement to his companions. "Ah!" he would cry, his feet at the same time obeying the ecstatic movements of his soul, "ah! if I had my swate Janny here, I could lead a country dance as well as ony o' them." At any other time, such conduct as many were guilty of that day, would have been severely punished, but on such occasions excesses are overlooked and pardoned. Custom has made these things in some sense necessary, but it is a necessity which I cannot but regret, and which I think ought to be corrected. Drunkenness may have palliatives, but nothing can justify it.

About this time a melancholy death occurred on board of the Lexington. The boatswain had been ashore, and had, as boatswains often do, indulged too freely in his libations to the sailor's god. He was carried off in a state of insensibility, from which he never recovered. The first week in the year was also signalized by two duels, (bloodless as honourable!) fought by midshipmen attached to the Constellation. "Brutus is an honourable man; so are they all—all honourable men." The midshipmen are fond of distinguishing themselves on the field of honour. Many duels were fought by them while the Constellation was up the Straits. They were generally without any disastrous consequences; but, when we were at Smyrna, one of the most desperate and shocking affairs of this kind took place, of which I have ever heard. The parties fought with ship's pistols, at the distance of only

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five paces from each other, under the engagement that, if the first fire missed, they should advance to a second, and place their pistols breast to breast. The pistol of only one of the combatants went off, and its ball passed through the thigh of the other, mangling the flesh and shattering the bone in a most dreadful manner. Five months afterwards, when we left the Mediterranean, the poor sufferer was still on his back, and if he ever recovers, will be a cripple for life.

Immediately on our arrival at Mahon, the Constellation was hauled along side of the Navy Yard. She was stripped and underwent a thorough "overhaul." In this state of things, I applied to Captain W. for permission to live ashore, which was kindly granted. We remained three months in Mahon, and the result of my observations there will be recorded in the following pages of this chapter.

I am not about to present the reader with a table of statistics, or to regale him with an elaborate exposition of the state of society in Minorca, but will merely throw out such detached facts and reflections, as occur to me in regard to the resources, character and manners of the people of that island. To a citizen of the United States, where plenty smiles in every village and hamlet, one of the most striking contrasts it presents, is its extreme poverty. Proofs of this meet you on all hands, and in every shape. You see them in the number of mendicants that crowd the streets, in the modes to which many of the inhabitants resort to obtain subsistence, in the fare to which they are obliged to submit, and in the low prices affixed to manual labour and domestic services. As you pass through the town, hosts of ragged boys, whose pertinacity no refusal can overcome, follow you from street to street, with faces wrinkled into a thousand shapes of wo, and with the incessant whining cry of "Officer, give me one penny for de bread—I say, officer, give me one penny." There is

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another class of beggars composed of old men and women, who, from age or infirmity, are unable to work, and therefore really necessitous. Such have stated times for asking alms, which are on Saturdays and some of the church holidays. They go from house to house, generally visiting only the families to whom they are known. They never enter, but tell their tale of poverty and suffering without; at the same time beseeching some trifling gratuity for the "love of God and the blessed Virgin." To the honour of that portion of the inhabitants who are in better circumstances, it must be mentioned that they are rarely turned away without an alms.

I used frequently to walk out in the country, and go in whatever direction I might, it rarely happened that I did not see a number of persons carefully gathering up the ordure in the roads for the purpose of selling it. Multitudes of the inhabitants have no regular means of subsistence, but lounge about in the public places, ready to engage in any temporary or menial service that may offer itself to them. In Mahon and its immediate vicinity, nearly all the common people are able to procure bread; but I was informed on unquestionable authority that in other parts of the island there are many, whose only bread is barley cakes, and that the number is not small of those who cannot obtain even these, but are compelled to subsist almost exclusively on fish, fruits and vegetables.

In one of my rambles into the country, I lost my way and came to a place where an old man was repairing a stone wall. I begged him to direct me. He replied that he was going to dinner, and would accompany me on my way towards Mahon. Arrived opposite a little stone hut, he said, "There is my home; I am going to dine; will you dine with me?" I declined. The old gentleman insisted, and I at length yielded. The table was an old bench resembling the movable seats in some of the school-houses in New England; and the chairs were other benches of the same kind, only a little lower. The dinner consisted of a small loaf of brown bread, a bowl of vegetable soup, a bit of old sausage, and a little cheese,

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with the common red wine of the country. An old rusty knife and fork, neither of which had a handle, two or three broken plates, a tumbler and a gourd-shell, constituted the whole furniture of the table. As the reader may guess, I ate but little, but I thought the more; and I could not but be deeply affected, as fancy pictured to my view the multitudes in that rocky and sterile island, who were accustomed to sit down to a worse dinner than even that before me; whilst in my own loved and happy land, if inquest should be made from the northern boundries of Maine to the southern Cape of Florida, and from the shores of the Atlantic to the Valley of the Mississippi, the family could scarcely be found, who were obliged to submit to such fare. The old gentleman's family consisted only of himself and his wife. I was touched with their unaffected kindness, and the patriarchal simplicity of their manners. They did not seem to dream that the dinner to which they had invited me, was not a dinner for a king, and they expressed a thousand regrets that I had not a better appetite. It is but justice to add that my kind-hearted host positively refused the slightest remuneration for his hospitality.

The statement of a few facts will be sufficient to show the cheapness of labour in Minorca. The servants in the family where I lived, received but one dollar per month, and this is the usual compensation for common servants. Nurses receive one or two additional *pesetas*. The making of a suit of clothes, when all the trimmings are found, is only seven dollars; and the finest calf-skin boots sell at three dollars the pair. All other labour is proportionably cheap. Nor is this cheapness of labour the consequence of a corresponding cheapness of the ordinary articles of consumption. All foreign goods sell at enormous prices, and provisions are for the most part much dearer than among us. The low price of labour can result, therefore, only from an excess of labourers, and a consequent necessity of labouring for a trifling compensation.

The poverty of Minorca has grown directly out of the combination and train of circumstances, to which it has

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been subject. First of all, the soil, owing to its shallowness, does not contain within itself the elements of wealth. Whatever opulence it may possess, must therefore flow into it through the channels of commerce; but Minorca has no commerce. During the period when a more liberal policy was pursued by the Spanish Government, the inhabitants drove a rich trade in wheat with the Barbary Powers and Turkey; but since the destruction of the Constitution, and the substitution in its place of arbitrary power, the introduction of wheat from foreign countries has been prohibited, and of course the only source of wealth dried up. But not only have the means of increasing their property been utterly and ruthlessly torn from the people;—the little they already possess, is gradually wasting away beneath the constant drains made upon it, that a haughty monarch, a stupid nobility, and a licentious priesthood may enjoy the means of living in luxurious idleness, and glittering in gilded wealth.

Were it not for our squadron and the merchantmen sent from various ports in Spain to perform quarantine in Mahon, Minorca would be a desert. It produces in abundance, grapes, oranges, figs, pomegranates, olives, apricots, melons, cauliflowers, and various other fruits and vegetables, and the money received in exchange for these commodities from the vessels that visit Port Mahon, is nearly all that gets into the Island. The wine made in Minorca is of an excellent quality, and sells low.

The poverty of the Mahonese, great though it be, is not greater than their ignorance. Education is miserably neglected. The Minorcan language is not taught at all. Andrews, in his History of Literature, declares it, together with the dialects of Majorca and Catalonia, to be essentially the same with the old Provençal language. It is certainly not unmusical in its sounds. Many of our officers, I know, think differently; but if they would give a more careful attention to it when spoken, I am inclined to believe their opinions would undergo the same change that mine did. It is, I should think, not

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ill adapted to satire and the expression of violent emotions. It has a grammar and dictionary, but in its principles, I suspect it is a *rudis indigestaque moles*, without much form or comeliness. Its basis is the Spanish and Italian, but it has recently been considerably modified by the introduction of French and English terms. It has few books, and those all on religious subjects. I should except from this some unpublished compositions, chiefly poetical, of which I have heard, but never seen. I have seen several manuscript songs in the Minorcan dialect, not altogether destitute of elegance of language or poetical spirit.

There are in Mahon a few schools for boys, in which, however, only the Spanish language and the simplest elements of education are taught. There is also a public school where the children of the poor are received gratuitously. About two hundred attend it; but it is conducted in such a way as to be of little service to its beneficiaries. One mathematical school completes the list of means for obtaining an education enjoyed by boys. Girls in this respect stand on far inferior ground. Few, very few, of this sex, except those in the higher classes, learn either to read or write. There is but one school in Mahon, where the mental improvement of females is the object, and even there reading and writing are about all that is taught. There are others, useful certainly and commendable, where the children of the poor are taught to work. Strong prejudices exist in the minds of many intelligent gentlemen in Mahon against female education. I have heard it gravely contended that women have no business to learn either to read, write, or cast accounts; that their duties are wholly of a domestic nature, and that their education should be limited to the making of ragouts and the darning of their husbands' stockings; in short, that they are incapable of much intellectual cultivation, and therefore it would be time and money thrown away to attempt any thing of the kind. How would my own fair countrywomen like to hear such doctrines as these preached up? Music and dancing constitute the chief part of the education of the more

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respectable Mahonese ladies; and when I told them that I could not dance, and that I was no musician, they would sometimes exclaim in amazement, *Y pues, que sabe vd.?** as if a knowledge of these things were the *ne plus ultra* of human perfections, and a *sine qua non* of human happiness. Let me, however, be just. There are some parents in Mahon, who, entertaining more liberal views, employ private teachers for their daughters, and extend their education so as to embrace arithmetic, grammar, geography, and even philosophy. Some of the ladies too contend stoutly for their rights, and maintain with an eloquence, which is itself the best argument they employ, their full intellectual equality with the other half of creation. In a spirited discussion which I once heard on this subject, the lady, a woman of superior natural endowments, made a home thrust at her antagonist, which appeared to me to have a little squinting towards the truth. "*Ustedes,*" she exclaimed, her large black eyes darting flashes of generous indignation, "*Ustedes quieren que las mugeres sean simples, para que las puedan enganar mas facilmente.*"†

But I might almost ask of what use schools would be, where nearly all the sources of useful information are effectually sealed up? All those books which present just views, and inculcate liberal principles with regard to government and popular rights, are prohibited in Spain. The history of our own country is among the number, and the few who read it, are obliged to do so by stealth. Newspapers, such as they are in England, France, and the United States, are unknown in Spain. In their public houses a billiard-table supplies the place of our reading-rooms; and in the domestic circle a pack of cards is the substitute for the village newspaper. There is but one Gazette (that published at Madrid under the eyes of the King's Confessor) in the whole kingdom. When we first went out to the Mediterranean, a small semi-weekly *Diario* was published at Mahon, but nearly all it con-

* "Why, what *do* you know?"

† You men wish to have silly wives in order to deceive them more easily.

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tained worth reading, was usually a moral sentiment extracted from the wise sayings of some celebrated philosopher, and placed as a motto on the first page. This, like all other publications of the kind, was abolished the moment the late French revolution was announced at Madrid; and, in the matter of public journals, as well as many other things, the subjects of Ferdinand the Seventh are now infinitely worse off than the slaves of Sultan Mahmoud. To possess the Constitution of Spain, to express one generous sentiment of admiration at the exalted patriotism or of regret at the melancholy fate of the gallant Riego, the great leader of the liberal party in the last Revolution; these things are crimes, that subject the persons guilty of them to immediate death.

Such is the present misguided policy of the Spanish government in relation to the liberty of the press and the freedom of speech. It is a policy that can have no other influence than to cover the land with darkness, to dry up the living springs of virtue, to check the upward aspirations of the soul, and to wither the energies of the nation. In a conversation with me on this subject, a respectable gentleman once said, *Senor, la libertad del culto y de la imprenta es la madre de la ciencia, de las artes, del comercio, de la industria, de todo lo bueno; en una palabra, es la fuente de la prosperidad y felicidad nacional.** "In the United States," he continued, "you have all these, but here"—and he shook his head, as if death lurked in the utterance of the obnoxious truth. It was a silence more expressive than words; for it showed the power of an opposite system of things even over enlightened minds. If such be the effect of the fettering of the press, and the establishment of an exclusive religion on minds that have felt the genial and expanding warmth of the sun of science, what must be their influence on the vulgar mind—that mighty mass of darkness, relieved only by a few feeble and flickering emanations

* "Sir, the liberty of conscience and of the press is the mother of science, of the arts, of commerce, of industry, of every thing excellent; in a word, it is the fountain of national prosperity and happiness."

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of its blessed light? The same gentleman,—and his former attachment to the Court at Madrid gave him the means of forming something like a correct judgment on that matter,—on another occasion said to me, "Sir, there is not a king in Europe, who would not be willing to have his right arm cut off, if by that means the United States could be blotted out of existence." I expressed some surprise at such a declaration, and he immediately rejoined with emphasis, "No, sir, do not doubt it,—republics are a bad odour in the nostrils of crowned heads."

As a further proof that the Spanish government "loves darkness because its deeds are evil," may be mentioned the obstructions recently thrown in the way of the profession of law. The course has been so enlarged that it cannot be completed in less than eight or ten years, and none but persons of princely fortunes can hazard the expense of entering upon that career. The government is afraid of the universities: that at Valencia, and, I believe, those in other parts of the kingdom, were closed on the first intelligence of the French revolution; the former remained locked-up when we left the Mediterranean.

I once heard it facetiously remarked by a Spaniard, that "there was a vast deal of religion but little morality in Spain;" and the result of my observations is a conviction of the truth of his remark, as far as it relates to Mahon. A lax morality would naturally result from such a state of society as I have described; but this is not all. There are various other causes: and first and foremost among them, are the masquerades kept up during the Carnival. These exert a most demoralizing influence on the heart and conduct. They are not, I will confess, quite as bad as I had expected. Modesty is not altogether *put off*, when the mask is *put on*. Indeed, most of the more respectable persons of both sexes, who attend them, go unmasked. But it is a doctrine not less true in philosophy than in religion, that "Evil communications

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corrupt good manners;" and it is equally certain that an unwarrantable freedom both of language and conduct is allowed in these assemblies. Purely republican, therefore, as they are in their principles, may the day be far distant when they shall become common among us. I should regard their prevalence as among the clearest proofs of a dereliction from the purity of our forefathers. I have called masquerades republican assemblies, and so they are in the strictest sense of the term. The broadest distinctions melt away like wax beneath the all-pervading spirit of equality, that gives life and flavour to the entertainment. The lowest and most loathsome prostitute, raised from her degraded state by the magic of a mask, dances hand in hand with the daughter of the most respectable citizen. The sexes dance, waltz, embrace, ogle, promenade; nay, think themselves at liberty to indulge in an unwarrantable use of the tongue; and who shall answer for the power of human passions, especially under the burning suns of Spain, to resist so many enticements? Who will doubt that many a female has wept in bitterness over the hour that initiated her into the mysteries of a masquerade? These assemblies furnish ten thousand facilities for carrying on amorous intrigues. Married ladies, who have illicit amours, after their husbands are in bed and asleep, steal out of their houses to meet their *enamorados* at the masquerade ball.

I will mention one or two facts of a different character, which, however, will go to illustrate still further the state of society in Mahon. No young lady of a respectable family ever goes out at night, and rarely during the day, unattended by either her mother, an aged servant, or a near relation. When she receives a visit from a gentleman, if she happens to be alone, and has any regard for her reputation, the first thing she does, is to call in some other member of the family, to prevent unfair suspicions. The slightest intimacy between two persons of different sexes, is suspected; if they are together an hour without other company, it furnishes ground for confident assertion; and a young unmarried lady, who should consent to walk out at night with a young gentleman,

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who was not her relation, would be banished from what bears the name of virtuous society. Such is the want of confidence in the virtue of females. I used to tell the ladies of Mahon of the liberty enjoyed by their sex in America, but they could not comprehend it. It was a state of society, of which they could conceive only as one wide-spread scene of licentiousness and guilt. As to the virtue of chastity in the male sex, it is what few pretend to. The majority regard it as a thing from which they are absolved, in virtue of having been born men. The statements in the preceding part of this paragraph are equally applicable to most parts of Spain and Italy.

As you walk the streets of a Spanish city, priests and friars, next to beggars, appear to be the most numerous class of inhabitants. You know them by their flowing robes, their grotesque hats, and their important airs. The whole number in the island of Minorca is upwards of two hundred, that is, more than one to every one hundred and fifty souls, and the proportion in other parts of Spain is much greater. The number of monks has been greatly increased within the last four or five years. They were manufactured, not for home consumption, but for exportation. Had the attempt of Charles X. and his detestable ministers, to abolish the freedom of the press, been successful, the convents were to have been re-established in France, and an army of Spanish friars, reared up for that express purpose, were ready to march and take possession of them. There was a perfect understanding on this subject between the two Monarchs and the Pope, previous to the memorable decree of the twenty-seventh of July. The project was worthy of the triumvirate who conceived it; and its issue was not more disastrous to one of them, than it was honourable to the gallant nation who defeated it.

The clergy of Spain receive one-third of all the revenues of the kingdom, and, besides various other perquisites and privileges, are exempt from taxation of every description. The richest and most beautiful estates in

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Minorca are owned by the Monks of Mount Toro, and their selections in other parts of the kingdom are equally creditable to the judgment of these reverend *Padres*. So well, indeed, have they known how to choose the fairest portions of that fair realm, that, when the liberalists obtained possession of the government, and broke up the convents, declaring their lands to be national property, gentlemen from various parts of Europe flocked to the purchase of these spoils of fallen piety.

Considerable difference in public sentiment towards the clergy, is observable in different parts of Spain. In the interior of the Peninsula, where the night of ignorance is most complete, the voice of a Monk is regarded with the veneration due to an oracle; but in the seaboard towns and islands, where intercourse with foreigners has enlarged the circle of men's ideas, though the clergy still wield a tremendous power, they enjoy far less consideration. In Mahon I know that public sentiment is strong and decided against them; and the characters of many of them, particularly those of the monks, are not, it is to be feared, such as to entitle them to much respect. It is, however, with the liveliest pleasure, that I bear testimony to the unfeigned piety, the high moral worth, the thorough intellectual training, and the sound political principles of a number of clerical gentlemen of my acquaintance, in Spain, France and Italy.

The forms of the Catholic worship are of an imposing character. The number of officiating ecclesiastics, the richness of their habits, the numerous changes of scene, and the gaudy decorations of their temples, give it an air of splendour and majesty, which cannot fail to captivate the imagination, though it may leave the heart untouched. The whining tones, however, in which the service is chanted by the priests, are to me any thing but agreeable. They would render it incomprehensible were it not already so from being in Latin. The only part of the worship, in which I can sympathize, is the music; and that is highly devotional. The rich tones of the Cathedral organ at Mahon fall upon the ear with an effect inconceivably solemn and elevating; and in the inspiration

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they produce, you almost fancy yourself listening to some angel-band, which, from the regions of mid-air, is pouring a flood of celestial harmony upon your ravished soul.

The Catholic religion addresses itself almost exclusively to the senses. Not that it excludes the affections, or is inconsistent with the fullest exercise of that sentiment—the purest and loftiest of which our nature is susceptible—denominated the love of God. But its rituals are so gorgeous and so numerous, that they cannot but have a tendency to draw off the mind from what is inward and spiritual, to what is merely external and material. There are, however, some points in it, which cannot fail to awaken the most delicious emotions of tenderness, confidence and love, in the minds of those who sincerely believe in their truth. Such, among others, is praying to the Virgin Mary. It is one of the most beautiful features of Christianity that its divine Founder may be approached with the knowledge that he can be "touched with the feeling of our infirmities," because he "was in all points tempted like as we are." With what peculiar fervour and confidence, then, must a woman, who can do it in the full assurance of faith, pour her infirmities and her wants, her griefs and her anxieties, into the ear of one whom she feels to be her sister, and who she believes is all-powerful in heaven! How sweet to the pious mother to commend her infant child to a friend in heaven, who knows all the fulness of a mother's love, and all the intenseness of a mother's anxiety! With what sentiments of resignation and tenderness must the poor widow, who earns with her daily labour the daily bread of herself and her offspring, approach the altar of the "blessed among women," whose poverty forced her to cradle in a manger the infant son of God!

There is no denomination of Christians so punctual as the Catholics in the discharge of what they consider their religious duties; which are to attend mass on Sundays and holidays, to say their prayers morning and evening, and confess their sins at least once a year to the priests. At the first stroke of the bell, when tolled for evening prayers,

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every Catholic doffs his hat, and crosses himself most devoutly. If you are in the market place, you will see the whole crowd collected there, engaging at once in their evening devotions; if you are in company, no matter how loud or merry the conversation may be, you will perceive it instantly hushed into a low and confused murmur,—the voice of united prayer. I have seen people playing at cards suspend the game to say their prayers, and then go on as if no interruption had taken place. When they have finished their devotions, though they had before been conversing with you in the most familiar way, they will often address you with a *Buenas noches, Senor,** as if you had just entered the room.

Many of those who are most punctual in the performance of all the ceremonies of the church, are at heart arrant infidels. This I happen to know from my frequent conversations with Roman Catholics on religious subjects. They would not for the world have their sentiments breathed into the ears of a priest—such is their dread of ecclesiastical denunciation; but when they can do it in perfect confidence, they express their opinions freely and without disguise. There are more Voltaires than Bibles in Spain. The priests themselves do not escape the infection of scepticism. One of my friends in Mahon, who was infidel to the back bone, was very intimate with a young and dashing *clerigo*. I one day asked him how it was that he and his clerical friend kept on such good terms. Do you ever, said I, broach your real sentiments to him? His reply was, *Nosotros nos entendemos.*†

What I have hitherto said of the people of Minorca is not, it must be confessed, much to their praise. As I have been holding up to view the dark part of the picture, I should not do justice to my own feelings, if I did not unrol the canvass, and let the reader see what it con-

* "A good night to you, sir."
† "We understand each other."

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tains of bright and amiable. Fallen as human nature is, there are still in its worst estate some glorious traces of its original perfection—some precious relics remaining from its wreck. The Mahonese are certainly far from being destitute of good qualities. They are kind, hospitable, simple in their manners, frugal, industrious, and generally, I believe, strictly honest. Nor is there an utter dearth of good society. There are many intelligent gentlemen there, nearly all of whom are men of liberal politics. I was acquainted with a number of families, in which I could spend an evening as pleasantly and profitably as on this side of the Atlantic. Females, it is true, owing to their want of education, do not command that respect, or exert that influence in society in Mahon, that they do in the United States; but even there they possess a native sprightliness and wit, which go far towards supplying the place of mental cultivation. The Spanish ladies generally possess a vivacity and a perception of the ridiculous, that leave the women of all other countries far behind them. Some of the most brilliant repartees I have ever heard, were made by common servants in Spain. If the women of that country enjoyed all those means of intellectual culture, to which their sex, on every principle of equity and good policy, is entitled, there are none in the world that would surpass them.

The winter, in Catholic countries, is the season of gaiety and dissipation. The Carnival commences at Christmas and closes at Lent. During its continuance, the rage for amusements is at its height, and people abandon themselves almost without reserve to the intoxications of pleasure. Balls, parties, theatrical representations, masquerades, cards, &c., engross so much of their time and thoughts, that amusement may be said to be the great business of life. During some of the last days especially, schools are suspended, police regulations relaxed, shops closed, and business, properly so called, almost swept away by the current of mad hilarity.

There is a custom very prevalent not only at Mahon

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but in other parts of Spain, of dining in the country during the latter part of the Carnival. It is called *el irse de vega.** Two or three families generally unite, and, loading their servants or a jackass with the "good cheer" that is to charm away hunger, thirst and the "blues," they go forth to light their sacrifices, and pour out their libations to the Penates, in the open temple of nature. These rustic entertainments are generally greatly enjoyed, especially by the younger members of the families. Sometimes they make a farm house their rendezvous, and for a trifling compensation, are permitted to spread their stores beneath its humble roof; but more commonly the earth is their table, and the heavens their canopy. The day is generally spent in strolling through the fields, and in innocent but exhilarating sports.

The family in which I lived, with two or three others, were once spending the day not far from our ship. When my school hour arrived, I left them to go and "teach the young idea how to shoot." I had scarcely advanced a dozen yards, when I was met by our first lieutenant, who said to me, "Well, where now, Mr. ——?" To my school, sir, I replied. "Poh!" said he, "never mind the school to-day. Let us take a stroll over the hills. These Spaniards are the happiest people I ever saw." I told him that I could introduce him to a merry group, and immediately conducted him to the one I had left. He invited them all—a goodly generation—aboard; had the larboard side of the gun deck "cleared for action;" invited the young gentleman and wardroom officers to join the party; and waltzes and country dances soon became the "order of the day." Thus my school was converted into a frolic, much to the gratification of the midshipmen, who would perhaps have relished my services more, if they had been oftener employed in the same way.

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* This phrase does not admit of a literal translation. *Vega* means a plain pasturing ground on the bank of a river, but *irse de vega* means to dine any where in the country.

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As the period of Carnival festivities approached its termination, the people became more anxious to improve it. They were in fact little less than frantic. The streets at night were filled with *mascaras*, or persons in mask—in many cases men in the dress of females, and females in that of men*—who went from house to house, singing, dancing, leaping, and performing all manner of grotesque and ludicrous evolutions, wherever they stopped.

But the last day of the Carnival, the twenty-fourth of February, puts the climax on all the others. Any one who had witnessed the scenes to which it gave birth, would have said that the demon of madness had breathed a portion of his spirit into the entire population of Mahon. The hills in every direction about the city were literally alive with the *de vega* dinner parties, that went out in swarms to bid a merry farewell to the God of Pleasure. Here you might see a group threading the knotty *bolangera*, and there another going through the odd combination of movements in the rustic *fandango*. But what painter is equal to sketching the scenes enacted at night? I was in every part of the city, and every where I witnessed the same effects of the universal phrenzy. Every grog-shop was a ball room, and every obscure lane was filled with persons, drunk with delight, and pouring forth the overflowings of their spirits in songs, dances, screams, and every extravagant act and gesture, which the excess of gladness could suggest. But the great focus of Carnival excitement was at the theatre, where the public masquerade ball was held. The people were there literally wedged together, so that it was impossible to pass from one side of the room to the other, without the utmost difficulty. But notwithstanding the heat and the squeeze and——I leave the reader to guess what else—they danced away lustily till the bell called them to mass on the following morning.

What a contrast did the twenty-fifth present to the preceding day! When I went out, I could scarcely real-

* This, however, is contrary to law, and those who so disguise themselves, are liable to be apprehended and thrown into the *calabozo*.

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perfect politeness of manner with which they are made, are certainly very gratifying to the feelings of a stranger.

Notwithstanding the state of society in Spain is such as to prevent young ladies from receiving even calls of ceremony from gentlemen in private, yet in company much greater freedom both of manners and conversation is allowed there than in the United States. Expressions which would here be stamped with the seal of obscenity, are there bandied about without reserve, in promiscuous assemblies of the highest respectability. Every one who has travelled much in different parts of this country, must have been struck with the difference between northern and southern manners, and the superior warmth of the latter; but even the generous and hospitable Old Dominion appears cold and distant to a person fresh from the society of southern Europe.

The first winter we passed in Mahon, though mildness itself compared with our northern winters, was for that place unusually severe, and consequently produced a good deal of suffering. There fell at different periods a considerable quantity of snow, and several times the streets were so icy as to render it dangerous to go out at night—things scarcely within the memory of the oldest inhabitants. I was amused at the appearance exhibited by the streets of Mahon after a fall of snow. The boys crowded them with snowy statuary. The subjects were generally religious, and their execution did not often do much honour either to the taste or talents of their authors; but I never shall forget one of the figures I saw on one of these occasions. It was a female, whose majestic form and graceful proportions would not have disgraced the young imagination of Canova.

Wood is sold in Mahon by weight,* and at a very high price. Charcoal is the more common fuel, but it is almost equally expensive; so that the poor can scarcely afford to have any fire at all. Indeed, a good cheerful

* It is sold in the same way all over the Mediterranean.

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fire is a thing almost unknown there. People *pretend* to warm their houses by means of little coal fires, made in a *copa*, or brazier, which is placed near the centre of the room; but they scarcely alter the temperature of the air, and the little urchins gather close around them, still shivering with the cold. In passing through the town of a cold morning, you would always see every street lined on each side with a row of these *copas*, placed there for the purpose of igniting the coal.

While we were in winter quarters, the crew were twice permitted to go ashore, in companies of twenty-five or thirty individuals at a time. Sailors on shore are perfect Bacchantes, and the most disgraceful excesses were often committed by them. It was not uncommon for them, after having spent all their money, to sell every stitch of clothes on their backs, and return to the ship, covered with tatters and mangled with bruises, there to be thrown into the brig, and afterwards flogged with the cats. Notwithstanding the liberties granted them, as the ship lay close along-side the Quay at the Navy Yard, the facilities for "taking French leave," as they term it, were so great, that one or two midshipmen were obliged to be almost constantly employed in searching for them on shore. The mode adopted for finding them was this:—Five dollars reward was offered to the Spanish soldiers for every American sailor they would apprehend. The money was advanced by the purser, and charged to the individual for whom it was paid. Not a single runaway, who was not found by our own people, escaped the vigilance produced by this offer. That the reader may know how strong is the desire in sailors of getting ashore, it will be enough to state that neither this deduction from their pay, nor all the terrors of a flogging with that dreadful scourge—the cats—were sufficient to deter them from going. Some of them even repeated the offence, after having been once punished for it in this way.

The thirst of the old sailors for strong drink is insatiable. Without personal observation of it, one can scarcely

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have an idea of the force with which it acts, or of the ingenuity of which it is sometimes the parent;—an ingenuity, however deplorable in its consequences, often in itself vastly amusing. A black fellow, attached to the launch, one day brought off a quantity of the delectable beverage, disguised in the shape of sausages. When he came aboard, the officer of the deck, suspicious that there was foul play in the affair, said to him, "What have you there, Williamson, in that bundle?"—"Sausages, sir," he replied, in a tone of indifferent firmness, and with a sort of *nonchalant* grin, indescribably ludicrous. "Uncover them," said Mr. ——. He hesitated, but obeyed. "Hold one of them up," was the next order. He held it up. "Take your knife and pierce it." Trembling and confused, the poor fellow obeyed, to the no small amusement of the by-standers; and the scene wound up by his being taken to the gangway. I have often heard him say that he would at any time take a dozen for a quart.

The following anecdote is of a different cast, but not less characteristic. On our passage from Mahon to Tripoli, in the Fall of eighteen hundred and twenty-nine, I changed my place of sleeping from the cockpit to the gun deck. One of the carpenters was ordered by the first lieutenant to fix my cot hooks. Having completed his task, he came below to inform me of it. "Very well, Martin," said I, "I'm much obliged to you." "O, not at all, sir," he replied, and started up the ladder, but stopped before he had reached the top:—"Mr. ——, are you going to sleep on the gun deck, sir?"—Yes.—"I've fixed your hooks very nice for you, sir." I knew what he wanted; but as what he had done was a part of his regular duty, and as I thought his allowance of grog as much as he ought to drink, I pretended not to take the hint. Shortly after, I was standing by one of the guns on the main deck, and looking out through the port hole on the water. Martin came up and renewed the attack in a different way. "Mr. ——," said he, seizing the rim of his hat, and bowing as graciously as he knew how, "you're growing very fat and large, sir."

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—I'm quite sensible of it.—"You look much healthier and handsomer, than you did when you first came aboard, sir: I think you grow more handsome every day, sir." What mortal is proof against flattery? Stormed with this battering-ram, the castle is sure to fall. "Martin," said I, "you shall have a glass of grog." This was the ultimatum of his aims: he thanked me and walked off, chuckling himself, no doubt, on the success of his cunning; and I, being in somewhat of a contemplative mood, was not less pleased at getting rid of him.

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CHAPTER IX.

Anxious as we had all been to get into winter quarters after our tempestuous passage from Gibraltar in December, we were not less anxious to get to sea again as soon as the weather became sufficiently settled. Inhabitants of a restless element, sailors are themselves restless beings. By their roving habits they acquire a roving disposition, which soon tires of the monotony of a stationary habitation. Hence that love of change and excitement, so characteristic of sea-faring men.

Commodore Biddle, having been appointed one of the Commissioners to negotiate a Treaty of Commerce and Navigation between the United States and the Sublime Porte, early in December sailed for Smyrna, where he remained about six months. Captain Wadsworth, being next to him in rank, of course had command of that part of the squadron, which remained in the lower part of the Mediterranean. On the first day of April, eighteen hundred and thirty, we got under weigh, from Port Mahon, with the Ontario in company. None of us knew where we were going. This uncertainty as to their destination is the most tantalizing thing to which men-of-wars'-men are subject. In the majority of cases, when they sail from one port, they are utterly ignorant to what other they are bound. The first thing, therefore, as soon as they get a sufficient offing, is to examine the compass, and see to what point it is directed. Conjecture and speculation then become rife, and the various probabilities as to her destination are weighed with great skill and judgment. In this instance, we had all expected to go first to Gibraltar, but the course given to the ship soon removed all doubts, and it was ascertained that Algiers was our point of destination.

It will be recollected by the reader that this was the

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period at which France was most active in making preparations to attack Algiers. The expedition was expected to sail from Toulon in a few weeks. The object of our visit to Algiers at that time was to afford Major Lee, Consul General to the Barbary Powers, an opportunity of leaving that city.

The day after we left Mahon, we fired two broadsides. I beg the gentle reader would not suffer her nerves to be shocked by this annunciation; for, although the discharge was with "fire and vapour of smoke," it was without "blood." It was, according to the technical language of the profession, a mere "scaling of the guns," or firing of them with balls to clear them of the rust or other matter that might have collected on the inside from long disuse. When cruizing from port to port, the number of salutes usually fired renders this operation unnecessary; but it is always resorted to when the guns, as is generally the case in winter quarters, have been for any length of time "laid upon the shelf."

On the evening of the third of April, we made the coast of Africa considerably to the eastward of Algiers, having been headed off our course during the day by contrary winds. At night we were becalmed. On the following morning a light but favourable breeze sprang up from the eastward, and we had one of the most delightful day's sails we enjoyed during the whole cruise. The heavens were without a cloud, and the breezes that fanned our sails, soft as the balm of Gilead, were loaded with the fragrance of ten thousand flowers. The gales of Araby the Blest cannot be more grateful or refreshing to the traveller, who has long been scorched by the burning siroccos of the desert, than were these vernal kisses of the "soft south" to us. The Ontario came up abreast of us, and the two ships sailed along, side by side, nearly all day.

We arrived off the city about three o'clock, P. M. Algiers was at that time blockaded by the French, but we saw nothing of the blockading squadron, and the Ontario ran in and came to an anchor close under the walls

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of the town. The anchorage there is not very safe for frigates, and Captain W. determined therefore to run no hazard, but stand off and on till the Ontario should come out. This was a great disappointment to most of our officers, but we mustered up enough philosophy to enable us to submit to our fate with a good grace, and consoled ourselves with the hope of better days. We several times stood in sufficiently near to obtain a tolerably distinct view of the city by means of our telescopes.

Algiers is said by some travellers to be built in the form of an amphitheatre, but the appearance it presents to a person viewing it some distance out at sea, is exactly that of an inclined plane of white marble, variegated with veins of a brownish colour, in the shape of an acute angled triangle. If it had a good harbour, it would be one of the finest situations in the world for a great commercial capital. The declivity on which it stands, is so steep that almost every building is distinctly visible as you enter its port; and the country by which it is surrounded is one of unequalled beauty and fertility. It is covered with a great number of villas and country seats, to which the foreign Consuls and richer citizens retire in the summer months, to escape the heat and filth of the city. The Dey's garden is about two miles to the northward of the city, and near the water's edge. Seen from the deck of our ship, it looked like an enchanting spot.

Algiers was formerly called Mesgana. It received this appellation from a distinguished African family of that name. Its present name is derived from *Al-Jezeire*, an Arabic term, signifying *the island*. The original town was built upon an island, now connected with the main land by a mole, constructed by Hayradin, a son of the celebrated Barbarossa. The mole is in the form of a semicircle, and the harbour formed by it, which I believe is wholly artificial, is only one hundred and thirty fathoms in depth, and eighty fathoms in breadth, being much smaller than the Pirœus at Athens. It is defended by a castle with three batteries, which serves the double

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purpose of a lighthouse and fort. There is another fort at the south end of the island with an equal number of batteries. The walls are twelve feet thick and very high. They are flanked by square towers. There are seven forts or castles without the walls, the principal of which is that built upon an eminence above the town, and completely commanding it. The city is from a mile and a half to two miles in circumference. There is said to be but one *street* in the whole of it. The rest are dirty lanes, so narrow as scarcely to allow of two persons walking abreast in them.

Some writers think that Algiers occupies the site of the Icosium mentioned by Ptolemy, but Dr. Shaw is of a different opinion. He believes that Icosium stood upon the river Harath, the ancient Savus, four miles to the southward and eastward of Algiers.

In 1775, the Spaniards made an unsuccessful attack upon Algiers with large forces both by land and sea. Eight years afterwards, they renewed their attempt at conquest, but with similar success. Since our visit there, as all the world knows, it has undergone the most important revolution it has ever experienced, and is now a French Colony. The events of the war by which that conquest was achieved, are too fresh in the recollection of the reading community to need any repetition. Humanity rejoices at its issue. Europe and the world had too long trembled before a paltry den of miscreants. But whether the French will continue to retain possession of Algiers for many years, is extremely problematical. They never can make it a great commercial emporium, owing to its want of a good harbour; and the people of the conquering and conquered nations are so diverse from each other in habits, prejudices and religion, that it is impossible they should ever coalesce. The only obedience the Algerines will ever render to the French authorities, must be exacted at the point of the bayonet. A garrison, amounting to quite an army, is now stationed there, and must continue to be stationed there, in order to overawe the inhabitants and keep them in check. While we remained in the Medi-

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terranean, every fresh arrival from Algiers brought fresh intelligence of rencounters and massacres in the infant colony. Taking all these things into consideration, it is at least doubtful whether the French government will not come at length to regard it as inexpedient longer to retain possession of the conquered territory at such an immense expenditure of human life. Should they, however, ever abandon it, they will unquestionably first remove all the valuable ordnance, and raze the fortifications to the earth. Algiers, whether retained by the French or not, will never be what it has been, the terror and the tax-gatherer of Europe.

On the morning of the seventh, one of the Ontario's cutters came off to the Constellation, with information that Major Lee did not then wish to leave Algiers, but that the families of the Spanish and Danish Consuls would like to take passage on board one of our ships to Mahon. Permisson to that effect was promptly and politely granted by Captain W. to the Ontario.

While the Ontario's boat was alongside, the French blockading squadron hove in sight, and bore down upon us. The crew were immediately beat to quarters, and the ship prepared for action; and we were ready to pour a broadside into them at a moment's warning. A lieutenant from the French Admiral boarded us, and had a private interview with the captain.

The officers who came off in the Ontario's boat had called upon the Dey. He kept himself shut up in his castle, never venturing outside of the walls by which it was surrounded. He pretended to believe that all the noise about the French expedition was a mere bug-bear, cunningly invented by that nation to frighten him into such terms as they desired; but he said that, come with whatever forces they might, he was prepared to give them a warm reception. He said that, having given the French a drubbing, he intended to get the Americans to build him some ships, and chastise the Portuguese. He presented a number of bullocks, with an im-

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mense quantity of dates and other fruits to Captain Stevens, of the Ontario, for his officers and crew, and sent two lions' skins to Captain Wadsworth, one for himself, and the other to be presented to the President of the United States.

The two Consular families above mentioned having embarked, on the afternoon of the eighth, the Ontario got under weigh from Algiers, and came up with us. We stood away together for some distance, when each vessel took her own course, the Ontario stretching away for Port Mahon, and the Constellation for Carthage and Tunis. We had a cracking breeze, and soon lost sight of each other.

After a pleasant sail of three days, on Sunday, the eleventh of April, at four o'clock, P. M., we let go our anchor in the classic waters of the Bay of Tunis, three miles southeast of Cape Carthage, and about two from the ruins of the ancient city. My heart had been in my mouth all the morning. How many brilliant recollections, how many stirring thoughts crowd upon the mind under such circumstances! The loves of the Tyrian Queen and the Trojan Hero, the glory of Hannibal and Scipio, and the stern uncompromising virtue of the Last of the Romans, alternately haunted my imagination. From the moment that we made the promontory on which stood the city of *pulcherrima Dido*, I had my Virgil constantly in my hand, endeavouring to identify the places which he mentions, or at least to discover some resemblances between their present appearance and his account of them. But alas! his descriptions were either never true to nature, or time has been no idler. I looked for the rock that Æneas ascended to obtain a view of the sea and look out for his lost companions, *fortemque Gyan fortemque Cloanthum*, and for the hill of which Virgil says *plurimus urbi imminet*; but I saw nothing that appeared to correspond to his descriptions. As to the island mentioned by him as breaking the violence of the waves by the projection

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of its sides, it must either have been eaten up by the sea, or joined to the main land, either of which time may easily have accomplished. I am the more inclined to this opinion, as it is known that there was anciently a small island in one of the harbours, on which stood the Admiral's palace. Of this there is not remaining at present the slightest trace.

In company with a surgeon's mate and two midshipmen, I spent one day, not "sitting," but wandering "among the ruins of Carthage." The moment our boat struck the shore, I started from my seat and hurried to the bows, determined to be the first to salute the "Lydian sands;" but the doctor, following close upon my heels, contrary to all the rules of chivalry, pulled me back and sprang upon the beach before me. The rest of us were not slow in following his example, and, finding ourselves fairly on *terra firma*, we were unable to repress our emotions, but broke out in I know not what extravagant exclamations. We were on a spot which Virgil's charming story had made familiar to our imaginations from classic boyhood. We stood upon the birth-place of Hannibal, Clytomachus and Terence; the scene of the two Scipios' glory; the competitor with Rome for universal empire; a spot, in short, which was twice the capital of Africa, and once of the world. How often had we panted to tread upon those hallowed ruins! And now we were there, not in the dreams of fancy, but in reality; standing perhaps upon the very sands where Æneas and his companions, their limbs dripping with salt water, disembarked and prepared their rustic meal, from the scanty stores they had been able to save from the general wreck. A little enthusiasm was excusable on such a spot. Not to have felt it, would have argued us "more or less than human."

We were soon surrounded by some half dozen tawny, savage looking beings, who, like Venus in the habit of a Spartan virgin, were "naked up to the knee," with dirty white turbans on their heads, and ragged flannel

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blankets thrown over their shoulders and round their waists. They were armed with rusty sabres. They received us in a friendly manner, saluting us in *lingua Franca* with a *buon giorno, Americani*, at the same time offering themselves as guides, and loading us with compliments. They offered for sale a variety of copper coins, which they said they had dug up among the ruins; but they were all so effaced that no design could be traced, and we were a little inclined to suspect that they had purchased them of some speculating Italian, who understood the business of *making antiques*. We therefore refused their coins, but accepted their services, and, like Æneas and Achates, who

"Corripuêre viam interea, qua semita monstrat,"

we commenced our stroll by taking a path between two fields of barley, which led up to a hill not far distant from where we had landed. This hill Mr. Jones, not indeed very confidently, took to be the site of the ancient Byrsa, or Citadel, which the crafty Tyrians got by fraud of the rude aborigines, by promising to limit their occupation to a spot which could be encircled by a bull's hide. The temple of Æsculapius, into the flames of which the generous wife of Asdrubal precipitated herself and her children at the sacking of her native city, is known to have occupied an elevated site, and why may we not suppose that this hill is the spot which witnessed that memorable display of heroic virtue?

From its summit you have an entire view of the peninsula on which Carthage was built. This is situated at the bottom of a large gulf, now called the Bay of Tunis, which is terminated in its two extremities by Capes Bon and Blanco, anciently the promontories of Mercury and Apollo. The direction of the peninsula is nearly east and west. It is from fifteen to twenty miles long, and in some parts perhaps nearly half as broad. I will endeavour to give its present appearance, as well as I can, from the eminence above mentioned. The eastern point is about three miles distant, and at its extremity there is a small town, built of whitewashed huts, and designed, as we were informed, exclusively for culprits.

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No Christian is allowed to enter it. The interval is elevated and somewhat broken, though not sufficiently so to make it incapable of cultivation. To the northward lies an extensive valley, beyond which is another ridge of elevated land, sowed with numerous country seats, to which the various Consular families resident at Tunis resort during summer. To the west, towards the "abode of happiness and the city well guarded,"* stretches a vast plain, which is backed by a range of lofty mountains, some distance inland. The whole peninsula is covered with extensive olive groves and pasturing grounds, where large droves of camels, goats, big-tailed sheep and asses were feeding, all tended by herdsmen, according to Oriental custom, as no such thing as a fence or wall to separate each other's possessions, seems ever to have been thought of by the inhabitants of the "unchanging East." There were also, when we visited it, large fields of barley and peas, almost ripe for the sickle. Our guides plucked the green ears and ate them, at the same time offering them to us, and pronouncing them to be *buono*.

On the eminence to which we first directed our footsteps, I took out my pocket Virgil, and read the account of Æneas's first arrival and entry into the city. On such a spot ages seem to be concentrated into a single moment. Thoughts and images of other times, of the rise, grandeur and decay of empires, with all their accompanying circumstances, crowd thick upon the mind, bearing it, as it were, away from itself, and bathing it in the sere visions of antiquity.

The fragments of marble found on this hill are, as Mr. Jones states, richer and more numerous than in any other part of the peninsula; but to conclude from this fact that it was the site of the ancient Byrsa, or of the temple of Æsculapius, or of any other particular edifice, is perfectly idle. At this time of day, no part of the old city, particularly the city of Dido,† can be identi-

* Epithets applied by the Bashaw of Tunis to his capital.
† Carthage was several times utterly destroyed and rebuilt.

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fied, except the cisterns. These are about two miles from the eastern point of the peninsula, and just above a small fort on the water's edge. There are seventeen of them, six of which are in a tolerable state of preservation, containing still a considerable quantity of water. They are one hundred feet in length and twenty in breadth. Of their original depth, it is impossible now to judge, owing to their being partially filled up with earth and other substances. They are separated from each other by thick walls, coated with stucco; are covered by a continuous arch; and the communication between them is by means of a corridor on each side, extending their whole length. M. de Chateaubriand thinks that he discovered the old harbour of Carthage, but it was our sober judgment that his discovery existed nowhere but in his own teeming and fanciful brain. We were not so fortunate as to see any of the submarine remains mentioned by him.

Two or three miles beyond the cisterns, towards Tunis, there is a little village, called New Carthage, (how unlike the old!) composed of some fifteen or twenty miserable stone huts, without windows or floors. Here the natives, dark, ferocious looking beings, gathered around us in large numbers, offering for sale coins and fragments of sculptured marble. The men were wretchedly clothed, and many of the boys quite naked. We saw but one woman, and all of us agreed that nobody but Don Quixotte or a Turk could endure her. Every thing bespoke the extreme of poverty and degradation. Near the village there is a Mosaic pavement of an ancient edifice, almost entire, but so solid that we did not succeed in our attempt to break off pieces as specimens. In another part of our ramble, we came to a line of huge stones, which extended several hundred yards, and which we thought might possibly be some remains of the ancient walls. Upon the whole, the remains which pass under the name of the Ruins of Carthage, are insignificant and unimportant; consisting almost exclusively of masses of rubbish and a thick sprinkling of small bits of verde antique and other marbles. Not even the

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shaft or capital of a column, nor any considerable fragment of cornice or architrave, is left to mark the site of a single edifice, which adorned that seat of wealth, luxury and splendour. There is indeed little remaining upon the ground, which recalls very forcibly the shade of that mother of commerce and queen of Africa.

Such are the present remains of a city, which, in the days of its glory, was surrounded by triple walls, numbered a population of seven hundred thousand souls, and was no mean rival of the "lone mother of dead empires;" —a city, which once counted among its territories the whole African coast, from the Altars of the Philæni to the Columns of Hercules, together with Sicily, Sardinia, Spain, and the Balearic Isles;—a city, the canvass of whose vessels whitened every sea, and which exchanged the productions of its own ingenuity for the perfumes, the purple, the scarlet, the fine linen, the pearl and the precious stones of the East, and the iron, tin, lead, copper, gold and silver of the North and West;—a city, in short, so extensive that a conflagration of seventeen days, constantly raging, and fed by thousands who were eager to see its termination, was scarcely sufficient to consume it. It was the first time I ever stood upon the grave of a mighty empire, and it has left an impression on my mind, which nothing can ever obliterate.

On Friday the sixteenth, a party of us, consisting of a lieutenant, our sailing master, a surgeon's mate, several midshipmen and myself, left the ship immediately after breakfast, on a visit to Tunis. We were anchored about eighteen miles below that city. It was a day's work for the men to pull there and back again, and the boat's crew therefore took on board a sufficient quantity of water, provisions and whiskey to last them till their return. In proceeding up the Goletta, we had on our right the Promontory of Carthage, and on our left a range of high and rocky hills, called Heeman Leef, which were broken into a thousand shapes of wildness and grandeur.

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The Goletta was about midway between our anchorage and Tunis. It is a fortification which, from its position, might be made one of great strength, but which, in its present state, is little better than a mere cipher. The batteries are mounted with beautiful brass cannon. There are two pieces of immense calibre and exquisite workmanship, presented to the Bashaw of Tunis by the Venecian Republic. Nine-tenths of the gun carriages are so crazy that they would not stand the wear of a half dozen discharges. The garrison is composed of about three hundred soldiers, poorly disciplined, poorly clad, and worse fed. Their entire ration consists of a stinted allowance of coarse bread, and rancid olive oil. Each digs a little hole in his scanty portion, and saturates it with oil; and this constitutes the whole of his miserable meal. They get no meat at all. They are, as might be guessed, a set of sorry looking fellows. One of our Consul's dragomen once said to me, and I doubt not with perfect truth, "Give me twenty-five of your sailors, and in less than half a day I am master of the Goletta." The last time we were at Tunis, I was informed that the soldiers had complained to the foreign Consuls of their living, and that these had petitioned the Bey in their behalf. His decision was not then known.

There is a small settlement, consisting of about four or five hundred persons, at the Goletta, who derive their support chiefly from the garrison and from supplying with provisions and other necessary articles the vessels that carry on the commerce of Tunis. The port of Tunis is at this place, and here vessels unlade their cargoes, which are taken up to the city in lighters. There is a light-house at the Goletta, fed by contributions levied upon all the merchantmen that visit the port. A mole has been built at considerable expense to protect ships at anchor in the harbour from the violence of the winds. There were a good many there at the time of our visit,—chiefly French, Italian, Greek, Turkish, and Tunissian.

The Golletta* derives its name from the canal which

* Goletta is an Italian word, signifying a *little throat.*

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passes through it, and connects the Bay with the Lake of Tunis. This canal is about half a mile in length, and is a work of great solidity and beauty. It has several locks, not however for the purpose of ascending and descending, but, as I suppose, for the collection of toll. Men of war boats are allowed to pass in and out free of expense. The rascals who were in the lighters, jostled us prodigiously, and tried to get the advantage of us in passing through the locks, but they got at least a *loud* scolding, with some menacing gestures, from the officers in attendance, who were equally lavish of their compliments towards us; for they would often, with a significant motion of the hand and nod of the head, exclaim, *Americanos bono.*

As there is a current setting from the Atlantic into the Mediterranean, so there is one from the Mediterranean into the Lake of Tunis; and as the waters of the Mediterranean are salter than those of the Atlantic, the waters of the Tunissian Lake are in like manner much salter than those of that great inland ocean. It is doubtful whether this lake will not in the end become one vast bed of salt, for there is now only a narrow channel in which the lighters can pass up, and the depth of water in every part of it is diminishing every year. There is known to be already in many places thick incrustations of salt on the bottom. The fish taken in this lake are said to be of an excellent quality. The lake is about nine miles in length, and on an average from four to five in breadth.

Tunis stands at the head of the Lake. About one o'clock we arrived at the Marina, which is half a mile distant from the walls of the city. The impressions which we received on landing were not of the most favourable kind, and the anticipations they awakened were in the sequel but too faithfully verified. We proceeded some distance up a narrow canal, and the nauseous effluvia emitted from its dirty waters and from the masses of filth piled up on each side and in every direc-

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tion around it, were such as almost to prevent respiration. Having disembarked, we took our way over the commons which intervened between the Marina and the sea gate of the city, amidst droves of camels (loaded with oil) and oily Bedoins, whose only clothing was ragged flannels thrown around their waists, and turbans on their heads which looked as if they might have descended from father to son through many generations. Their arms and legs were left perfectly naked. The Bedoins are very numerous at Tunis. They perform the most menial and laborious services, and hold about the same rank in society there that the lazzaroni do in Naples, and the free negroes in the United States. Little confidence is reposed in their integrity. Their complexion is a dark brown. They have generally haggard countenances and sunken eyes, with an expression of ferocity which seems to say that they would not hesitate to perpetrate deeds of the darkest colour, if they could be sure of avoiding detection.

We arrived at the city gate just in time to feel the effects of that prophecy in the Koran, which declares that, unless the followers of the Prophet are on their guard, an army of Christians, dressed in red, will come between the hours of one and two o'clock, P. M., on their national Sabbath, and destroy their cities and religion together. During that hour, therefore, the gates of every Mohammedan city are closed on Friday, and it being precisely the hour at which we arrived, we were obliged to remain without the walls till the fatal period had elapsed. We should have been less troubled at this delay, could we at once have been made acquainted with its cause; but we spent nearly half an hour in fruitless endeavours to ascertain it, when a gentleman, an *attaché* of the French Consul's establishment, very fortunately came up and relieved us of our difficulty. The market at Tunis is outside of the city, and near the sea gate. We purchased a quantity of large delicious oranges and dates, with which and the novel scenes presented to our observation, we managed to amuse ourselves till the hour had passed. Several wordy skirmishes and some more serious

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affrays took place among the semibarbarous populace assembled in the market square. One of these rencounters would certainly have been very amusing, had it not too forcibly and painfully reminded us of the present degradation of that people, once so favoured of Heaven. A number of roguish Tunissian boys beset a Jew (as we supposed from their actions, for we could not understand a syllable that was uttered) for money. He refused them, and probably employed some provoking language. They then began to torment him by slapping him in the face, and while he was looking to see who gave him the blow, the same act would be repeated on other parts of his body. His patience at length became exhausted, and he returned one of their blows with interest. This retaliating act set them on fire. They snatched his turban off his head, and stamped it under their feet. They stripped him of his girdle, and tore it into a thousand tatters. They were proceeding in their diabolical conduct, and would have left him without a rag to his back, had he not appeased their fury with money. Being then left in peace, he gathered up the tattered remnants of his dress, and marched off, crestfallen and dejected, to deplore the unhappy condition of his race. While the affray was going on, all the indignation of my nature prompted me to interfere in behalf of the object of this outrage, but prudence dictated a different course. When I saw the poor fellow retire from the field of battle, and reflected that his was but one of a thousand similar cases occurring every day in different parts of the world, I could have wept at thought of the miserable degradation of that people, which was once the light and glory of the universe. But did not the murderers of the Son of God exclaim, "His blood be upon us and upon our children?" How terribly has that invocation been answered upon their posterity!

Our boat had been seen upon the lake, and when the city gates were thrown open, we were met by one of the American dragomen, who saluted us very courteously,

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and conducted us through narrow and filthy lanes to the residence of Dr. Heape, formerly of the United States Navy, but at present our Consul at Tunis. Dr. Heape and his family are very popular, and deservedly so, among our naval officers. Their hospitality and politeness are universally spoken of in terms of the highest commendation. Indeed, they entertain in a princely style; and, as they absolutely forbid our officers whilst on shore to take lodgings any where but with them, many do not go ashore as much as they otherwise would, because they are unwilling to tax their generosity to too great an extent. The Doctor is a man of intelligence, and understands well what he is about. The interests and honour of our country are in no danger in his hands. His wife is a perfect lady, and a woman of talents; and his daughters are accomplished, pretty and agreeable. Our reception and treatment there strongly reminded us all of the comforts and endearments of home.

It was dusk when we rose from the dinner table. As it was too late to go any where else, a party of us, with a dragoman for a guide, sallied forth with the intention of trying a Turkish bath. Tunis, as all the world knows, is celebrated for its baths; but, either we were not taken to one of the best in the place, or the Tunissian are far inferior to the Smyrniot. For a description of it, however, and of the operation of bathing, such as they were, *vide infra.*

Having wandered for the space of half an hour through crooked and filthy alleys, which people there dignify by the name of streets, we came at length to a low shabby-looking edifice, which we were told was the bath-house. It was twin brother of those in Algiers, which Cervantes denominates prisons, as they really are to the wretches who are condemned to serve in them. These are generally slaves, obtained from the interior of Africa. Christian captives were formerly forced to work in them, but this indignity is not at present tolerated.

We were first ushered into a sort of anti-chamber or

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saloon, dimly lighted by two dirty little lamps, and furnished with cushioned divans. In one corner of the room there was a little fire-place, with the necessary implements for making coffee, and on the walls were suspended a number of dingy pipes. Immediately on entering, we were surrounded by not less than a dozen of the slaves who are doomed to toil in those gloomy abodes, and whose long gaunt figures, swarthy complexions, deep-set eyes and ferocious looks, almost persuaded us that we were among the imps of the lower regions. Next we were conducted into a small room designed for undressing. There each imp selected his man, pinned a white sheet around his waist, and gave him a pair of thick wooden soles with straps near the centre, into which he was directed to thrust his feet. Thus accoutred, we were led into another apartment, heated to such a degree by steam that the first sensation we felt was that of suffocation. It really seemed to us that we could not live there five minutes, and some of the party actually retreated, and could not be induced to return to renew the attempt. All the pores in the body were soon opened, and a copious perspiration commenced. The sensation of suffocation then gave place to a feeling of a very different kind,—a delicious lassitude, which relaxed the muscular system, and diffused throughout the whole frame an exquisite but indescribable pleasure.

After this initial steaming, we were taken into a room where the temperature was still higher. The stone pavement on one side of this room was a little elevated above that on the other, and here we were required to stretch ourselves at full length. The fellows then commenced shampooing us with coarse cloths, which ever and anon they would dip in a bucket of soap suds. After they had continued this operation awhile, they "knocked off," and fell to cracking our joints most lustily. This produced a simultaneous and universal roar of laughter on our part, and we laughed away nearly all the little strength which the steam had left us. Their mode of cracking joints was a most singular one. They would double our limbs and then falling upon them with their

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knees, press with their whole weight upon them. Nothing daunted by our merriment, they "held on the even tenor of their way," till not a joint in our bodies remained uncracked. Having finished this part of the ceremony, they renewed and continued for some time longer the operation of shampooing with cloths of a finer quality.

All this being ended, we were finally conducted into an apartment in which there were several fountains of clean fresh water, with sponges and towels for drying our limbs, and blankets in which to wrap ourselves up. Having here performed the requisite ablutions, we returned to our dressing room, and afterwards to the saloon where we had first entered. There, reclining on the divan, we indulged for some time in the two great Turkish luxuries, coffee and the chibouque, and then bid our good friends adieu, with a feeling of buoyancy and elasticity, which could scarcely have been surpassed, had we just exchanged the decrepitude of old age for the vigour of youth.

A Turkish bath is certainly one of the greatest luxuries in the world. The Turks, especially females of the higher classes, frequently indulge in it to such an extent as to ruin their constitutions, and bring on premature old age and death. The excessive fondness of Turkish ladies for the bath is doubtless in part to be attributed to their secluded habits, and their consequent want of exhilarating amusements.

On the following morning Dr. —— and myself, determined to make the most of our short stay at Tunis, rose at an early hour, put in requisition the services of one of the dragomen, and went out to take a stroll in the city. The Doctor wished to purchase some otto of roses, for which Tunis is famed all the world over, and we therefore directed our course towards the street of the bazars, or shops. This is near the centre of the town. It is both the Broadway and the Pearl street of Tunis, being the only fashionable and mercantile street in the place. It is arched over to keep out the rays of the sun,

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and is as wide as the principal streets in most of the cities of southern Europe. It is kept comparatively clean, and is strongly scented with the perfumes—musk and otto of roses and jasmine—which are exposed for sale in almost every shop. The shops are entirely open in front, as the large folding doors by which they are secured at night, are removed out of sight during the day. They appear small, but most of them have large magazines in their rear, well stored with merchandise of every description. The shop-keepers, large, fat, sleek looking fellows, and many of them splendidly dressed, sit cross-legged on their counters, with a cup of coffee in their hand or a pipe in their mouth all the live-long day. The bazars are also the resort of fashionable loungers. At all hours of the day, you may see a row of them lining each side of the street, whiffing away with their long chibouques resting on the ground, and chatting as cozily as if all creation were obedient to their nod. They were the very image of laziness and self-complacency, and, in their slow plodding motions, often reminded us of the declaration of the Jewish sage: "The slothful hideth his hand in his bosom; it grieveth him to bring it again to his mouth."

We met with an adventure in our morning ramble which, though it finally ended only in words, at one time bid fair to have a more serious *denouement*. The doctor had put a half doubloon into the hands of the dragoman to purchase for him an ounce of otto of roses. While the latter was bargaining for the perfume, he laid the gold piece down on the counter, and either by design or accident, probably the latter, it got into the merchant's box of weights. When they came to settle the account, the dragoman insisted that he had given the eight dollar piece to the shop-keeper, who as stoutly denied having received it. Diligent search was made in every part of the shop, the box of weights included. An altercation of some warmth ensued between the dragoman and shop-keeper, in which the latter accused the former of having secreted it about his person, with the design of cheating him out of his pay. This threw the

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dragoman into a perfect rage. He challenged a search, and began himself to pull off his clothes and examine them. By this time a crowd of several hundred persons had assembled, who completely blocked up the street, and some of whom began to take a pretty active part in the dispute, ranging themselves, as men always do, when there is any question to be decided, on different sides. They soon began to vociferate instead of talk, and we feared that they would actually come to blows. The shop was re-searched, but without success. Significant glances were cast towards us both by the merchant and the by-standers, but not a whisper of suspicion was breathed. At last one of the crowd happened to pick up a brass plate in the box of weights, and there was the half ounce underneath. A general congratulation took place, and I believe the crowd were sincerely rejoiced at the discovery. We settled the account and hastened back to the Consul's, but we had been detained so long by the affray that the breakfast table was cleared off, and our companions had been waiting nearly an hour for our return, in order to set sail on a cruize through the city. When we recounted the affair to Dr. Heape, he expressed surprise at the forbearance of the dragoman. He said that he might have had the shop-keeper taken at once before the public authorities, and bastinadoed with a hundred blows. The dragoman requested the Consul to take some measures to get reparation for the outrage he had suffered. Dr. H. promised to gratify him, but what was done I never learned.

Having swallowed a cup of coffee and a couple of boiled eggs, we relieved the impatience of our companions by joining them and setting off on an expedition. I will not tax the patience of my reader by requiring him to follow us through all our devious windings. There was scarcely a street, or a lane, or an obscure avenue in the whole city, that did not that day echo to the merriment of some half dozen roystering "Yankee" midshipmen. We went first to the Bashaw's palace,

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which stands in the upper part of the town. This is an immense pile of buildings, enclosed by a thick and high wall, but left unfinished from a superstition prevalent among the Mohammedans, that, when the proprietor of an edifice dies before it is completed, whoever finishes or occupies it afterwards will be unfortunate. I am not aware that it has ever been occupied as a residence by any body but Queen Charlotte of England, while engaged in her "wanderings through many lands," and the history of her misfortunes or her guilt is not such as would be calculated to remove the superstition from the minds of the followers of the Prophet. Those parts of the palace which are finished, though in a style of architecture somewhat more heavy and massive than is common among the Orientals, are rich and showy. They are ornamented with vast quantities of gilding, stucco, carved work and coloured glass. The other principal public building in Tunis is the Bey's grand mosque, but we were cautioned by Dr. Heape against attempting to enter any of their places of worship. The interior of it is said to be finished in a most gorgeous style. There is also a custom-house, arsenal, and some other public buildings, but they are for the most part miserable sheds, and unworthy of a particular description. As we walked through the bazars, it was amusing to observe the anxiety of the cross-legged shopkeepers to induce us to purchase their goods; and the modes which they took to effect their object were equally diverting. They would bow, and smile, and call out to us in their *lingua franca*, *Americanos buono*. Some of the officers considered their compliments a proof that our country stood high in their estimation, but such a conclusion is perfectly idle. It was a shallow artifice, common all over the Levant, to flatter us into their own interests. The Barbary Powers have no particular occasion to esteem us, as we were, I believe, the first Christian nation, who refused to pay them tribute, and gave them to understand that the only powder we could consent to present them would be from the mouth of our cannon. The Tunissian gentlemen are great loungers.

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All the public places were crowded with them, but we saw but few females in the streets, and those huge waddling lumps of fat, so muffled up that nothing but their eyes could be seen.

On our return to the Consul's, we found a fresh party from the Constellation, and another from the Ontario, which had arrived from Mahon the preceding evening. The midshipmen who went ashore from the Constellation the day before, were now obliged to return. After they had left us, we fell in with a Jewish pedler, who spoke English very well, and said that he had been some time a student in Harvard University. He informed us that he had just married a beautiful young girl, and wished us to go with him to see her. Of course, we should have been unpardonably deficient in gallantry, if we could have refused such an invitation. After winding about, as usual, for some time, he took us through a filthy yard and up a flight of crazy wooden stairs, into a small mud house. There we found the bride, two of her sisters, and several other young Jewesses. They all rose to receive us, smiling and bowing most graciously. They were prodigiously fat, but that is an essential part of beauty in all Eastern countries. Their eyes were large, black and piercing; and full of an expression of voluptuous softness. Their faces, much to our surprise, were as fresh and blooming as those of our New England girls. They were dressed in flaming red silk gowns, which were ornamented with a profusion of gold and silver lace; and wore huge silver bracelets on their wrists and ankles. A large number of Jewish children soon collected in the yard below to look at us as curiosities. Among them were some sweet looking little girls, with a most intelligent and fascinating expression of countenance.

The moment we entered the apartment and were seated, our handkerchiefs were sprinkled with otto of roses, and rose water was handed us to bathe our faces. Our host made a thousand apologies, because, as it was their Sabbath, he was forbidden by his religion to offer us coffee or any other refreshments, except unleavened bread.

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When we took leave of them, the fair Jewesses gave each of us a hearty shake of the hand, and appeared to be highly gratified with our visit.

We then went to the principal Jewish Synagogue in Tunis. Here several hundred persons of both sexes were assembled, and engaged in what they called religious worship. To me, I confess it was more in accordance with the idea I had formed of an Indian pow-wow, than of any thing I had ever supposed could be styled the worship of that God, whose sacrifices are a broken heart and contrite spirit, and in whose sight one silent penitential tear is more precious than all the noise and all the ceremonies with which fanaticism and superstition have filled the world. Unlike their brethren in ancient times, who, captive and mourning, hung their harps upon the willows that shaded the banks of the Euphrates, these outcasts from their country were singing one of the songs of Zion. The whole assembly joined in the chorus, and the number of discords equalled that of the voices. It was in fact bellowing rather than singing. We did not remain long in such a scene of disorder, but leaving the Synagogue, we returned to the Consul's to partake of the hospitalities with which his table was loaded.

Tunis, though styled in the pompous language of Eastern exaggeration, "the abode of happiness" and "the city well guarded," is really the most execrable and defenceless place that can be imagined. For filth and putrid exhalations, it exceeds every other city I have ever visited even in the East. In some parts of it the stench is so strong and nauseous, that persons, accustomed to purer air, experience a sense of suffocation in breathing. As to the other epithet of *well guarded*, the walls have neither towers nor bastions, and a few slight fortresses on some of the hills that surround the city, are its only means of defence. It would fall an easy prey to any nation that might think proper to besiege it.

The walls of Tunis are about three miles in circuit.

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The streets, except those of the bazars, are no more than lanes or alleys, and many of them are so narrow that two persons cannot walk side by side in them. They are generally paved with unwrought stones. The houses are chiefly of stone and mud, and usually only two stories high. They are built round an open court, called the *patia*, which has a stone or marble pavement, somewhat depressed underneath the sky-light, and grooved for the purpose of carrying off the water that falls when it rains. They generally have a mean and uncomfortable appearance. The roofs are all flat, and in the cool of the day in summer afford delightful promenading places. They communicate with each other, and when people wish to visit, it is not unusual for them to go over the tops of the houses instead of through the streets. It is curious to look down from an eminence on a city where the roofs of many of the dwellings are adorned with grass plats and flower beds. Multitudes of the Tunissians perform their evening devotions on the tops of their houses. There are five gates in the city, which are all closed and barred at sunset. A party of our officers had been riding out in the country one afternoon, and happened to return a few moments after the gates were shut. They had some difficulty to persuade the keepers to let them into the city.

Tunis is more populous than either of the other Barbary capitals. The number of its inhabitants is variously estimated from one hundred to one hundred and fifty thousand. They are also much farther advanced in civilization than either their eastern or western neighbours. For this superiority they are indebted chiefly to commerce, and partially perhaps to the schools of Mohammedan law and divinity, for which Tunis has long been noted. There are said to be at the present time some profound Arabic scholars in that city.

The Tunissians carry on an extensive commerce with France, Italy, Turkey, Greece, Egypt and Palestine. Their principal exports are olive oil, wheat, hides, wool, lentils, wax, dates and perfumes. For these they bring back in exchange all the productions of the coun-

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also met and passed numerous caravans of camels, loaded with oil (in hide sacks) and various other articles of merchandise. The former were approaching the city, but most of the latter were journeying towards the interior of the kingdom.

Bardo is surrounded by two thick walls, which are mounted with a large number of cannon. It has the appearance of a solid mass of buildings. Several thousand persons reside there, all attached to the Court in some capacity or other. The gates were thrown open at our approach, and we wound our way up to the palace of the Bey, between wretched stone huts, in front of which were seated two continuous rows of Turks and Moors, all armed and smoking their chibouques. Some of them were gorgeously arrayed, while the dresses and personal appearance of others indicated the extreme of squalid poverty. We alighted, and our arrival was announced to the Bey. A slave was immediately sent to usher us into his presence. He was in the great Hall of Justice, an oblong apartment in the palace, plainly finished, and without ornament. He is engaged there about three hours every day, Fridays excepted, during his residence at Bardo, which is somewhat more than half the year. In deciding upon the grievances of his slaves, he is both law and judge. He received us seated cross-legged upon his throne, and completely embedded in rich velvet cushions. When we were presented to him, he inclined his head slightly, and extended his hand for each of us to shake; but the Consul was entitled to the superior honour of kissing it. His dress was rich, though not gorgeous, and his turban, white as unsullied snow, was folded with the most perfect symmetry. Several large diamond rings adorned his fingers, and a string of diamond beads served him for a plaything. Plain chairs were brought in for us to sit upon, and coffee was served without cream. The Bey conversed a little, but not enough to incur the charge of loquacity. He asked Captain S. whether he was more pleased with Tunis than Algiers, (to which the captain of course gave an affirmative nod,) and made some inquiries about the war between the lat-

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ter Power and France. He was surrounded by his guards to the number of twenty-five or thirty. These were mostly large, well formed, and muscular men, all splendidly arrayed in Turkish costume. They were flaming in scarlet, gold lace, diamonds, and spangles. The Turkish costume is certainly the most splendid in the world. Its graceful folds and rich adornments set off the person of the wearer to the greatest advantage. The richest European dress looks mean by the side of a rich Turkish dress. Besides the guards, a large number of the subjects or slaves of the Bey were assembled in the hall. These had come there to have their differences adjusted, and their grievances redressed. They had their papers and ink-horns before them, and kept plodding on in their business, with little apparent interest in our visit.

The present Bashaw of Tunis is a man of about fifty-five years of age. He has an atrabilious complexion and smooth skin, with a weak but rather amiable countenance. His eye is dull, and he has the appearance of a man whose physical and intellectual powers have been enervated by dissipation. He is, we were informed, generally beloved by his people. He lost his favourite wife a few years ago, whom he loved to adoration. His harem is small, and composed chiefly of Italian women. One of the American dragomen told me that the reason of his preferring Italians for wives was that their marriage excited no expectations on the part of their relatives, whereas if he married his own countrywomen, all *their* friends became *his* enemies, unless they were liberally provided for by him. This struck me as at least somewhat plausible.

After we took leave of the Bey, we called on the principal ministers of his Court, who received us with the greatest politeness. Coffee was always served, and we found them much more sociable than their master. The minister of Foreign Affairs was a Christian. He did not shave his head, but wore his hair in a long cue behind. A native Italian, he gave proofs of his origin in his manners, conversation, and the ornaments of his apartment. The walls of this were adorned with a great variety of paintings and engravings, and among them we were sur-

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prised to find several representing some of our successful naval engagements with the Barbary Powers. He talked in a torrent. His conversation ran chiefly on France and Algiers. He said that Tunis would not like to see Algiers made a French colony, but would have no objections to the Algerines receiving a sound drubbing.

The Zapitapa, who is prime minister, could not have been more than thirty years old, when we saw him. The Tunissians called him *young in years but old in oppression.* When we were first presented to him, his manner was studied and formal, but he soon relaxed and entered into conversation with great freedom and politeness. He is not above the middle stature, but of a somewhat muscular frame. His complexion is of a deep brown, with a high forehead, acquiline nose, and a dark, large, piercing eye. The general expression of his features indicates shrewdness, severity, and decision. His dress bordered upon the slovenly, his room was without a single ornament, and the chairs presented us for seats, such as may be seen in any poor man's kitchen in America. He has managed by his address to get the Bey completely under his influence, and he rules the kingdom with an iron-handed despotism. He is an object of universal hatred and terror. The Zapitapa piques himself on his horsemanship. Dr. Heape assured us that he had seen him, when riding a charger at full speed, fire his rifle, toss it up in the air, and, whirling round, catch it as it was falling.

When we had finished our calls at Court, the Bey having invited us to visit his country seat at Manuba, about two miles beyond Bardo, we again mounted into our coaches and proceeded thither. A number of slaves had been sent on before us to prepare refreshments. The palace at Manuba, though less gorgeous and showy than the unfinished one within the city, is in the true style of Oriental architecture, airy, graceful and elegant. It is two stories high and built round a large open court, in the centre of which is a fish pond, where thousands of beautiful gold and silver fishes were playing their antics. The court is surrounded by a corridor, whose

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roof is supported by marble columns in none of the Grecian orders, but slender and graceful, with short intercolumniations. Many of the interior apartments are also ornamented with the same kind of columns, and the pavements of all of them are of fine marble. We were shown through the whole building, not even excepting the seraglio, that *Ultima Thule* of European curiosity. This is an oblong room, with two wings and a projecting part in the centre opposite the entrance. It was destitute of furniture when we visited it, but nothing can surpass the graceful beauty of its architecture. It is surrounded by a divan, or sofa, elevated from ten to fifteen inches above the pavement, and extending out about two feet from the walls. The windows of this apartment are fancifully decorated with coloured glass. The Turks are excessively fond of ornaments of this kind.

The palace is encircled by a garden containing, as we judged, upwards of fifty acres. More than half of it consists of a grove of orange trees, which, at the time of our visit, were so heavily laden that we observed many of the branches shored up with poles to prevent their being broken off from the parent trunks by the weight of their golden fruit. There is a beautiful summer-house near the centre of the garden.

After we had finished our observations, refreshments were served in the seraglio. They were brought in by barefooted slaves, on large silver waiters, which were placed upon the carpet, and we partook of them reclining on the divan in genuine Turkish style. They consisted of a delicious glass of lemonade and not less than a dozen different kinds of cakes, moulded into as many shapes, and all thickly incrusted with sugar, and strongly scented with musk and otto of roses. Having partaken of these refreshments, coffee was served in gilt china cups, and then huge bunches of oranges were brought in fresh from the trees, and the carpet of one wing of the seraglio literally covered with them. This repast concluded, we returned to the Consul's, and, having devoured the better part of a roast pig and turkey, and emptied a few decanters of his old Madeira and Champaign, we set off

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to the ship, in good fellowship with all the world, and highly gratified with our visit to the "abode of happiness," and our reception both by Dr. Heape and the yellow, crossed-legged Beast, yclept the Bashaw of Tunis.

The wind was high, and it was night before we got half way over the Lake of Tunis. Having neglected to take the bearings of the stars before it became so dark that we could not see the Goletta, we lost our way, and ran aground not much less than a dozen times. The sailors were then obliged to jump out in the water, and shove the boat off of the mud. We began to entertain serious apprehensions of being tantalized in this way all night, but, much to our joy, the entrance of the canal was discovered, between ten and eleven o'clock, just ahead. It was after midnight when we got to the ship, and the poor fellows who had pulled us off were dripping wet, and almost exhausted by fatigue. They were allowed to "splice the main brace," which was to them an ample compensation for all their toils.

The next day, the nineteenth of the month, the captain and wardroom officers gave a grand entertainment on board. Before daylight the barge and two or three cutters were sent ashore to bring the company aboard. Several of the Consuls and their families came off. The day was spent in dancing and other social amusements. A number of the belles complained of headache and seasickness.

One of the cutters that had been sent to take the visiters ashore, in returning at night, was fired upon by a sentinel at the Goletta. An affair grew out of this which detained us several days. The Bey was notified of the occurrence, and his decision was that, whatever punishment might be demanded by Captain Wadsworth, should be inflicted on the offender for his temerity. The captain declined interfering, and the poor fellow was then ordered by the Bey to be bastinadoed with a hundred blows on each of his feet.

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CHAPTER X.

This unfortunate affair of the sentinel detained us several days after we were ready to sail. Having at length been finally settled, both ships got under weigh on the twenty-fourth of the month. We had been ordered by the commodore to show our colours off Tangiers in our spring cruise. Accordingly, on the evening of the fifth of May, we passed the Rock with a light breeze aft, which freshened up towards the latter part of the night, and early in the morning we found ourselves off the town. We hoisted our ensigns and hove-to for a short time, and then, filling away again, we began to beat down to Gibraltar.

Tangiers is one of the principal cities of the kingdom of Fez, and stands at the western extremity of the Straits of Gibraltar. It was first taken from the aboriginal inhabitants by Sertorius, a Roman General, and continued for several centuries a province of the Roman empire. When that Power was subverted by the Goths, Tinjis, the ancient name of the city, fell into their hands, and they retained possession of it till the Saracens wrested it from Count Julian, who was at that time governor of it. In one thousand four hundred and seventy-one, it experienced another revolution, and was incorporated into the dominons of Alonzo, of Portugal. It was given by this latter Power to Charles the Second, of England, as a marriage dowry with the Princess Catharine. The English, not finding it of sufficient utility to pay the expenses of retention, in one thousand six hundred and eighty-four destroyed the mole and fortifications, and abandoned it to its present possessors, the Moors. It is not at present a strongly fortified place, and the quantity

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of rubbish with which the destruction of the old mole and fortifications has choked up the harbour, renders the anchorage there unsafe during the prevalence of strong westerly gales. The Arabic name of Tangiers is Tinjiah. The garrison at Gibraltar obtains from thence large supplies of eggs, vegetables, oranges, dates and other fruits. The United States and most of the nations of Europe have Consuls residing there.

We had to beat against an easterly wind, which was blowing almost a gale, and although we had the current in our favour, and the distance from Tangiers to the Rock is only thirty-eight miles, it was after dark when we came to an anchor off the town of Gibraltar. Not one of us had received a letter from America since the arrival of the Ontario from Gibraltar in the fall, and it would be difficult to conceive the point to which our anxiety was wrought up. We waited impatiently for the morning, and when it came, let the reader, if he can, imagine the disappointment and consternation that reigned throughout the ship, when it was announced that all our letters had been sent to Mahon in a store ship only a few days before. A thrust from a dagger would scarcely have produced a more painful sensation in me than this sudden failure of my hopes.

We remained in Gibraltar only long enough to transact our necessary business, and sailed from there on the fifteenth. Mr. Henry and his two little sons took passage with us to Mahon. It was the intention of the captain to have touched at Malaga, but the current carried us past that town in the night, and in the morning there was not wind enough to enable us to return.

Sailors, rough as they are, are generally excessively fond of children; and Mr. Henry's two boys were universal pets. They were sprightly lads, and their childish diversions varied agreeably the monotony of a sea life. Sometimes the officer of the deck would give them the

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trumpet, and let them sail the ship; at others, one of them would become a bull and the other his *matador*, and they would go through with all the manœuvres of a regular bull fight. Our first lieutenant had shipped a pair of monkeys at Gibraltar, and they also contributed their full share to the amusement of both officers and crew. The captain suffered most severely from their roguery. They would steal into his pantry, and get hold of a loaf of bread, a pie, or a pudding, and as sure as the steward made an attempt to wrest it from them, they would jump out of a port-hole, throw it overboard, and make their escape. Sometimes they would climb the masts up to the trucks to avoid being taken. They were allowed to remain in the ship several months, but one day, when the captain was going to give a large dinner party, they got hold of a pan of baked pears, and what they could not eat, they threw overboard. This produced a sentence of banishment, and we never had any more monkeys on board during the remainder of the cruise.

We were becalmed for several days in succession off the coast of Granada. The quarter boats were lowered away, and the sailors went out in search of turtles. They took only two. Whenever any thing of this kind is caught at sea, the captain is always entitled to it.

In summer, whilst becalmed at sea, the men frequently get permission towards sunset to go in a bathing. Not more than one watch is ever allowed to bathe at the same time. One of the studding sail booms is rigged out, and a Jacob's ladder made fast to it for the men to climb up, when they wish to come aboard. They run out upon the boom, which is some eight or ten feet above the water, and then plunge headlong into the sea. Challenges are often bandied about, and regular swimming matches formed; and the various sports in which the swimmers engage, furnish a lively and interesting scene. It usually lasts about half an hour, and is always viewed with much interest from the quarter deck. The officers also often go in a bathing when at sea.

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About the time we left Gibraltar, one of the most tremendous gales ever known in those parts swept over the Mediterranean from Europe to Africa. Two French brigs, composing a part of the blockading squadron off Algiers, were driven ashore, and the officers and crews made prisoners and put in confinement, from which they were not released till Algiers fell into the hands of the French. The whole force of the tempest was felt in the Balearic Isles, where it did great injury to the crops and fruits. We felt the effects of it off Cape de Gatt, where, although it was a dead calm, our ship rolled as if she had been scudding before a heavy gale.

During our spring cruise I beguiled my leisure hours while at sea with Don Quixotte. I have never read the English version, but am confident that no translation can do more than feebly shadow forth the exquisite and incomparable beauties of the original. It was one of the most brilliant remarks of the epigrammatic Montesquieu, that Spain had produced but one good book, and the object of that was to show the folly and worthlessness of all the rest. Were this true, as it is not, I should not hesitate to say that the Spanish language would be well worth the trouble of learning, merely for the sake of reading that single book. But did the witty President make this remark because he really believed it was true, or merely to say a clever thing? Let the Labyrinth of Juan de Mena, the sweet pastorals and sonnets of Garcilaso, Francisco de la Torre and Balbuena, the sublime and fervid lyrics of Luis de Leon, Rioja and Fernando de Herrara, the graceful romances of the sixteenth century, the prodigious and inexhaustible genius of Lope de Vega, and a hundred other names, almost equally distinguished in "prose and numerous verse," answer this question.

It was shrewdly remarked by Philip the Second to his courtiers, when he saw a man walking the streets of Seville and bursting at intervals into *carcajadas*, or immoderate fits of laughter, "That man must either be

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mad, or he is reading Don Quixotte." Cervantes is the Shakspeare of Spain, and next to Jack Falstaff, Sancho Panza is without doubt the most comical character in the whole range of fictitious writings. His alternate acuteness and simplicity, his arch roguery and sheer silliness, and his endless proverbs, which he pours forth on every occasion, whether they suit the discourse or not, would set in motion the risibles of Diogenes himself. Scarcely less ludicrous are the affected stateliness both of language and manners, the misguided courage, and the ever-recurring mistakes of the flower and cream of knight-errantry—the valorous, imaginative, famed and worthy-to-be-famed Don Quixotte de la Mancha.

The characters in Cervantes' work, though not numerous, are all admirably sustained. They are sketched with a freedom and individuality as charming as they are fresh and racy. Not only their mental portraits, but every lineament in their features and every article in their dress are drawn with such truth and justness that the author seems to be copying rather than painting, and to depend more upon the resources of memory than imagination. Instead of creations of the fancy, they appear like old acquaintances with whom we have long been in the habit of whiling away an idle hour over a good bottle of claret.

In works of every description, but especially in dramatic compositions, style, though by no means an unimportant, must always be a secondary consideration. It is those large ideas that lift the mind into higher and purer regions, those bursts of deep-wrought passion that cause the feelings of the reader to gush from their buried fountains like the waters from the rock in the wilderness when touched by the prophetic rod, that delightful imagery that bathes the spirit in dreams of a brighter world, those just and living pictures of the many-coloured life of man that come home to every one's bosom;—it is these things, which constitute the chief merit of dramatic compositions. All these characteristics the work of Cervantes possesses in a pre-eminent degree. But it has moreover the merit of being written

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in a style of surpassing excellence. One would say that each of the Graces had lent it her peculiar charms—Aglaria her splendour, Euterpe her freshness, and Euphrosyne her cheerfulness. It is the noblest example extant of the richness, flexibility and majesty of perhaps the richest, most flexible and most majestic of modern languages; that language whose noble qualities have exacted from all who know it the appellation of the "Idiom of the Gods."

We arrived in Mahon on the twenty-third of May, and found the Java and Fairfield there from Smyrna, both in quarantine. Mahon was overflowing with French *medecins*, who had gone thither to attend to the sick and wounded, who might be carried there from Algiers to receive medical aid. Hospital Island and the barracks in Georgetown had been rented to the French government for this purpose. The surgeons were for the most part young gentlemen, fresh from college, who had volunteered their services. They were Frenchmen, and this simple fact speaks volumes on their gallantry and powers of fascination. When we returned in August from our summer cruise, my old landlord said to me, *Los Franceses han hecho maravillas en Maon*,* and when I asked him what wonders they had done, shrugging up his shoulders, he replied dryly, *Cosas de Franceses*.†

On the twenty-eighth, in company with Dr. ——, I took a stroll in the country. We took the road, known there by the name of *El Camino Verde*, and had proceeded about half a mile, when, accidentally casting my eye towards the Mediterranean, it was met by one of the most glorious prospects I ever beheld. The view operated like electricity on my own feelings, and exclaiming in a sort of frenzied tone, "Look! yonder is the French fleet," I gave the same start to those of the

* "The French have done wonders in Mahon."
† "Things of Frenchmen."

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Doctor. We proceeded to the largest and most elevated Talyot in the vicinity of Mahon, where a great concourse of people were assembled with telescopes to witness the spirit-stirring scene. From this point, the sea view was obstructed only by Cape Mola, and the water in either direction, as far as the eye could stretch, was covered and whitened with innumerable sail. I counted at one time upwards of ninety, a considerable number of which were ships of the line and frigates. The whole division consisted of about three hundred vessels, but the line which they formed was so long that those in the van were continually disappearing, and others heaving in sight. The breeze was fresh, and the sea covered with breakers, which looked like silver fretwork, reflecting the sunbeams that played upon it. The scene excited a deep and absorbing interest in the multitudes who were collected to behold it, and a thousand speculations and predictions were uttered as to the probable issue of the contest. In my mind it produced a train of melancholy reflections. War is sometimes necessary, and therefore just, but the necessity which produces it, is always to be regretted. When the peaceful doctrines of the meek and patient Jesus shall have gained that influence over the passions and understandings of mankind, to which their purity and excellence entitle them, strife and bloodshed will cease from off the earth; men, on whose features, alike in every clime and every condition, is stamped the image of the ever blessed God, will think and feel and act like brethren; and the world will no longer exhibit those jarring scenes, which have hitherto made it one vast Aceldama—a field of blood.

Having taken on board water and provisions for our summer cruise, we sailed from Mahon on the morning of the eleventh of June, and in the afternoon of the same day entered the Bay of Palma, capital of Majorca and of the province composed of the Balearic Isles. We found several French men of war cruising off the bay, and about two hundred transports at anchor near the

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town. We did not come to an anchor there, but ran in far enough to obtain a tolerably good view of the city, hoisted our colours and hove-to.

The Bay of Palma faces the southeast, and, both in extent and shape, resembles that of Gibraltar. It is contained between the Capes Blanco and Cala Figuera. The city is handsomely situated on a gentle declivity at the head of the bay, and appears to good advantage from the water. The public edifices are numerous and conspicuous. The cathedral church, a venerable Gothic pile, situated in the upper part of the town and standing out to view in full relief, produces an uncommonly fine effect. Palma is said to contain a population of about forty thousand souls. It is celebrated for the number of its ecclesiastics and the beauty of its females. These latter are to the other fair Spanish islanders what the Andalusians are to their sister beauties of the Peninsula. They pride themselves particularly on the symmetry of their forms. Not many years ago a young Majorcan dandy became the *enamorado* of a girl who was looked upon as the very *beau ideal* of symmetry. Having gone through with the requisite preliminaries of vows and sighs and raptures and billets-doux and all the *et cetera* of courtship, they at length became "one flesh." But what was the bridegroom's consternation on discovering the very first night after the marriage, that the hips of his Dulcinea, whose beautiful proportions had been the admiration of every circle she ever graced, were made to ship and unship, as occasion might require, like the accommodation ladder of a frigate! The poor fellow made a desperate struggle for a divorce, but the court decided that he must keep his "rib," hips or no hips.

Majorca is a large and fertile island. It produces excellent oranges and in great abundance. The coast is generally rugged and mountainous, but the interior is said to contain some of the richest and most beautiful valleys in the south of Europe. The women there labour in the fields like men.

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Having remained about half an hour off the town, we wore ship and stood away with a fresh breeze for Barcelona. It fell calm towards night, and continued so for twenty-four hours. The following evening a breeze sprang up, and on the morning of the thirteenth, soon after breakfast, we made the coast of Catalonia. Few views can surpass in grandeur, richness and variety, that enjoyed by the voyager in approaching Barcelona from sea. Mount Serrat, towering in proud and lonely sublimity; the majestic sweep of coast which forms the bay; the innumerable villages, vineyards and cornfields that crown the hills to their very summits; the streams which are seen meandering along down the valleys to mingle their waters with those of the Mediterranean; and finally, Barcelona itself with its fortress of Monjuich, its citadel and its countless domes and spires, successively attract and gratify the attention.

We came to an anchor about two miles from the entrance of the harbour. As it was Sunday when we arrived, nobody went ashore but an officer to agree upon a salute. Early the next morning three gentlemen, *el primer actor de Tradegia*,* a young painter just from Italy, and a lawyer came off to see the ship. The tragedian was a *Madrileno*, as nearly all the actors on the Spanish stage are; the other two were native Catalans. The former, in his eyes, hair and manners, was a genuine Spaniard; but his complexion was less *morena* than that of most of his countrymen. He had the most delicately tapered fingers and the most beautifully proportioned hand it is possible to imagine, and he took especial pains to display them to the best advantage. His conversation was elegant, classical and intelligent; and he expressed unbounded admiration of our country and its institutions. The painter had nothing remarkable in his dress or personal appearance, but the lawyer was a perfect *unique*. He was far below the ordinary stature, and apparently about thirty-five years of age.

* The chief tragedian.

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His complexion was a dark brown, and his features were harsh but full of expression. His mouth was not much larger than the key-hole of a trunk; his chin pointed; his nose small, thin, and as sharp as a piece of cut tin; and his eyes like two peas in size, deep-set, of a jet black colour, and as keen and sparkling as the antelope's. It was difficult to judge from his looks whether shrewdness or roguery was his predominant characteristic.

I happened to be walking on the quarter deck when they came on board, and the officer of the deck requested me to show them through the ship. I walked up to them, saluted them, and made a few common place remarks. Having been conducted through the ship, they declared themselves *encantados de su propiedad, limpieza y buen orden,** and invited me to take coffee with them in the evening at the principal coffee house in the street called La Rambla.

I went ashore immediately after dinner in company with Dr.——, and having strolled through the town for some time, at the appointed hour we repaired to the coffee house. We found our good friend the tragedian and the little man of the green bag already waiting for us. We were ushered into a large room furnished with a great number of small marble tables, around which were seated some dozens of groups, who were engaged in loud conversation, and allaying, by means of a cup of strong coffee, the fumes of the wine with which they had washed down their dinners. Our tragedian sung out for *cuatro tazas de cafe*, which were forthwith brought in, and a small decanter of liquor was placed upon the table at the same time. Many of the Spaniards mix spirits with their coffee.

It was the celebration of the feast of Corpus Christi when we were at Barcelona; and the first evening that

* "Enchanted with her propriety, cleanliness and good order."

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I was ashore there, I had an opportunity of witnessing one of the grandest religious processions with which that festival is commemorated. Nearly all the inhabitants of Barcelona turned out *en masse*, and proceeded to the small town of Barcelonetta, which stands upon a neck of land lying to the northward and eastward of the city. We stationed ourselves about midway between Barcelona and Barcelonetta, where we had an excellent opportunity of seeing the procession as it passed. It is not my design to give a minute description of it. It was headed by a large proportion of the clergy of every grade, who were dressed in their richest robes, and carried torches and banners. The citizens followed in their train, not in any regular order, but as the convenience and pleasure of each individual dictated. The whole procession was nearly an hour in passing us, and we had a fine opportunity of scrutinizing on a large scale the dress and beauty of the Spanish ladies. In this we were not a little aided by our theatrical Mentor.

Spain is, I believe, the only country in the civilized world, where the costume of females is not affected by rank; but there the belle who captivates the hearts of half the courtiers in the kingdom is not distinguished in her dress, except by its superior richness, from the poor country girl who brings in every morning to market her basket of fruits or vegetables, and beguiles the tedium of her walk by the uncouth strains of the fandango song, with which her *enamorado* had serenaded her on the preceding evening. Of all the female costumes with which I am acquainted, I do not hesitate to avow a decided preference for the Spanish. The gala dress of a Spanish lady is always black. It is neat, modest and appropriate. It is impossible that it should be gaudy or ostentatious. The principal distinction between the Spanish female costume and that of other countries, is the black lace *mantilla* worn upon the head. This supplies the place of a bonnet, and is, to my eye, infinitely more beautiful. The *basquina*, or gown, does not differ essentially from that in use among French, English

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and American ladies, except that it is made a little shorter, in order to display more fully the foot and ankle, of which the Spanish fair are generally excessively vain. In company, whether in summer or winter, a fan is an indispensable article. In love matters a Spanish lady can carry on a conversation as intelligibly with her fan and eyes, as with her tongue and lips.

Female beauty in Spain is quite a different thing from what it is in the United States.

They make less account there of those delicacies of complexion, that regularity of features, and a thousand other light and airy graces, so much valued among us; and look more to the *soul* expressed in the countenance. To a Spaniard a fine eye, full of life and expression, is an atonement for almost every other species of ugliness. Black is the only colour ever celebrated in their love songs, and they are accustomed to say that persons with blue eyes ought to see better in the night than in the daytime, because they have *ojos de gata.** The Spanish women are generally well formed. Their feet and ankles are renowned all the world over for their smallness and symmetry.

When the procession had nearly passed us, we joined in with the crowd and proceeded to Barceloneta. This is the most singular looking place I ever saw. It is an exact square, and has twenty-four streets intersecting each other at right angles. The houses are of brick and two stories high. They are all of the same size, with the same number of doors, windows, and apartments. Every one, in short, is the exact image of its neighbour. Temporary board seats had been constructed, and almost every street in the place was lined with a row of ladies on each side of it. When the services in the church were ended, and the clergy issued forth, the whole immense assemblage rose, and the gentlemen all uncovered themselves. Our little lawyer whispered us to take off our hats, unless we wished to attract the gaze of the popu-

* "Cat's eyes."

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lace, and excite the indignation of the friars. At the same time he more than intimated that he looked upon the whole ceremony as a mere piece of mummery, and conformed to the general usage in this respect only to avoid the anathemas of the priesthood.

Every time I was ashore in Barcelona, I saw two colossal female dolls dancing through the streets. They were constantly followed by immense crowds of people. This was also a part of the ceremony of the Corpus Christi.

The people of Barcelona, like those in other parts of Spain, are excessively fond of processions, balls, masquerades, theatrical representations and public spectacles of every kind. Madrid for bull-fights, and Barcelona for masquerades, leave all the other cities of Spain far behind them. "Bread, amusements, and executions," was a motto of one of the Kings of Naples, and it is the true policy of every despot in existence. To enable the people to procure the bare necessaries of life, to furnish them with amusements to drown their cares and make them forget their oppressions, and to multiply executions to let them know that the sword of power is suspended over their heads by a hair,—all this is the very quintessence of despotism.

The excessive fondness for public shows and public assemblies, prevalent in Spain, indicates, in my opinion, an extremely unintellectual state of the people. "A good man," Solomon says, "is satisfied from himself." In a somewhat different sense, it is not perhaps less true that an intellectual people will be satisfied from their own meditations. I should regret exceedingly to see a taste for public spectacles and assemblies, fitted to minister only to the gratifications of sense, gaining ground in this country. I could not but regard it as a proof that the general intelligence and virtue for which my countrymen are now so honourably distinguished, were on the decline, and as the harbinger of those vicious and degrading excesses, which never fail to follow in the train of

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ignorance and corruption. There are men in Spain who see and mourn over this state of things, but they have no power to remedy it. I do not state this unadvisedly. A gentleman to whom I have more than once had occasion to refer in the course of this work, said to me one day in a conversation on this very subject. "Sir, I love my country; every particle of my flesh and every drop of my blood are Spanish, and I am proud of the name of Spaniard; but Spain is degraded, lost, ruined; her inhabitants at this moment are more ignorant, wretched, and vicious than those of any other country in Europe; and at present I see no prospect of an amelioration. Ah! my dear sir, the only sad consolation I have left, is that I shall not long survive to behold the miseries and disgraces of my native land."

Nor is the gentleman to whom I allude the only person whom I have heard express similar sentiments. Indeed, I believe it to be the general feeling entertained by the more intelligent and reflecting part of the community, who have no personal interest in maintaining opposite views. But clearly as the better spirits of Spain may see the disgraced and wretched condition of their country, they can do no more than brood over it in silent and unavailing regret. Even before the last French revolution, they were afraid to breathe their sentiments except to persons in whom they knew they could place entire confidence. Of this I had frequent and numerous proofs. One day, when walking along the ramparts of Barcelona in company with several Spanish gentlemen, the conversation turned on the comparative condition of Spain and the United States. They made a thousand inquiries, which I answered to the best of my ability. Warmed by the subject, and free from the restraint which would have been imposed by suspicious company, we had unconsciously allowed our enthusiasm to influence the tone of voice in which we conversed; but when we came to the neighbourhood of a sentinel on guard, one of them said to me in a tone approaching to a whisper, *Senor, hablemos bajo, porque estamos cerca de un guardia, y quien sabe lo que podria suceder? Aqui*

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*no se puede fiar de nadie.** On another occasion, another gentleman said to me, "In the United States you have perfect freedom both of thought and speech, but in Spain we have only to"—— and he put his finger on his lips without uttering a syllable.

This was the state of things before the late French revolution. Since that event, it has greatly altered for the worse. Previously newspapers had been published in all the principal and many of the minor cities of Spain, subject, however, to the censorship of persons appointed by the crown. The instant intelligence of the occurrences in Paris reached Madrid, an edict was issued, abolishing every one of them, and now the *Gazeta de Madrid* is the only political paper published in the whole kingdom. This is directly under the eye of the King and his Confessor, and thus every avenue of correct foreign and domestic intelligence is effectually barred to all the inhabitants of the interior of the Peninsula. A *Diario* to communicate commercial intelligence and facilitate business is published in each of the great commercial cities, but all political matter, except such as is copied from the Madrid Gazette, is strictly excluded. In this respect, as well as many others, the slaves of Sultan Mahmoud are in a condition far preferable to that of the subjects of Ferdinand the Seventh. In Constantinople from six to ten newspapers are published without being subjected to any censorship whatsoever; and the Courier de Smyrne, to my own knowledge, is as independent, and expresses the views of its conductors with almost as little reserve, as any paper in the United States.

But it was not merely in the suppression of the newspapers that the French revolution operated to the prejudice of the poor Spaniard. A system of *espionage* and eaves-dropping a hundred fold more strict and scrutinizing than that which exisited before, was established

* "Sir, let us talk low, for we are near a sentinel, and who knows what might happen? Here confidence can be reposed in nobody."

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in every city, village, and hamlet throughout the kingdom. The sanctity of private friendship was violated by the opening of letters in all cases where there was any cause, real or imaginary, for suspecting that they contained political heresies. An esteemed and estimable friend of mine in Mahon, now numbered with the dead, sent a son to the university of Valencia, at a time when the liberalists entertained some faint hopes that the revolutionary movements in the north and south of Spain might result in a complete change of the government. No man was more interested in such a result than he was, and none more anxious to get the earliest intelligence from the different theatres of action; but I heard him enjoin it again and again upon his son not to communicate in his letters a syllable of political news, however important or interesting it might be. This simple fact speaks volumes on the illiberal and despotic policy of the Spanish Government. Who can contemplate it without being filled with compassion for a people, whose dearest rights are thus ruthlessly torn from them, and trampled under foot by an idiot and a debauchee, who, though clothed in the robes of royalty, according to every just scale of merit, is not worthy to unloose the latchets of the shoes of many of his meanest subjects? For myself, I confess that when I heard the good old man give such an injunction to his son, I was profoundly moved, and could not but bless God that to me the "lines had fallen in pleasant places."

The revolution in France would have been followed by one in Spain as sure as there is a sun in the heavens, if the memory of the excesses to which revolutions, whether right or wrong, always give rise, had not been so recent in the minds of men; but so short a period had elapsed since Spain had been deluged in the blood of her own citizens, that even the friends of free institutions and equal rights shuddered and shrunk from the anticipation of the horrors of a civil war. I was on the spot at the time when the prospects of a revolution were greatest, and when it was even confidently expected that the whole Peninsula would be in revolt in a few weeks,

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and from a careful attention to the current of events, I am as fully persuaded of the truth of this assertion as I can be of any thing which I do not absolutely know. And the friends of liberal governments and the rights of man may rest assured that the present apparent calm of Spain, and the rest of Europe, is but the quiet of Vesuvius before an eruption. The embers are glowing in the bowels of the volcano. Its hidden fires are working up towards the surface, and the burning lava will ere long burst from beneath the superincumbent mass, with a force augmented by the previous restraints under which it had laboured. But there will be this remarkable difference between the effects of the natural and moral volcanic action. The former pours its tide of desolation on cultivated fields and smiling villages, while the latter will only consume the miserable weeds and rubbish that eat up and obstruct the natural fertility of the political and moral soil.

An intelligent Frenchman said to me shortly after the change of government in France, *Monsieur, les trois jours glorieux de Juillet ont fait le bonheur de l'Europe.* I agreed with him then, and I have not since seen sufficient cause to change my opinion. The occurrences of those "glorious days" have given an impulse to the mind of Europe towards free institutions, which it will never lose. It may be accelerated or retarded in its progress by unforeseen causes, but its march will nevertheless continue to be onward, till the last despotism in Europe,—is it political fanaticism to hope,—the last despotism on earth, shall have crumbled and fallen to ruins.

The mind of Europe, I know from my own observation, is in a state of feverish agitation, and the people there are daily becoming ripe for those great changes which must sooner or later take place in the political organization of the Old World. I have said that Europe was in a state of apparent tranquillity, but even the stillness of this tranquillity is occasionally broken by confused but portentous sounds. These sounds which reach our ears at this vast distance, I am persuaded, are but the

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usual indications of the approaching storm—the low and distant mutterings of thunder before the gust breaks its vials of electricity over our heads. But tempests in the natural world purify the air and clothe the fields with beauty; and may we not anticipate the same healthful and refreshing influences from the political storms with which Europe is to be visited?

Since my return to the United States, I have heard with feelings of the profoundest regret, menaces and speculations with regard to the dissolution of this Union. I am not about to discuss this question, but do those who agitate it, with so little apparent concern, weigh well the probable, the almost certain consequences of such an event? Its effects would not be limited to this country. Indeed, its most important effects would perhaps be on the other side of the Atlantic. In Europe it would retard the march of intellect, morals, and government for more than a century. It would confound and dishearten the advocates of liberal principles; whilst an iron-handed aristocracy would seize upon it as an instrument to rivet, with a still stronger tenacity, upon the great mass of the people, the loathsome fetters of oppression. On its annunciation, Liberty would clothe herself in sackcloth, and water with her tears the grave of her fairest hopes, and Despotism would strike a pæan louder and more fiendish than she has sung, since Alexander enslaved the world.

Barcelona is the capital of Catalonia, the most fertile and highly cultivated province in Spain. It contains, including those of Barcelonetta, about two hundred thousand inhabitants. It is the most strongly fortified place in the kingdom. The garrison, when we were there, consisted of about twelve thousand troops, being somewhat smaller than usual. I saw the regiment of King's Guards parade. They were dressed in a splendid uniform, mounted on superb chargers, and performed their various evolutions with great adroitness. The Catalans

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are the best soldiers in Spain. There does not exist a braver or more hardy race of men. A curious anecdote was related to me by a Spaniard, going to show the capacity of his countrymen for endurance. There was a regiment, or a company, (I forget which) of Spaniards in Bonaparte's Russian army. They were exposed to the same rigours with the rest of the army, and the proportion that perished was not one-fourth as great as in any regiment or company of Frenchmen.

Barcelona is surrounded by a wall which is double on the land side, and a deep fosse that can at any time be filled with water. The walls, especially on the land side, are very thick, and mounted at convenient distances with cannon. The citadel, a place of great strength, is situated on an eminence in the northeast part of the city. It was built for the double purpose of awing the inhabitants and defending them against foreign enemies, and more than once has it been successfully employed to answer both these ends. State prisoners are kept in it, and it is difficult to get admission. The most important military work at Barcelona is on a high hill to the southwest of the town. It is called the Fortress of Monjuich, from the name of the hill on which it stands. From this hill may be seen, in a clear day, the two principal of the Balearic Isles, Majorca and Minorca.

The streets in Barcelona are generally narrow, irregular, and dirty. They were originally handsomely paved with square stones, but time has not been idle, and many of them are now quite rough. They have no sidewalks. The Broadway of Barcelona is *La Rambla*. With the exception of the New Mall, or Alameda, it is the most fashionable promenade in the city. It is a noble street. The promenade is in the centre of it, and is bordered on each side by a row of beautiful locust trees. Carriages pass on both sides. The Alameda is a delightful spot. It is ornamented with four beautiful fountains and a large variety of shade trees. At one end of it is the garden of the governor general of the province, which, though small, makes up for what it wants in size,

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in the neatness and elegance with which it is laid out. It contains a large aviary, in which almost every species of fancy bird in the two continents has a representative. Marble statues and fountains meet you at every turn.

The houses are generally from four to six stories high, and are for the most part built of brick, but plastered so as to appear like stone. Those on the principal streets are ornamented with miserable fresco paintings. They have enormous windows, which, when we were there, were all hung on the outside with calico curtains, giving to the streets a most singularly fantastic appearance.

The public buildings are an Exchange, a Custom-House, a Royal Palace, a Hall of Justice, a Theatre, and Churches and Convents innumerable. As we remained in Barcelona only three days, I had time to visit but few of them, and to those few I could give only a passing glance. Many of the churches are large and splendid, but none of them rivals the Cathedral in magnificence. The style of architecture of this superb temple is a light and elegant Gothic. It is, however, overloaded with ornaments. Gold could make it no richer than it is. These costly decorations it owes to the discovery of America. In a subterraneous apartment is the magnificent tomb of St. Eulalia, the patroness of the city. This church was founded in the thirteenth century by the famous Raymond Berenger, the great patron of the Troubadours, *quorum pars magna fuit.*

The theatre is not large, but neat and commodious. It fell short of my expectations, as I had read in some books of travels that it was the handsomest in Spain. Senor Nicanor Puchol, my *tragi-cicerone*, informed me that in Madrid, Seville, Granada and Cadiz there are theatres far superior to it. There were no theatrical performances in Barcelona while we remained there, in consequence of the celebration of the festival of Corpus Christi.

The finest edifice in Barcelona is the Exchange. It is two hundred and thirty feet by seventy-seven, and is three stories high. On the first floor is the grand saloon,

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where the merchants assemble daily to make their contracts and hear the news. It is one of the three places where masquerade balls are held during the Carnival. The apartments in the upper stories are occupied for schools of chemestry, navigation and the various branches of the fine arts; all free of expense and open to whoever may choose to attend. This is a noble institution, and does honour to the Catalonian capital. I sincerely wish that "the vintage land, fair flowery Spain," furnished more frequent examples of such enlarged and enlightened public spirit. The schools are open only at night, so that those who are engaged in business during the day, may have an opportunity of enjoying the benefits of them. They are always numerously attended. The gallery of paintings is also in this building. It is small but contains some choice pieces.

There is a good deal of commerce in Barcelona, and the warehouses and shops are therefore well stored with merchandise. Each class of merchandise has its own street;—an arrangement, which it would be wise to adopt in our own cities. The port is a basin partly natural and partly artificial. As you enter it, you have the city directly ahead; on your left is the fortress of Monjuich, and on your right the little brick town of Barcelonetta. The mole consists of two piers, which form in effect two distinct harbours. It is built of hewn stone of immense size, and is considered one of the greatest works in Spain. Swinburne appropriately denominates it a "master-piece of solidity and convenience." At the extremity of each of the piers is a large and elegant lighthouse.

The harbour cannot be entered by large ships, as there is a bar at its mouth, over which the water is only fifteen feet deep. A mud machine, worked by steam, is kept constantly in operation. We saw a good deal of shipping there, chiefly Spanish. The tax imposed on all merchant ships for the repairs of the mole, and the heavy import

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duties, prevent the merchants of other countries from trading much at Barcelona. The quay surrounding the port is broad, clean and commodious.

The last day I was ashore, I rode out in the country with my old friends, the tragedian and lawyer. We visited the famous convent of Capuchin friars at the foot of Mount St. Geronimo. It is a great curiosity ; I speak of the grounds belonging to the convent, and not of the church or apartments of the friars. The entrance is through a stone gateway. We found the gate barred, but our rap was soon answered by one of the long-bearded gentry, a fat, inane, harmless looking being, who welcomed us with a low and obsequious bow, and a wave of the hand which would not have disgraced a courtier of Louis the Fourteenth. He had not the politeness to accompany us, but gave us permission to go where we pleased by ourselves. The grounds contain, as nearly as I could judge, from fifteen to twenty acres, and are surrounded by a high stone wall. They consist of groves, fountains, fish ponds, grass plats, &c., arranged with such rustic elegance that, were it not for the infinitude of religious images with which the whole is interspersed, they might easily be mistaken for the paradise of the Naiads. The principal walk divides them into nearly two equal parts, and leads up a gentle ascent of several hundred yards. On each side of this walk there is a number of rustic fountains, from which the water oozes up and forms artificial streams, which, murmuring over moss-covered stones, diffuse a delicious freshness through the atmosphere, and mingling their music with the notes of the feathered songsters, produce a harmony that soothes and enchants the spirit. Each side of the same walk is also lined with a row of statues, representing Riches, Beauty, Ambition, Power, &c. Of these statues one side of the face represents the freshness of youth and the gladness of prosperity, while the other exhibits a state of the most loathsome decay ; thus indicating the fading

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nature of those things which mankind generally regard as the greatest of goods, and for the attainment of which they do not hesitate to sacrifice ease, comfort, and not unfrequently reputation itself. Groups of other statues, equally quaint and whimsical, are scattered throughout the enclosure in great abundance; but I will not weary the reader by a particular description of them. The gentlemen who were with me would frequently repeat, *Este es el modo de mortificarse que practican los frayles.**

From the convent we proceeded to the garden of a rich merchant of Barcelona in the same vicinity. It is very large, and laid out in excellent taste. It is adorned with a number of fountains, one of which, with a beautiful monument of white marble, was made to commemorate the visit which the king paid it some years ago. Through the centre flows a crystal stream, whose banks are shaded by groves, cut into a thousand compartments by as many labyrinthine walks.

I had letters of introduction to a number of gentlemen in Barcelona, by all of whom I was received and treated with the greatest politeness. They offered me the hospitalities of their houses, and made proffers of personal service with as much apparent warmth and sincerity, as if I had been an old friend. Nor were their services confined to mere professions. Whenever they accompanied me in any of my excursions, they *insisted* upon paying the bills, declaring that they might at some future day meet me in my own country, and that then we would make an adjustment of our accounts. Whatever may be the political or moral degradation of the Spaniards, they are distinguished by a generous hospitality and a fascinating warmth of manners, which cannot fail to gratify and attach strangers who travel among them.

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* "This is the kind of mortification practised by friars."

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Barcelona is not destitute of interesting historical associations. It was founded, according to tradition, by the father of the great Hannibal, Hamilcar Barcas, two hundred and thirty years B. C. It was possessed successively by the Carthagenians, the Romans, the Goths, the Saracens and the modern Spaniards. It has sustained many remarkable sieges, and the inhabitants on these occasions have displayed a heroism and love of country, which would have done honour to the best days of the Roman Republic. It was here that Ferdinand and Isabella received Columbus on his return from the discovery of America, and from this port he sailed on his second ill-fated voyage. The ruins of the palace in which he was received with so much pomp and splendour, are still to be seen near the heart of the city.

To Catalonia, if Andrew's History of Literature be good authority, rather than to Provence, is due the honour of having led the way in the cultivation of the vulgar language and poetry. The patronage afforded to letters by the counts of Barcelona is well known; especially, the name of Raymond Berenger, who was not only the patron of poets but a poet himself, is familiar to every one. Barcelona was the birth-place of the famous Rodrigo, whose affront to the Count Don Julian, governor of Ceuta, in the person of his daughter Florinda, and the terrible vengeance which the Count took by introducing the Saracens into Spain, have furnished Southey with the subject of the best of all his poetical works, "Don Roderick, or the Last of the Goths." This Florinda, whose beauty, virtue, and misfortune have gained for her the proud epithet of the Spanish Lucretia, resisted the solicitations of the king, till, enraged at her obstinacy, he procured by violence what he had not been able to obtain by entreaty. She found means to communicate her disgrace to her father, who, stung to desperation by this insult offered to his daughter, resolved to revenge it by bathing the Turkish scimetar in the blood of the royal family. This design from his situation as Governor of Ceuta, he easily found

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means to accomplish. At the head of five hundred Spaniards, accompanied by twelve thousand Saracens commanded by Tarif, an Arabic general of distinguished valour and prudence, he landed and took possession of Haraclea, since called Gibraltar, in the year seven hundred and eleven. With the history of the revolution which followed, so important in its consequences to Europe and the world, my readers are probably all well acquainted.

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CHAPTER XI.

EARLY on the morning of the eighteenth of June, all hands were called to "up anchor;" and when I turned out, Barcelona was already fading in the distance, a fresh breeze was wafting us through the foaming billows at a rapid rate, and the rich and fertile coast of Catalonia presented to our view its blushing vineyards and verdant landscapes, and its thousand whitewashed villages, glittering like burnished silver in the bright rays of the morning sun. There is something in scenes like this, so glorious, so spirit-stirring, so enchanting, that none, who have not been in a situation to enjoy them, can fully know the feelings they awaken. In the shades of the Academy, in the quiet and contemplative life of a philosopher, in the converse which the man of letters holds with the illustrious and mighty dead, I confess, and rejoice to confess, that there is something that soothes, sublimes and enraptures the soul; but it wants that thrilling vivacity, that sentiment of wild and joyous freedom, imparted to the spirit by the new and ever-changing scenes which he, whose only employment is to roam from clime to clime, has frequent opportunities of contemplating.

We arrived at Marseilles on the twentieth of June, and were quarantined for four days. The quarantine regulations at Marseilles are stricter than in any other part of the Mediterranean; and the extreme caution of the health officers renders the citizens less apprehensive with regard to the introduction of contagious diseases from ships performing quarantine there. Thus a few years ago, when the plague raged in Africa and the East, Marseilles was the only port in the Mediterranean,

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where vessels from the infected regions were even admitted to perform quarantine. When "the days of our purification were ended," the officers, charged with the performance of the duty, came off and inspected the whole of the crew, and fumigated every part of the ship.

Quarantine establishments are undoubtedly useful in preventing the introduction of disease into healthy places, but the rules by which they are regulated in the Mediterranean are always arbitrary, and would often be merely ridiculous, if they were not so annoying. Vessels coming from the Levant are not admitted to pratique at all in Sicily. It is not long since the same regulation prevailed at Gibraltar. Not many years ago, one of our men of war went from Smyrna to Gibraltar. When the health officers learned where she was from, they gave her a quarantine of three hundred and sixty-five days, and told the captain when she had completed that term, *they would then take into consideration the question whether they should give her pratique or not!*

The Bay of Marseilles faces the southwest. It is capacious, but its effect is in a great measure destroyed by a number of islands, which obstruct the view, and entirely conceal the city till you are close upon it. A promontory to the southeast of the town nearly bisects it, forming in effect two distinct bays. Men of war of a larger size than sloops, are obliged to anchor out in the bay, as the water is not deep enough in the harbour to admit of their entering it. The port of Marseilles is a basin, about half a mile in length and an eighth of a mile in breadth, running up into the heart of the city. Its entrance is very narrow, and is defended on the left by batteries surmounted by a tower. The port is capacious enough to contain twelve hundred merchantmen, and they are so completely sheltered from all winds that the severest gales which sweep over the stormy gulf of

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Lyons, do not expose them to the least danger. As the ships in this harbour are necessarily so near to each other, the greatest precautions are taken to prevent accidents by fire. Men of war are not allowed to enter it without having first unloaded their guns and removed all their powder from on board. Not a single fire is allowed to be kindled on board of any ship. Even the ordinary cooking for the crews must be performed on shore.

The quay which surrounds the basin, is the finest I have ever seen. In the cool of the day in summer, it forms one of the most agreeable promenades in the city. It is a pleasure to view the quantity and variety of merchandise exposed for sale in the large magazines and elegant shops, with which the quay is lined.

Marseilles is the principal city in the south of France, and on some accounts second to none but Paris in the kingdom. "If any town in France," says the guide book, "can give an idea of the Capital, it is assuredly, and perhaps exclusively, Marseilles. No other, it appears to us, has so striking a resemblance to Paris, whether it be in the beauty and regularity of its wide streets, the elegance of its buildings, the extent of its quays, the alacrity and number of its population, which amounts to one hundred and twenty thousand souls, or finally in the politeness of its inhabitants, and the courtesy with which they receive the strangers who frequent it from all parts of the world."

This, it must be allowed, is lofty praise. Of its justness, I, who have never seen any other French city, am not of course competent to judge. Marseilles is divided into two parts, called the Old and New town. They are separated from each other by a street called "Le Cours," which joins at its two extremities the streets of Aix and of Rome. It is the principal street in the city. One writer says it is the finest in France, and perhaps in Europe. It is certainly very beautiful, but I ques[illegible]

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whether it is the finest in Europe, or even in France. Were it not for the shade trees and fountains by which it is adorned, and which, in the hottest days, impart a cool and delicious freshness to the atmosphere, it would not be at all comparable to Broadway in New York.

Nothing can be more striking than the contrast between the old and new parts of Marseilles. The former is irregular and badly built: the streets are narrow, crooked and dirty; and the exhalations render the air disagreeable and unwholesome. It is almost entirely destitute of ornaments of every description. Such is the old town; but the moment you issue from this, and enter the new, you breathe a different atmosphere, every thing around you wears a different aspect, and you feel as if you were in a new world. The streets here are wide, clean, regular and handsomely paved; the buildings are spacious and elegant; the number of squares, fountains, monuments, &c., is very great; and every thing breathes an air of luxury, splendour and gaiety. No traveller would do justice to Marseilles in attempting to describe its external appearance, who should omit to notice the elegance of its shops and the splendour of its coffee houses. In these respects, I have never seen any city in Europe or America at all comparable to the Capital of Provence. The coffee houses are numerous, and the principal ones are magnificent palaces. They are as rich as gilding and marble can make them. The walls are composed of huge mirrors, so that the eye, to whatever point it is directed, appears to range through a hall of unlimited extent.

The handsomest streets in Marseilles are those which have the common name of "Cours," with some additional epithet to distinguish them from each other. They are all adorned with shade trees and fountains, and afford delightful promenades. But the most fashionable promenade in Marseilles is a short but wide street, called the Allies of Meilhan. These are really superb. The buildings here are the finest in the city. There are four beautiful rows of trees, so tall and spread-

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ing as to form a shade almost impervious to the rays of the sun, and at the upper end of the street is a fountain, which, though not remarkable for elegance, produces an agreeable effect by its rusticity. Here of an evening the beauty and fashion of Marseilles may always be seen in the multitudes who sally forth to breathe the fresh cool air, after the heats of a summer day. Many prolong their walk to night-fall, and the effect is then particularly fine from the contrast between the trees, dark, towering and solemn, and the light and graceful forms that flit along beneath them. But there is an hour, when this place produces an effect still more deep and touching. It is when the world of business and of fashion have retired, and left it to the stillness and repose of midnight. The lamps which had burnt bright during the evening, begin now to lose their lustre, and the dim but solemn light they cast on surrounding objects, the moanings of the wind as it passes lightly through the branches of the trees, the sweet bubblings of fountains which may now be distinctly heard from different parts of the city, an occasional form that passes by, and which you might mistake for a *genius loci*, if you did not know that spirits tread with lighter step—Every thing, in short, which you see or hear has something of divinity about it—something that touches the soul, and furnishes matter for pensive but profitable meditation. If there is any thing of religion in nature, it is surely in a scene like this.

The city is adorned with several handsome monuments. Among others is a column of Oriental granite, surrounded by a bust of the Chian Bard, on which is engraved the following inscription, "The descendants of the Phocians to Homer." In one thousand eight hundred and twenty-eight, was erected upon *La Place Exterieure de la Porte du Nord*, a beautiful triumphal arch in honour of the Dauphin and the army of Spain. It is supported by eight columns, and covered with stucco. It is not yet completed.

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I visited the museum, the public library, most of the public buildings, and other curiosities in Marseilles, but a minute description of them would not perhaps be very interesting. The Cathedral, built on the bank of the sea in the old town, is a curiosity on account of its antiquity. It is the oldest building in France, having been a temple of Diana, when Gaul was possessed by the Romans. It was rebuilt by the Goths, but of the old temple there still remain the foundations, a number of marble columns of the Doric order, and a few pieces of bas-relief sculpture, representing religious subjects. It is well worth the trouble of a visit.

The museum contains a collection of one hundred and seventy paintings, some of which were executed by the greatest masters of the art. In the vestibule there is a large collection of sarcophagi of the ancient Christians, obtained from various churches and convents. They are usually of marble, and on the outside of them are sculptured a great variety of symbols, illustrating the lives of the persons whose remains they contained. The collection of anatomical wax figures, in a different building, is well worthy of the attention of scientific gentlemen, though it falls far short of that in Florence in extent, interest, and value. In another part of Marseilles, there is, belonging to a private gentleman whose name I do not recollect, a collection of insects more extensive and interesting than is to be met with perhaps in any other part of the world. They are from every quarter of the globe, beautifully arranged, and in a state of perfect preservation. The examination of this collection was one of the richest treats I enjoyed in Marseilles. The gentleman who owned it, appeared highly gratified at our visit, and treated us with the utmost attention and politeness. The public library contains fifty thousand volumes. Among them are many rare works, and some manuscripts of great value. At the head of the principal hall is a bust of the Abbé Barthelemy, the elegant and ingenious author of Anacharsis in Greece.

By far the finest building in Marseilles is the Hotel

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de Ville, designed by the great Pujet. Nothing can exceed in richness and beauty the façade of this edifice. It is of white marble, and adorned with sculpture of such exquisite execution as to have caused Bernini, when invited from Italy by Louis XIV., to exclaim on beholding it, "Why should France send to Italy for sculptors, when she has such artists of her own?"

There are several handsome walks in the country about Marseilles. One of them is by a new street called Magdelene, which leads to the Royal Botanic Garden, about a mile from the city. This garden is delightfully situated, and contains a large variety of plants and flowers, tastefully and scientifically arranged. But the most picturesque and agreeable promenade about Marseilles is that by Le Cours Bourbon, which conducts to the Mounts Bourbon and Notre Dame, situated to the south of the city. The ascent to the former is by a winding gravelled road, and its sloping sides and even summit are garnished with pleasure-seats, shade trees, and grass and flower plats. Near the highest point of this mountain stands a beautiful antique column of Oriental granite, erected in honour of the Bourbon family. It is surmounted by a marble globe, sprinkled with *fleurs-de-lis-d'or*, beneath which are engraved these words, "Aux Bourbons." South of Mount Bourbon rises the mountain of Our Lady, to the height of five hundred and ten feet above the level of the sea. From the summit of this mountain the view is most extensive, diversified, and magnificent. On one side of you stretches the Mediterranean in all its pride and glory; on the other, the eye takes in the entire city of Marseilles and the rich valley which encircles it, together with the mountains that rise like a vast amphitheatre beyond lofty, barren, and in many places inaccessible, forming, in their nakedness and sterility, a perfect contrast to the vine-clad and village-sprinkled hills, which surround the Catalonian capital. The country about Marseilles is cultu-

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vated like a garden, and the country-seats of merchants, lawyers, &c. are so numerous as to make it appear almost like a continuous city.

On this mountain there is a small but neat chapel, dedicated to the Virgin. It contains a number of tolerable paintings, and is hung with innumerable votive offerings, chiefly of mariners. Here is also the signal house, whence the arrival, departure, &c. of vessels are telegraphed to the town.

Marseilles is the chief commercial port in the south of France. It has not at present as much commerce as formerly, when it monopolized nearly the whole trade of the Levant, but the amount is still very great. The magazines and shops are large, numerous, and well stored with merchandise of every description; and the amount of shipping in the harbour, the crowds that are constantly seen on the quays and in the principal business streets, and the general activity and life apparent throughout the whole city, all give evidence of a rich and flourishing metropolis. But there is another proof of the commerce of Marseilles, still more interesting and beautiful: it is the number of ships constantly arriving and clearing. I have stood on the quarter deck of the Constellation of a morning, and counted upwards of thirty vessels standing out of the harbour at the same time, and more than a hundred in the course of a day.

Marseilles has recently become a place of more importance and interest to our naval officers than it has heretofore been. Our Navy agent in the Mediterranean, who formerly resided at Gibraltar, is at present established in that city, and from there all the supplies of money for the use of the squadron will hereafter be obtained. This I consider a most judicious change, for Marseilles, in every point of view, except a military one, possesses

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decided advantages over Gibraltar. This is the case as it regards society, arts, amusements, and a hundred other things that might be mentioned. It will give our officers frequent opportunities of making excursions into the interior of France, and occasionally of visiting the capital itself. It will afford them facilities, not before enjoyed, of acquiring a practical knowledge of the French language, that *sine qua non* of a naval officer.

The society of Marseilles is extensive and very accessible. I had no letters of introduction, and yet I made the acquaintance of a number of French gentlemen, by whom I was treated with the greatest politeness. All over the south of Europe, strangers find a much readier access to polite society than in the north of Europe or the United States. Accident frequently introduces you to gentlemen of the highest respectability. Such an acquaintance as this I had the good fortune to make at a bookstore, in the Abbé de Ricasoli. The purest chance introduced me to him, but I afterwards passed many a pleasant hour in his company. I found him a most estimable, learned and worthy man, and a mutual attachment was formed, which will ever be among the most pleasant recollections of my "wanderings through many lands." He was a native of Florence, but had long resided in France, and he spoke not only Italian and French, but also German, Spanish, and a little English. He said that, although he was always anxious to practise speaking our language, whenever opportunities occurred, yet it was more important for me to have practice in Italian than for him to have it in English, and he would therefore never allow me to converse with him in any but the Italian language. When I took leave of him, he threw his arms around my neck and said, *Il piacere d'un bacio,** kissing me at the same time on each of my cheeks. This was the first time I was ever kissed by a man, but I afterwards became quite accustomed to it in Italy. Even a bookseller in Florence, after I had purchased

* "The pleasure of a kiss."

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some three or four dollars' worth of books of him, honoured me with two as violent smacks as any reasonable man could desire.

On the night of the thirtieth of June, the quarter deck of our ship exhibited such a scene as I had never before witnessed on board. She might then have been appropriately styled the "brilliant Constellation," for

> "Belgium's capital had gathered there
> Her beauty and her chivalry."

A grand ball was given by the captain and wardroom officers, and more than five hundred persons, the flower of Marseilles, were present on the occasion. The quarter deck was fitted up as a hall. A splendid canopy was formed of the colours of all nations, tastefully arranged, and hung with large and beautiful festoons of natural flowers. The capstern and mizen mast were also covered with ensigns, so as to destroy their otherwise heavy appearance; the carronades were run out, and seats formed on both sides of the ship; the deck was painted with various fanciful figures; the illuminations were brilliant; every thing, in short, was made to wear an air of lightness and elegance, which I would not have believed it possible to impart to a man of war. Every part of the ship was in excellent order. She had received a double scouring in the morning, and the bright work had all been polished to such a degree that its reflection was like that of a mirror.

About two hundred ladies were present, all splendidly dressed, and many of them very beautiful. I am not about to give a particular description of the entertainment. Suffice it to say that it was one of the most brilliant of the kind ever given to the good people of Marseilles, and all who were present spoke of it in raptures. Supper was served on the gun deck about one o'clock in the morning. There were three tables. At two o'clock, the company began to disperse, but it was broad daylight before they had all left the ship.

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In taking the company ashore, a gentleman on leaving the boat offered the midshipman who went in it as officer, a dollar for his trouble. Glancing a stern look upon him, he said, "Sir, are you aware that I am an American officer?" He made some apology by saying that he thought such things customary; and concluded by asking if he might give it to the boat's crew? "No, sir," replied the young officer promptly and sternly, "our sailors are paid by Government for their services."

The next day all hands were called to muster. During the night there had been many opportunities of stealing ashore unobserved, and the men generally supposed that they had been called for the purpose of ascertaining who had taken "French leave." Their disappointment was therefore only equalled by their joy, when they were told that all the prisoners in the "brig" were to be released, and the whole crew allowed to "splice the main brace" for good behaviour. Poor fellows! the compliment was well merited, and, though not the most brilliant, was at least the most acceptable that could have been given them. They had worked hard all the preceding day to prepare the ship for the party, had been kept up all night, and no improprieties of any kind had been committed by them. The boats' crews particularly had had a hard time of it. From seven to ten o'clock in the evening, and from two to five in the morning, they had been incessantly engaged in bringing the company off and taking them ashore again. But for all his toils and vigils a glass of grog is to a sailor an ample compensation. This is the magic that has most power over his spirit—the lever by which he is most easily moved.

The Fourth of July was honoured with a salute on board of each ship at sunrise, noon, and sunset. Our morning and evening salutes were politely answered from the French batteries on shore. The national ensign was displayed at the main and fore masts, and the Union Jack at the mizen. This is all we had in the way of a celebration. Dined on salt junk and hard tack.

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Marseilles, according to tradition, was founded by the Phocians five hundred and ninety-nine years before Christ, and in the one hundred and fifty-fourth year of Rome, during the reign of the elder Tarquin. It was conquered and made a Roman province by Julius Cæsar. The conquests of Rome, unlike those of Athens, were of a liberal and generous character. Conquered nations were always in a better condition after than before their subjection to her power, because, in addition to nearly all the privileges which they previously enjoyed, they received the light and refinements of their conquerors. In conformity to this wise and humane policy, Marseilles, in return for the loss of independence, received the letters of Rome, and soon became so distinguished for its schools and the learning of its philosophers, that Cicero called it the Athens of Gaul, and others gave it the name of the sister of Rome and rival of Carthage. The Roman nobility were accustomed to send their sons to be educated at the Academy of Marseilles. The ancient city was, however, so completely destroyed by the Barbarians who overturned the Roman empire that, with the exception of the Cathedral already mentioned, not a vestige of it now remains.

Having been detained for several days by strong gales, at three o'clock on the morning of the sixth of July, all hands were again called to "up anchor," and when I went on deck, the bay of Marseilles was far astern, and the ship, with a fresh breeze dead aft, was again staggering through the billowy brine. We sailed all day along the coast of "La belle France," so near as to have a tolerably distinct view of the scenery. It was marked by a character of grandeur rather than of beauty. As far as we saw it on the sixth, it was made up of a range of mountains, generally too bold and rugged to admit of cultivation, presenting, in their desolate sublimity, a complete contrast to the lofty hills which form the coast of Catalonia, sprinkled as they are with villages, and

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smiling to their very summits beneath the hand of cultivation. We saw Toulon as we passed it. The bay is not so large as that of Marseilles; but as there are no islands to obstruct the view, the effect is much finer. The situation of Toulon appeared to be far superior to that of Marseilles.

The appearance of the coast on the following day was very different from that which it had presented on the sixth, being far less rugged, and consequently better cultivated and more thickly peopled. We passed several towns and villages, some of which are famous in history, particularly Frejus and Cannes. With these two towns, the name of the greatest general the world ever saw, will always be inseparably associated. At the former he landed on his return from the unfortunate campaign in Egypt, and set sail an exile to the island of Elba; at the latter he disembarked after his escape from the place of his banishment, and commenced his memorable march to Paris. We saw also an old castle in ruins, in which the Man of the Iron Mask is said to have been confined.

But another prospect was presented to our view which awakened, at least in my mind, an interest far deeper and more enthusiastic. "Italy? the coast of Italy, that flower garden of the arts; that fairy land of music and of song, of bright skies and sunny looks?" No; it was a prospect, though less rich in beautiful reminiscences, diviner far, because it shadowed forth more clearly the mysterious power and majesty of Nature's God. It was the Alps—so famed in history, and so glorious in reality —the Alps, whose overpowering grandeur justifies the bold personification of Byron, when he says their "summits have throned Eternity in icy halls of cold sublimity." They appeared breaking through the distance about twelve o'clock, and were full in sight all the afternoon. Their summits were mingled with the clouds, and the snows of a thousand ages were glittering on their sides.

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"Jamque rubescebat stellis Aurora fugatis,
Cum procul obscuros colles, humilemque videmus
Italiam. Italiam primus conclamat Achates;
Italiam læti socii clamore salutant."

The morning of the eighth of July disclosed to our view the Italian coast; and though my interest in gazing on it arose from different causes, it was not less enthusiastic than that of Æneas and his companions, when they fancied that they should find within its territories the long promised spot where the image of their own Troy should cause them to forget their wanderings and their woes. Their feelings were prompted by anticipation; mine by memory. It was not, however, "low Italy" (*humilemque Italiam*) that *we* saw. The coast, where we made it, was a succession of lofty mountains, whose sides were thickly sowed with villages, and the whole scenery presented such a combination of wild sublimity and romantic beauty, as no man, with any taste for the charms of nature, could behold without the deepest and purest emotions.

The first sight of such a country as Italy cannot fail to produce strong feelings in a mind acquainted with its history and sensible to moral greatness, physical beauty, or the lighter graces of elegant literature and the fine arts. The recollections connected with Italy are more varied, numerous and interesting than those which any other portion of the globe would awaken. True our strongest and purest religious associations take a different direction. Palestine is a name dear to every Christian. Patriarchs and prophets have hallowed it with their presence and their labours. There Christ's own voice was heard, and there his Apostles thundered, wept and warned. Greece too wakens powerful associations. The Greeks were in many respects a more wonderful people than the Romans. They possessed more genius, more impetuosity, more quickness, more of that ethereal spirit, which makes men perceive and relish beauty in its ten thousand forms. The period, however, during which they figure in history, is comparatively short.

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But Italy—when has it ever ceased to be an object of deep and absorbing interest? At what period, during the long series of ages, which have elapsed since the first Grecian colony was planted upon its shores, does not its history afford matter for profound and profitable reflection? The Grecian colonists, those adventurous and hardy pioneers of civilization in various countries, who established themselves upon the coast of Italy, formed republics where commerce, philosophy, letters and the arts flourished as in the natal soil. Rome in her three grand estates, kingly, republican and imperial—how vast and diversified is the field which her history opens to our contemplation! And when at length her colossal power, already tottering beneath the weight of its own corruptions, is subverted by the Northern Barbarians, in a far-off corner of her territories, Venice rises Phœnix-like from the ashes of the empire, and liberty, patriotism and virtue find a safe asylum within her sea-washed walls. The histories of the Italian Republics of the Middle Ages, of the gigantic power and the no less gigantic corruptions of the Papal See; of the revival and spread of learning, of the origin and growth of modern art, and finally of the various political revolutions of later times, are all replete with lessons of the highest practical wisdom and prudence. And even in her present politically scathed and degraded state, Italy still clings, with a tenacity which no power can weaken, to the only precious inheritance which she has left. She is still the venerable depository of antiquity, and the inner sanctuary of the arts. Her cities and villages, her churches, palaces and academies are filled with the memorials of ancient greatness, and the productions of modern genius.

I shall close this volume with the following eloquent passage, extracted from an article in the British Critic on Cramer's Description of Ancient Italy. "In whatever light," says this able and learned writer, "we view the history of Italy, whether we look to its former political power or to its spiritual dominion in later times;

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whether we consider it as the land of patriots and heroes, or as the nurse of poetry and the arts; whether we view it in the splendour of its glory, or prostrate and debased as it is at present, there is a charm in the name of Italy, which few are philosophical enough to resist; and there is surely instruction to be drawn from its history, which no philosophy can present in more strong and lasting colours."

END OF VOLUME I.

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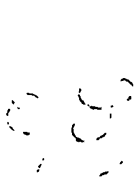

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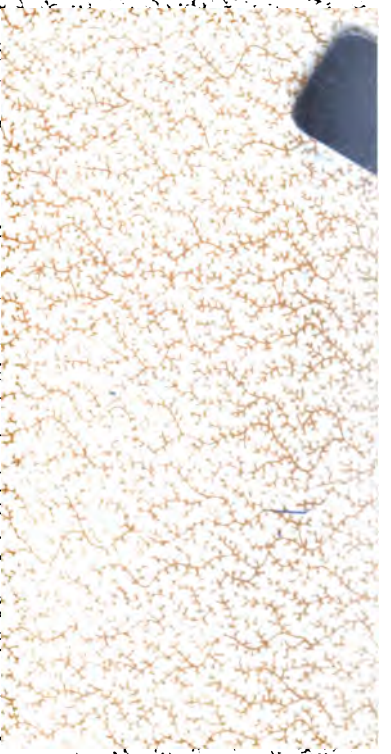

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